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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE LATE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND VICAR OF
NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

9

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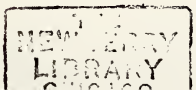

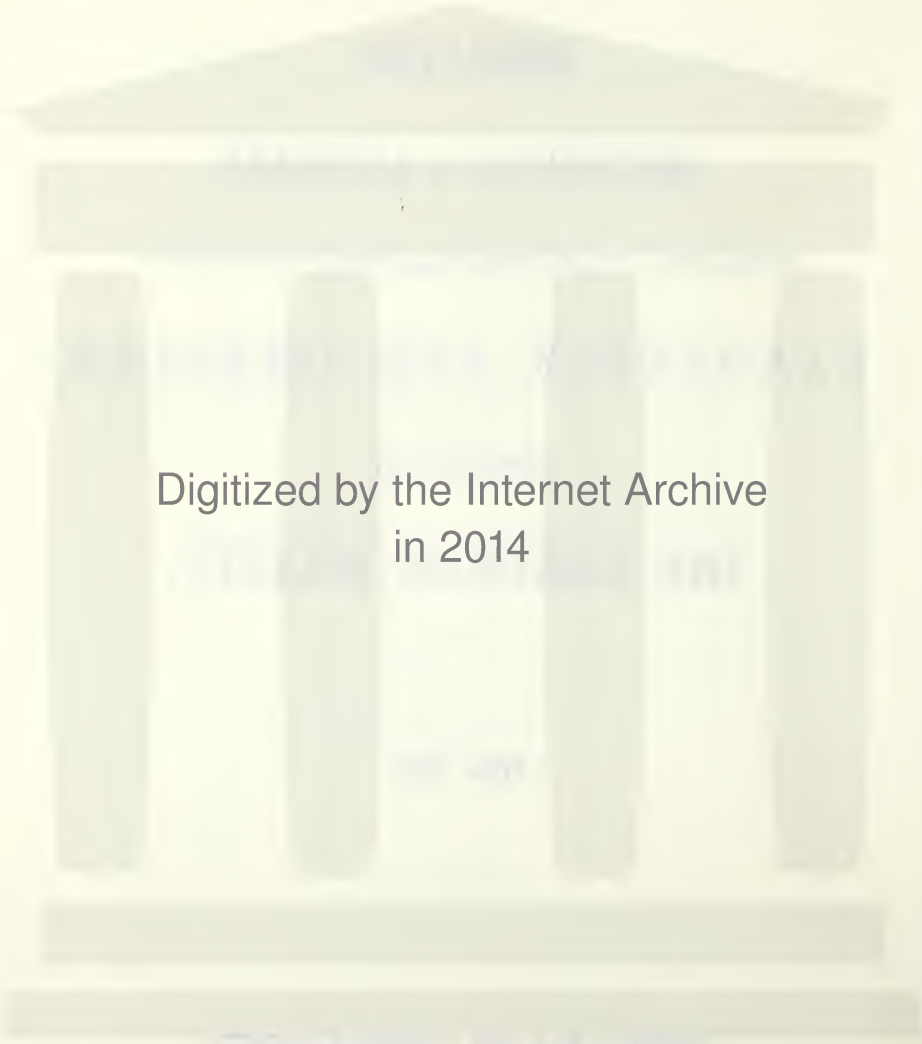
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ERRATUM.

Page 125, line 21, *for* "Lapuei" *read* "Laquei."

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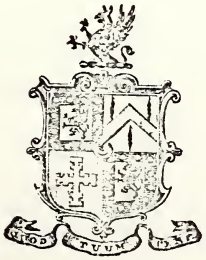

Printed by Charles E. Simms,
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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. V. PART I.

(T.)—The Blacke Booke.
London Printed by T. C. for Jeffrey Chorlton.
1604. 4to, pp. 44, blk. lett.

We have here a work not merely valuable from its great rarity, but highly interesting from its frequent allusions to the customs and manners of the times in which it was written, particularly with reference to the scenes of vice and low life in the Metropolis; and also for the valuable illustrations it affords of some of the dramatic works of that day. It is quoted by Malone, and also several times by Mr. P. Collier in the third volumne of his *Annals of the Stage*. Its authorship has been assigned, on the strength of the initials at the end of "The Epistle to the Reader," to Thomas Middleton, the dramatic writer, and with some degree of probability, from its frequent allusions to the stage, and because, as Mr. Collier remarks, "there is no other author of that day to whom the initials, T. M., will apply as at all likely to have produced this humorous tract." Mr. Dyce unhesitatingly assigns this work to Middleton, and his opinion must be admitted to carry great weight with it, as it is only natural to suppose that the editor of a large collection of the works of an early writer must, by the time he approaches the end of his labours, be an excellent judge of his peculiar style. A writer in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 35, has supposed, from an expression in the book of "one of my devils in Dr. Faustus," that T. M. was author of a drama called Dr. Faustus, but there is no play of Middleton's extant bearing that title, and the whole book being supposed to be written by Lucifer, he therefore very naturally speaks of "one of my devils." The compiler of the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 1398, erroneously supposes that there is an allusion in this work to Shakespeare's *As you Like It* and the marriage of Touchstone and Audrey, on the reverse of Sig. B 4; but there is no substantial reason for believing that any allusion to that play was intended. Notice has before been made of the reference

to Heywood's play of "A Woman kill'd with Kindnesse," and to "The Merry Divel of Edmonton," on Sig. E 3. There is also an allusion to Marlow's "Tragedy of Tamburlaine the Great," on Sig. D 1 (which Mr. Malone, from the mode of expression in this work, had erroneously supposed to be written by Nash); to "The Returne of the Knight of the Poste from Hell, with the Divel's Aunswere to Pierce Pennilesse Supplication," usually attributed to Nash, on the reverse of Sig. D 1 and D 2; to Luke Hutton's "Blacke Dogge of Newgate," 4to, 1595, on Sig. E 1; the whole work is founded upon the publication of Nash's "Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Divell," 4to, 1592, and the supposed receipt of the Supplication by Lucifer. The author speaks of Nash as having been a poor scholar of both universities, and as then living in poverty and misery in the last stage of a life spent in licentiousness and dissipation. Mr. Collier has remarked in his catalogue Raisonnè of Lord Ellesmere's Library, p. 200, that by the assistance of another tract by the same author, called "The Ant and the Nightingale," published in the same year, 1604, in which Nash is spoken of as dead, we are thus able to fix the period of his death, a point which had not before been ascertained, most writers placing it, at least, four years earlier. Nash, however, as Mr. Dyce has noticed, is mentioned as "in his mourneful chest," in the play of the *Return from Parnassus*, which was composed before the death of Queen Elizabeth. The *Blacke Booke*, therefore, must have been *written* before the year 1604.

Besides the works already noticed as referred to in this tract, there are allusions in it to "Penniless Bench in Oxford," Sig. D 2; to "the Bear Garden," Sig. B 4; to "the Great Fire of London," Sig. C 1 reverse; to "the Clarkes of Newe-Market Heathe, and Sheriffes of Salisburie Plaine," *i.e.*, Highway Robbers, Sig. C 3; to "Hockley in the Hole," Sig. C 3; to "the last Sommers Pestilence," *i.e.*, the Plague in 1603, to "the two men in Chaynes betweene Mile-end and Hackney," Sig. D 1; to "Queen Elizabeth's Funeral in 1603," Sig. D 1 reverse; to "Mother Hubburds Cellar," Sig. D 4 reverse; to Bankes' "Bay Horse," Sig. E 1; to "Derick the Tyburn Executioner," Sig. E 4; to "Charnico"; to "old Rowse in Cornewell," Sig. F 1; to "Six Penny Rooms in Play-Houses, and Stages both common and private," Sig. F 1 reverse; to "Powles Crosse in the Sermon time," Sig. F 1 reverse; to "Counterblasts and Tobacco-Nashes," Sig. F 2; and "small Penny-Ale," to "that rare Phœnix of Phlegiton Tobacco," Sig. F 2 reverse; to Barnaby Rich., under the title of "Barnaby Burning-glasse," Sig. F 2; to "Nash's Lenten Stuffe, or Praise of the Red

Herring," 4to, 1599; and his "Summers Last Will and Testament," 4to, 1608; and to many other circumstances and customs of an interesting nature. It is, indeed, most unusual for so small a tract to contain so large a number of interesting allusions. Some of these mentioned illustrate the plays of Shakespeare, as the notice of Bankes' Horse — the Dancing-horse of *Love's Labour Lost*.

The title of the book is printed in white letters on a black ground. This is followed by "The Epistle to the Reader, or, The true Character of this Booke," signed by the initials T. M.; then come four pages of verse, consisting of seventy-one lines, entitled "A Morall. Lucifer ascending. Prologue to his owne Play," which begins thus:

> Now is Hell landed here vpon the Earth,
> When *Lucifer* in limbes of burning gold
> Ascends this dustie Theater of the world,
> To ioyne his powers: and were it numbred well,
> There are more Diuells on Earth then are in Hell.
> Hence springs my damned ioy, my tortur'de spleene
> Melts into mirthfull Humour at this Fate,
> That heauen is hung so high, drawne vp so farre,
> And made so fast, naylde vp with many a Starre.
> And Hell the very shop-borr'd of the Earth,
> Where when I cut out soules, I throw the shreds
> And the white linings of a new-soyld Spirit,
> Pawnde to luxurious and adulterous merit.

The following lines are powerfully descriptive and striking, and much resemble Middleton's style in his Plays:

> ——— Euery Tearme-time I come vp, to sowe
> Dissention betwixt Plough-men, that should sowe
> The Fields vast wome, and make the haruest growe:
> So comes it oft to passe deare yeares befall,
> When Plough-men leaue the Field to till the Hall;
> Thus Famine and bleake Dearth do greet the Land,
> When the Plough's held betweene a Lawyer's hand.
> I fat with ioy to see how the poore Swaines
> Do boxe their Country-thyes, carrying their Packets
> Of writings, yet can neither reade nor write,
> They're like to Candles if they had no light:
> For they're darke within, in sence and iudgement,
> As is the Hole at *Newgate*, and their thoughts
> Are like the men that lye there without spirit,
> This strikes my black soule into rauishing Musicke.

To see Swaynes plod and shake their ignorant skuls:
For they are nought but skul, their braine but Burre,
Wanting wits marrowe and the sap of Iudgement;
And how they grate with their hard nayly soales
The stones in *Fleet-streete*, and strike fire in *Powles*:
Nay, with their heauie Trot, and yron-stalke,
They haue worne off the brasse in the mid-walke.

The work, which is in prose, and in black letter, then commences, and towards the close is, "The last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old Bachiler of Limbo, alias, Dicke Deuill-Barne, the griping Farmer of Kent." At the end, on the last page, is the following Posteript of the Author:

Now Syr, what is your censure now? You haue read me I am sure: am I blacke ynough thinke you, drest vp in a lasting suite of Incke? Do I deserue my darke and pitchy Tytle? Sticke I close ynough to a villaines Ribs? Is not *Lucifer* liberall to his Nephewes, in this his last *Will* and *Testament*? Meethinkes I heare you say nothing: and therefore I knowe you are pleasde and agree to all: for *Qui tacit consentire videtur*: And I allow you wise, and truly iudicious, because you keepe your Censure to yourselfe.

See the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 35, where a copy of this very rare tract is priced at 25*l.* Bindley's copy, which had formerly belonged to Steevens, and which was sold at his sale in 1820, pt. i, No. 897, for 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, was purchased by Mr. Hibbert, and at his sale in 1829, No. 1177, was sold for 7*l.* 7*s.* 0*d.* Mr. Hibbert had also another copy, No. 1178, which sold for 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, and was afterwards in the choice library of Mr. Jolley. This we believe to have been Reed's copy, No. 1779, sold to Mr. Hill for 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*, and the same which was in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, and was afterwards sold in Midgley's sale in 1818. No. 82, to Mr. Hibbert for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Heber had also two copies of this work — one sold, pt. iv, No. 1398, to Mr. Payne Collier — and the other, which is the present one from pt. ix, No. 1768, and pt. xii, No. 1640.

The *Blacke Booke* has been reprinted in Mr. Dyce's edition of Middleton's works, vol. v.

Bound by C. Lewis.
In Black Morocco, gilt leaves.

Manley, (Thomas.) — Veni; Vidi; Vici. The Triumphs of the Most Excellent and Illustrious Oliver Cromwell, &c. Set forth in a Panegyricke. Written originally in Latine, and

faithfully done into English Heroicall Verse, by T: M: Jun. Esq. Whereto is added an Elegy upon the death of the late Lord Deputy of Ireland, the much lamented Henry Ireton, Esq.

London Printed for Iohn Tey, at the White Lion in the Strand, near the new Exchange. 1652. Sm. 8vo, pp. 136.

Opposite to the title-page is a rare portrait of Oliver Cromwell in armour with a truncheon in his hand, and an attendant page tying on his scarf. On the plate is a motto.

☞ Claud: lib. de laud. Stil:
——— "Similem Quæ protulit ætas
Consilio vel Marte VIRUM,"

And at the top the following inscription, "The most excellent *Oliver Cromwell* Lord Gen^{ll} of Greate Brittayne — Chancellor of y^{e} Vniversity of Oxford, and L^{d} Cheife Gover^{r} of Ireland &c." This poem in praise of the Protector is preceded by an "Epistle Dedicatory" to him in prose, signed "Thomas Manley Junior Jan: 30. 1652." followed by some verses "To my Honoured Friend M^{r} Thomas Manley on his accurate Translation," &c., by Samuel Sheppard, twenty-two lines, in which, alluding to the original poem in Latin by Payne Fisher, of which Manley's work is a translation, he says:

Ages to come, had never known the use
Of wilie War, had Fishers Buskin'd Muse
Been silent.
* * * *
But if such thanks to him be due, what praise,
What Heccatombs of *Beevs*, what Groves of Bayes
Shall we designe thy worth, who mak'st his Song
To vail its Bonnet, to our *English* tongue.
Th' indulgent censure of succeeding times
Shall crown thee (*Manly*) for thy flowing Rime
With the same *Chaplet* that wreathes *Sands* his brow,
This he predicts, who honours thee, I vow,
Samuel Sheppard.

Then follows a Table of Errata, and a long Dedication of the Poem "to the Lord President Bradshaw, and the rest of the Right Hon^{ble} the Councell of State, &c.," whose names are all enumerated. In this Dedication there is an allusion made to the celebrated treatise of Milton, "Defensio pro Populo anglicano contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam 1650."

"But if your enemies are yet so stubborn that they will not be convinced thereby, let them peruse that excellent peece with a little seriousness, that clearly declares the Prerogative of Kings, and evidently defends the Priviledges and liberty of the people."

The principal Poem is entitled "A Gratulatory Song of Peace, or, A Triumphall Canto for the Victories of the Most Illustrious and Right Hon^ble Oliver Comwell," &c. At the end of this is one page of prose, called "An Animadversion," in which the author states his intention of not forgetting "those truly worthy and honourable men *Monke* and *Overton*, whose *famous acts* rather challenge a volume then the narrow scantling of a page:" and of setting "forth in their lively colours the whole *series* of all things done (as far as Poesy can) to adorn a second book, taking its beginning from the rendition of S. Johnstown." There is next an Ode of twelve pages "To the Most Excellent, The Lord Generall of Great Brittayne, Oliver Cromwell," another of six pages "To the most accomplished Gentleman Edmund Ludlow, the Most Noble Deputy-Governour of Ireland, when he set forward on his journey thither." An Ode "wishing health." And the volume is closed by an "Elegy of four pages to Henry Ireton, late Lord Deputy of Ireland," &c., "at whose Tombe, and to whose Memory this Funerall Elegy is offered and wept by T. M. Junior."

See an account of this volume in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 483, and in Fry's *Bibliogr. Memoranda*, art. 57, p. 233. As very long and copious extracts are there given from the poem, we shall content ourselves with only a short quotation addressed to the Councell of State:

And *You* who of the *Councell* of our *State*
Members at *present* are, or were of late,
Who by the *supreme* Senate are decreed
The first in changed courses to succeed
GOD make you all *unanimous*, and bless
You with eternall growing happiness:
And, as Attendants, make the stars to waite
Upon your high atchievements for the State;
That pure Religion undefil'd may be
Increasing with revived piety,
Whose sweet perfume will to the heav'ns arise
A gratefull and accepted sacrifice.
Then peace and truth will kiss, and all that sinke
Of horrid blasphemies to *Hell* will shrinke.
Concord will grow, and all divisions cease,
And all things whisper to the *Brittaines* peace.

* * * * *

Go on graue *Fathers* therefore, and imprint
These secrets in the heart from sacred hint:
That the first honour of your counsels may
To *God* redound, the next that peace may sway
In all our Regions, while there is a day.
And thou, most honour'd *Bradshaw* by consent
The parent of our State and President.
(Although thy innate modesty wont beare
All thy deserved praises but to heare;
And though with patience thou dost hardly know
The burden of thy honour t'undergoe)
Yet give me leave, thy vertue and thy fame
Moves me a little to extoll thy name.
The Vindicator of our *Liberty*,
And sharpe revenger of our slavery;
When first thy stretched hand did strongly break
The cruell chains from off the Britaines neck,
Like faithfull *Palinurus*, without feare,
You undertooke a weighty taske, to steere
A raging boyst'rous people, and procure
Through unknown swelling waves a haven sure.
You mindfull of your Countries good, uphold
The Common-wealth, resembling *Atlas* bold.
Free from the cares of a dissembling brest
The publike you prefer to private rest.
Hence your unwearied pious zeale and paines
A glad remembrance to all Ages gaines:
But if your actions here have no reward
Worthy their merits, 'tis not worth regard:
All earthly things thy vertue doth surpasse,
And will in heaven have their deserved place;
Mean while to heaven these are our dayly prayers,
Methusalem's or aged *Nestor's* years,
That you may reach to make us *English* blest,
And that at last freed from this world's unrest,
With more content you may, as *old in this*,
Preside new Councells in a *State* of Bliss.

The Portrait belonging to this volume is seldom met with, and when in a perfect state is extremely prized. The present copy has a good impression of it, and formerly belonged to Mr. Bindley, at whose sale in January 1819, it was purchased by Mr. Heber for 2*l.* 8*s.*, and was procured from that gentleman's collection in 1834. A copy without the Portrait is marked in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* at 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Bound in Calf, neat.

MARSHALL, (GEORGE.) — A compendious treatise in metre, declaring the firste originall of Sacrifice and of the buylding of Aultares and Churches, and of the firste receauinge of the Christen fayth here in Englande by G. M.

Jacob. 4.
Drawe nyghe to God, and he wil drawe nighe to you.

Anno Domini 1.5.5.4. 18. Decembris.

[Colophon]. Excusum Londini in œdibus Johannis Cawodi Typographi Regiæ Maiestatis. 4to, pp. 24, blk. lett.

Queen Mary began her reign on July 6, 1553, and this poem, written by a sincere admirer of hers, who belonged to the faith professed by that sovereign, was published December 18, 1554. It is a severe attack against the early Reformers, and against the Scriptures being read in the mother tongue, and is of the greatest rarity. The title is surrounded by a neat wood-cut architectural design, with the initials of the printer, I. C., in a shield at the bottom. On the reverse is "The Preface unto the Readers," in two eight line stanzas, containing an acrostic on the author's name, which may be allowed a place here:

Spiritus ubi vult spirat.

Good readers pardon me I praye you more and lesse
Emptye of learning, furnished with rudenesse
Onlye my good will, accepte here in this place
Regarde here the stories, thoughe they you apprehende
Grudge you not at thē, but your faultes amend
Exāples there you shew, for to moue you to grace
Use me and amēd me, and I wil thanke you therfore
Saue me sure harmelesse, and I aske you no more.

Marke not my ryme, but regard well y^e^ matter
As tyme shal serue you, reade it with leasure
Referring all faultes to your good discretion
Sythe I am bare of knowledge, and voyde of eloquence
Haue it not in despite, but pardon my insolence
Al thynges I wishe to come, to good ende and conclusion
Laude God and prayse him howe euer y^e^ worlde turne
Loke wel to the marke y^t^ all men muste runne.

Jacob 4. Clense your handes ye synners, and purge your hartes ye wauerynge mynded.

The preface is followed by a dedication in prose, five pages, "To the

right worshipfull Mayster Richarde Whartun Esquier G. M. dothe wishe longe life with grace," in the course of which the writer dwells much on the duty of withholding the English version of the Scriptures from the people. "Who," says he, "happie good syr, is that man, that hath not entered into their wicked iudgement neyther yet hath walked in their peruerse wayes neyther yet hathe rested themselfes in theyr seate or pestilēt chayre. Yet doth these wicked byrdes chatter, and continuallye saye: that all the cause of our plages hathe bene for that we haue not receaued gods word, as thoughe Goddes woorde was neuer in this realme before, and that Gods worde can not be receaued, but in the Englishe tongue. But surelie, good syr, the rulers of the earth hath bene to blame for suffering so precious and holye a juell to be cast amonge swyne, sithe Christe himselfe hath warned us the contrarye. And so it is an olde sayinge, that to much familiaritie ingendreth contempte: yet will this wicked generation so stifflye stande in argument, that it is necessarye that al men shuld haue the Bibel and Testament in their mother tongue, as thoughe that all men being ordeyned to learne Gods worde, shoulde also bee teachers. But surelye, good syr, theyr opinion is verelye false, as you shall well perceaue." He then quotes the example of Uzzah being punished for touching the ark, and continues the argument with the erroneous view of supposing that every reader of God's word must necessarily be a preacher of it.

The poem itself, which commences on the following page, contains fifty-seven stanzas of eight lines each, and opens thus:

As I laye musing in my bedde alone
My pillowe remouinge: For slepe was gone
So troubled was my spirite by greuous agonye
Consideryng the state and staye of our beleue
The oft chaunging therof christen hartes doth greue
Which standeth in no staye, it is the more pitie
God geue us grace our lyues to amende
And true fayth in Englande agayne sende.

For lacke of grace we haue gone astraye
Ensuing the steppes of wickednes alwaye
Our soules and bodyes by synne is corrupted
The thinges that of olde to God was begonne
We fondely agayne haue them fordonne
The badde for the good unsemely placed
Experience hath taught us, it is well knowen
That euil men haue reped, that good men haue sowen.

The author then alludes to the institution of sacrifice from Scripture history, commencing with Adam; the sacrifice of Cain and Abel; Noah, who, after the flood,

> Beganne fyrst to buylde to God an Aultare
> Whereon he dyd offer swete incense and sacrifice,

the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham; the preaching of Jonah to the Ninevites; David's numbering the people; Solomon, and his magnificent temple, who made "aultare of Golde unto the Lorde"; Christ's coming, when twelve years old, with his parents to Jerusalem, and his public entry, before his death, into that city. The first introduction of Christianity into England is thus related:

> Fiftene hundred yeares past we in writing find
> Synce Lucy was Kyng of Englande by kynde
> Whyche sent to the Pope called *Eleutherius*
> That he woulde sende or els sone come
> This Realme to cōuerte to holy Christendome
> Which sent Damian with his fellow Forganus
> Then was this Realme to Christ conuerted
> Which we agayne hath falsely subuerted.

After mentioning the persecutions of Dioclesian ("that slewe saynt Albon"), Gayus Decius, Nero, Maximilian, and others, the following is his version of the well-known story of the origin of the later preaching of St. Augustine in this country:

> Yet was not this realme fully conuerted
> Which was before by infidelitie subuerted
> Tyll Gregorye in Rome, Pope was there
> He came into the markette, as it by chaunce fel
> Where as he founde Englishe chylderne to sell
> Demaūding of what coūtrie and nation they were
> Aunswere was made of Englande they be
> As Angles, sayde Gregorye, they seme to me.
>
> Then sent to Augustine with good intent
> Which dyd aryue at Tanette in Kent
> The kynge and the subiectes he cōuerted there
> Then fayth agayne began for to sprynge
> Which then was receaued of subiectes and kynge
> As in the Englishe Cronicles it doth appeare
> Why should we at Rome now haue despyte
> That chaunged our darkenesse agayne to light.

Ethelbertus was then kynge, as I haue redde
Berta hyte the Queene, that much desired
To here Augustine preache Gods worde deuine
Then dyd it chaunce and folowe by successe
That the people conuerted bothe more and lesse
To Christes fayth, and holy doctrine
Then began kynges Churches to buylde
Which were before with Idoles defyled.

Then came to raygnyng by succession in time
Noble kynge Edgar, Oswoulde, and Edwyne
That found and rebuylded mo then fortie abbeies
That were before by the Saxones destroyed
And eke by infideles, that the fayth denied
To counte some by name, as storie sayes
Whinchester, Wylton, Brought, and Ramsey,
Glastonbury, Abyngton, and also Thorney.

Edmund and Edward ful noble kinges thei were
Which buylded worthely, and for no cost did spare
To ereete such places to Gods honor and glorye
O Henry the seuenth a ful worthy king was he
Whose noble workes in Cambrydge you may se
And eke in Westminster both sūptuouse and costlie
As the good tree by the fruite is euer tryed
So are good men by their workes espied.

Although slightly referring to the destruction of the monasteries, and the churches attached to them, yet whilst thus lavish in his praise of Henry VII., he is cautious enough, for fear of offence, not once to allude to the sovereign who was the destroyer of them (the father of the reigning queen), nor to her predecessor Edward VI., but the whole fury of his wrath and indignation is poured out upon the early reformers of Germany.

O cursed Germany, woo be unto the
That first nowe began to skowre the old heresie
of the Caphernites and Arians with other diuers mo
With the was harbored the cursed Luther,
Œcolampadius, Melancton, and Bullingere,
Carolstadious, Stalbrydge, and wicked Otho.
Marke to what ende their learning is come
By warre and sedition, their Realme undone.

These cursed men and wicked teachers
Were cleane contrarie to Gods holy preachers
That taught false libertie, deuout vertue to hide
Downe with the churche, y^e^ Masse and the grayle,

Prayer and fasting naught doth preuayle
That thing y^{t} was good, they myght not abide
That good men of olde, study to maynetayne
Nowe Antichristes preachers hathe destroyed agayne.

So also of our own great reformer in England, he says:

All the old heresies that heretofore were
Were put in use by John Wyckeleffe here
And were confuted by William Wylford
He was a famous clarke, and an english man borne
Whose workes containe those heresies eche one
Which he dyd confute, as the bokes recorde
Hony and poyson of sweete floures are sucked
So truth and falshode on scripture is gathered.

See Tanner.

The fall of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and his followers, after the hasty attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne in the preceding year, is thus exultingly remembered by Marshall:

Yet is but in vayne herein to enterdyte
What care thē befel y^{t} at the church had despite
Wittenesseth well Cromwell as you wel know
Duddely the stoute with his fellowes aye
Their parte on the skaffolde full well did playe
That then were on hye, and nowe are full lowe
These men are to us example and warning
To serue our Lord GOD, and obey the Kynge.

And then, after setting up Queen Mary, "God's chosen vessell," above "the wydowe Judith and Quene Hester" of Scripture, and recording her zeal in restoring the ancient faith, the author concludes the whole with the following stanza:

God saue the Quene.

Prayse be to God that a noble quene hath sent
Ouer us for to raygne if we canne be content
That wel hath begonne to call thinges agayne
The which were before by falsehead subuerted
Agayne to Gods glorie, she hath them cūuerted
Amonge us Christians euer to remayne
Sithe we were before deceaued with heresie
Let us nowe be faythful, and geue God the glorie.
Amen.

Cœlum et terra transibunt, uerba autem mea non præteribunt.

This poem was entirely unknown to Herbert or Dibdin. Lowndes

gives the title, but does not mention the occurrence of any copy. It is probable that he transcribed it from Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poetica*, who mentions its existence, but it has not been previously described, that we are aware of, by any of our bibliographical writers. Of George Marshall, the author, we are unable to furnish any particulars, or whether he was the composer of any other work than the present.

No other copy of this work is known.

Half bound in Green Morocco.

Marston, (John.)—The Scourge of Villanie. Three Bookes of Satyres.

Perseus.

Nec scompros metuentia carmina, nec thus.

At London, Printed by J. R. and are to be sold by John Buzbie, in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Crane. 1598. 16mo, pp. 122.

Marston has, till very lately, been usually styled the *second* English Satirist, Bishop Hall being considered the first; he is mentioned by Charles Fitzgeffrey as contesting the palm of priority and merit in satire with Hall, in his *Affaniæ*, or three books of epigrams in Latin, published at Oxford in 1601,

Satirarum proxima primæ,
Primaque, fas primas si numerare duas.

and he is alluded to as such by Warton and other more modern writers. But it has been satisfactorily shewn by Mr. Payne Collier that there were others who had anticipated Marston in this species of poetry, and that his claim to precedency does not rank higher than the eighth or ninth English satirist. Meres, who published his "*Palladis Tamia*, the second part of Wits Commonwealth," the first edition of which was in 1598, in speaking, at p. 627, of the chief persons famed for satire, along with the author of "Pigmalion's Image and certaine satyres," *i.e.*, Marston, mentions "Pierce Plowman, Lodge, Hall of Imanuall Colledge in Cambridge, and the author of *Skialetheia*," whose work was published in the same year, 1598. He had previously, also at p. 613, included Rankins together with Hall and

Marston, whose "seven satyres," &c., were printed, according to Ritson, in 1596. And in addition to the four writers above named, Mr. Collier has also noticed four others, Sir Thos. Wyat, Gascoigne, Hake, and Donne, as having all preceded Marston as a satirist.

The volume commences with a Dedication to detraction in four six-line stanzas, entitled "To Detraction I present my Poesie." Then follow six pages of verse addressed "In Lectores prorsus indignos," in which, after saying that "his poesie craved no greater honour than to be railed at by base and lewd censurers," he breaks forth into an animated apostrophe at the close, thus:

1. But yee diuiner wits, celestiall soules
   Whoee free-borne mindes no kennel thought controules
   Ye sacred spirits, Mayas eldest sonnes.

2. Yee substance of the shadowes of our age,
   In whom all graces linke in marriage
   To you how chearfully my poeme runnes.

3. True iudging eyes, quick sighted censurers,
   Heauens best beauties, wisdoms treasurers,
   O how my loue embraceth your great worth.

4. Yee Idols of my soule, yee blessed spirits,
   How shold I giue true honor to your merits,
   Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

   You sacred spirits, Maia's eldest sonnes,
   To you how cheerfully my poeme runnes.
   O how my loue embraceth your great worth,
   Which I can better thinke, than here paint forth.
   O rare!

To these verses succeed a prose address "To those that seeme iudiciall perusers," signed W. Kinsayder. This was a nom de guerre adopted by Marston to conceal himself from those whom he might offend by the bitterness of his satire, and necessary for his own protection, the state of the times rendering him liable to the punishment of the pillory, or imprisonment, for his bold and severe attacks on the follies and vices of the age in both high and low. He used it, as we have already seen, in his "Pigmalions Image," and even alludes to it himself in his own play of "What you Will," printed in 1607.

> Away Idolater, why you Don Kinsayder
> Thou canker-eaten rusty curre, &c.

In the dramatic satire of "The Returne from Parnassus," 4to, 1606, he is recognized as "Monsieur Kinsayder," and his bold, free, licentious style is well characterized in the verses that follow.

I have already mentioned the dispute between Marston and Hall in the notice of Pigmalion's Image, and of his accusation against Hall for being obscure. In this prose address he seems to allude to this subject again, and to his coinage of new words: "Yet when by some scuruie chaunce it shal come into the late perfumed fist of iudiciall *Torquatus*, (that like some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath gotte a great deale of barmy froth to stick to his sides) I know he will vouchsafe it, some of his new-minted Epithets, (as Reall, Intrinsecate, Delphicke) when in my conscience hee vnderstands not the least part of it." He also speaks of the change which had taken place in the English language since the days of Chaucer, which rendered him hard to be understood even then, and which has been alluded to by Mr. Hallam in his *Literary History*.

Each of the three books of satires is preceded by a short Proemium, of which the one to the first book, commencing with the well known lines

> I beare the scourge of iust *Rhamnusia*
> Lashing the lewdnes of *Britannia*,

has been so often quoted, that we prefer giving the one before the third book:

> In serious iest, and iesting seriousnes
> I striue to scourge poluting beastlines.
> I invocate no *Delian* Deitie,
> Nor sacred of-spring of *Mnemosyne*:
> I pray in ayde of no *Castalian* Muse,
> No Nimph, no female Angell to infuse
> A sprightly wit to raise my flagging wings,
> And teach me tune these harsh discordant strings:
> I craue no Syrens of our Halcion times
> To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes;
> But grim *Reproofe*, sterne Hate of villanie,
> Inspire and guide a Satyres poesie.
> Faire *Detestation* of foule odious sinne,
> In which our swinish times lye wallowing.
> Be thou my conduct and my *Genius*,
> My wits inciting sweet breath'd *Zephirus*.
> O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
> Some fludgate up, to purge the world from muck:

Would God I could turn *Alpheus* riuer in
To purge this *Angean* ox-staule from foule sin.
Well, I will try, awake impuritie,
And view the vaile drawne from thy villanie.

The following is the commencement of the second satire in illustration of Juvenal's line, "Difficile est Satyram non scribere," prefixed as a motto:

I cannot hold, I cannot I indure
To view a big wombd foggie clowde immure
The radiant tresses of the quickning sunne.
Let Custards quake, my rage must freely runne,
Preach not the Stoickes patience to me
I hate no man, but mens impietie.
My soule is vext, what power will th' desist?
Or dares to stop a sharpe fang'd Satyrist?
Who'le coole my rage? who'le stay my itching fist
But I will plague and torture whom I list?
If that the three-fold walls of Babilon
Should hedge my tongue, yet I should raile upon
This fustie world, that now dare put in ure
To make *Jehova* but a couerture,
To shade ranck filth, loose conscience is free,
From all conscience, what els hath libertie?
As't please the Thracian Boreas to blow,
So turnes our ayerie conscience, to and fro.

Of the fourth satire entitled "Cras," the following character of a confirmed swearer may be taken as an example of Marston's style:

I ask'd lewd Gallus when he'le cease to sweare,
And with whole euluering raging othes to teare
The vault of heauen, spitting in the eyes
Of nature's Nature, lothsome blasphemies.
Tomorrow he doth vow he will forbeare:
Next day I meete him, but I heare him sweare
Worse then before, I put his vow in minde,
He answers me, *tomorrow*, but I finde
He sweares next day, farre worse then ere before:
Putting me of with (*morrow*) euermore.
Thus when I urge him, with his sophistrie
He thinkes to salue his damned perjurie.

After the Proemium to the second book of satires there is an invocation to rhyme "Ad Rithmum," containing some rather pleasing lines, which have been quoted in part by Warton, vol. iv, p. 389, 8vo edition. In the sixth

satire, Marston makes an apology for having written "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image," 1598, which is supposed to have been intended in ridicule of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, which first appeared in 1593, and other poems of a similar kind which were injurious to morals. The lines are these:

Hence thou misiudging Censor, know I wrot
Those idle rimes to note the odious spot
And blemish that deformes the lineaments
Of moderne Poesies habiliments.
Oh that the beauties of Inuention
For want of Iudgements disposition
Should all be soyl'd, ô that such treasurie,
Such straines of well-conceited poesie,
Should moulded be, in such a shapeless forme,
That want of Art, should make such wit a scorne.

The seventh satire, entitled "A Cynicke Satyre," commencing with a parody on a well-known line in Shakespeare's tragedy of Richard III., "A Man, a Man, a kingdome for a man," is exceedingly entertaining, and contains some good descriptions of swaggering beaux and fine ladies

——— puppets, painted Images,
Haberdashers shops, torch-light maskeries,
Perfuming pans, Dutch ancients, Glowe-wormes bright,
That soile our soules, and dampe our reasons light.

But we have room for only one more quotation, which shall be taken from the beginning of the tenth satire, entitled "*Humours*":

Sleep grim *Reproofe*, my iocond Muse dooth sing
In other keyes, to nobler fingering
Dull sprighted *Melancholy*, leaue my braine
To hell Cimerian night, in liuely vaine
I striue to paint, then hence all darke intent
And sullen frownes, come sporting meriment,
Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowne my very soule
With iouisance, whilst mirthfull iests controule
The goutie humours of these pride-swolne dayes,
Which I doe long vntill my pen displaies,
O I am great with mirth, some midwifrie,
Or I shall breake my sides at vanitie.
Roome for a capering mouth, whose lips nere stur
But in discoursing of the gracefull slur:
Who ever heard spruce skipping Curio
Ere prate of ought, but of the whirle on toe.

The turne aboue ground, Robins sprawling kicks,
Fabius caper, Harries tossing tricks?
Did euer any eare ere heare him speake
Unlesse his tongue of crosse-poynts did intreat?
His teeth doe caper, whilst he eates his meate,
His heeles doe caper, whilst he takes his seate,
His very soule, his intellectuall
Is nothing but a mincing capreall.
He dreames on toe-turnes, each gallant hee doth meete
He fronts him with a trauers in the streete,
Prayse but *Orchestra*, and the skipping art,
You shall commaund him, faith you haue his hart
Euen capring in your fist. A pall, a hall,
Room for the Spheres, the orbes celestiall
Will daunce *Kemps Iigge*. They'le reuel with neate iumps
A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps?
O wits quick trauers, but *sauce ceo's* slow
Good faith 'tis hard for nimble Curio.
Yee gracious orbs, keepe the olde measuring,
All's spoyld if once yee fall to capering.
Luscus what's play'd to day? faith now I know
I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
Naught but pure Juliet and Romio.
Say, who acts best? Drusus, or Roscio?
Now I haue him, that nere of ought did speake
But when of playes or Plaiers he did treate.
H'ath made a common-place booke out of plaies,
And speaks in print, at least what ere he sayes
Is warranted by Curtaine plaudeties,
If ere you heard him courting Lesbia's eyes;
Say (Curteous Sir) speakes he not mouingly
From out some new pathetique Tragedie?
He writes, he railes, he iests, he courts, what not
And all from out his huge long scraped stock
Of well penn'd playes.

This quotation is not only a favourable specimen of Marston's powers, but is also interesting on account of its literary allusions. He is fond of the phrase "Cimmerian night," and "Cimmerian darkness," which occurs more than once, and has been imitated by Milton.

"Prayse but *Orchestra*, and the skipping art," is an allusion to a rare poem by Sir John Davis, entitled "Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing," first printed in 1596. A little after he alludes to *Kemp's Jigge*. Mr. Dyce

supposes that this was "a ludicrous metrical composition after the play was over, either spoken or sung by the clown, and occasionally by dancing and playing on the pipe and tabor"; and that the Jig called Kemp's Jigge, concerning which there are several entries in the Stationers' books, "was merely called 'Kemp's' because that celebrated buffoon had rendered them popular by his acting, and probably by flashes of extempore wit" (see the Rev. A. Dyce's introduction to Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, p. xx), and that it was to one of such entertainments that Marston alludes in this passage. Shakespeare's tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was now popular, had been acted a few years previously, and was first published in 1597, 4to.

At the end of the satires are the following lines addressed "To euerlasting obliuion," in which we can hardly suppose the writer to have been serious in wishing that "Obliuion might deuoure him quick," as he certainly had a good opinion of his own powers, and was envious of notoriety:

Thou mighty gulfe, insatiant cormorant,
Deride me not, though I seeme petulant
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
For euer their faire Poems flourish may.
But as for mee, hungry Obliuion
Deuoure me quick, accept my orizon:
My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee
With gloomie shade of thy still Emperie,
To vaile both me and my rude poesie.
Farre worthier lines in silence of thy state
Doe sleepe securely free from loue or hate,
From which this liuing, nere can be exempt,
But whilst it breathes will hate and furie tempt.
Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right glorious actions can with-stand.
Peace hatefull tongues, I now in silence pace,
Unlesse some hound doe wake me from my place,
I with this sharpe, yet well meant poesie,
Will sleepe secure, right free from iniurie,
Of cancred hate, or rankest villanie.

After these lines there is a prose address "To him that hath perused me," signed "Theriomastix," which closes the volume.

Marston is a bold and energetic, but rugged writer, which latter quality was perhaps rather affected than otherwise to give force to the lashings of his satires, as he wrote with more melody and felicity of expression in his

plays. Warton, in his *Observations on Spencer*, remarks of these Satires, that though "containing many well drawn characters, and several good strokes of satirical genius, yet they are not upon the whole so finished and classical as Bishop Hall's"; vol. iv, p. 396, 8vo ed. There is great strength and vigour in his descriptions, but still mingled with a coarseness bordering upon vulgarity; and he is well pourtrayed by the author of *The Returne from Parnassus*:

> Methinks, he is a ruffian in his style
> Withouten bands, or garter's ornament:
> He quaffs a cup of *Frenchman's* helicon;
> Then roister doister, in his oily terms,
> Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoever he meets,
> And strews about *Ram-alley* meditations.
> Tut, what cares he for modest close-couch'd terms
> Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?
> Give him plain naked words, strip'd from their shirts,
> That might beseem plain-dealing *Aretine*.

Campbell, who alone of all our collectors of poetry has thought Marston worthy of admission into a Selection of British Poets, hardly alludes to his Satires, and quotes only from his Comedies, which he calls "somewhat dull": while Mr. Collier is inclined "to place him very high among Shakespeare's contemporaries," and says that "his dramatic works would quite as well bear republishing as those of Massinger or Shirley." And Drake, in his account of the writers of Shakespeare's time, observes of Marston, that "all his dramas give evidence of great wealth and vigour of description, of much felicity in expression, and of much passionate eloquence; nor are his characters raw or indistinct sketches, but highly coloured and well supported." In another particular also, the difference in opinion respecting this author is very remarkable; for while Langbaine praises him as "a chaste and pure writer, avoiding all that obscenity, ribaldry, and scurrility, which too many of the playwrights of that time and since, have made the basis of their wit, to the great disgrace and scandal of the stage: and that whatsoever even in the spring of his years he presented upon the stage, in his autumn and declining age he needed not to be ashamed of": whilst Langbaine thus praises his chaste purity, Warton says of him, "It is Marston's misfortune that he can never keep clear of the impurities of the brothel. His stream of poetry, if sometimes bright and unpolluted, almost always betrays a muddy bottom. The satirist who too freely indulges himself in the display of that licentiousness which he means to proscribe, absolutely

defeats his own design. He inflames those passions which he professes to suppress, gratifies the depravations of a prurient curiosity, and seduces innocent minds to an acquaintance with ideas which they might never have known." Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 396. We fear that on an impartial examination of his writings, it will be found but too true, that he is more deserving of the latter character than the former, and that what Langbaine says of him is far from being merited or supported by his works.

Of the life of Marston little seems to be known with any certainty. Neither the time nor place of his birth, nor the period of his death are fixed with any degree of exactness. One account informs us that he was a student in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and that when he quitted that university, he was entered at the Middle Temple in London, of which society he was appointed lecturer in 1592, and is supposed to have died in London in 1634, and to have been buried in the church belonging to the Temple. While another says, that there seems to be little reason to think he was of Oxford; but certain from his works that he was of Cambridge, where he was contemporary with Bishop Hall. Wood, who is generally speaking very accurate, in his account of Marston is extremely unsatisfactory, and in fact was quite ignorant which John Marston of those that he describes of that name was the poet: but rather leans to the opinion that he was of Corpus Christi College. Marston appears at one time of his life to have been on terms of intimacy and friendship with Ben Jonson, and dedicated to him in flattering terms his play of the *Malcontent* in 1604; and also wrote some complimentary verses to that author prefixed to the first edition of *Sejanus* in 1605; but he was afterwards at variance with him, and in his Epistle to the Reader prefixed to his *Sophonisba* in 1606, makes some strong allusions to Jonson for his pedantry in translating long orations from Sallust and other classical authors into English blank verse. The cause of this misunderstanding between them is not known, but it appears to have continued through the remainder of their lives, and is alluded to by Mr. Gifford in his edition of Ben Jonson's works, vol. i, p. lxxii. Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that he had fought several times with Marston, and that the latter's father-in-law, a clergyman, wrote his plays, while Marston wrote his father-in-law's sermons; from whence it has been supposed that Marston, late in life, entered into the church, and this supposition has been rendered more probable from the circumstance of the

existence of a sermon preached at St. Margaret's in Westminster, February 6th, 1642, by John Marston. Ben Jonson is believed to have satirized both him and Decker in his *Poetaster*, 4to, 1601.

Marston was the author of eight plays, all printed in 4to, between the years 1602 and 1607, six of which were afterwards collected and published in one volume, 12mo, 1633, and dedicated to the Lady Viscountess Falkland. Besides these dramatic efforts, he was the author of "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and Certaine Satyres," 16mo, 1598; and "The Scourge of Villanie. Three Bookes of Satyres," 16mo, 1598 and 1599. Both these works were reprinted by the Rev. John Bowle in 1764. Ant. Wood was ignorant that Marston wrote "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image," which is omitted in the list he has given of his works. He was also the writer of a Masque, entitled "The Lorde and Ladye of Huntingdons Entertainment of theire right noble mother, Alice, Countesse Dowager of Darby, the first night of her Honor's arrivall at the house of Ashby," which is now preserved in the library at Bridgewater house, with a dedication, in his own hand writing, to Alice, Countess of Derby. A fac-simile of this dedication is given in Mr. Collier's privately printed catalogue of the library at Bridgewater house, p. 193, and the whole Masque is given at length in Nicholls' *Progr. James I.*, vol. ii, p. 145. It was first printed by the Rev. J. H. Todd from the original manuscript at Bridgewater house. Lord Huntingdon was the eldest son of Francis, Lord Hastings, and became afterwards fifth Earl of Huntingdon in 1604, and died in 1643. Lady Huntingdon was Elizabeth, youngest of the three daughters and coheirs of Ferdinando Stanley, Earl of Derby, and died in 1633. There is another manuscript of Marston's in the British Museum, entitled "The Argument of the Spectacle presented to the sacred Maiestys of Great Brittan and Denmark as they passed through London." This was first noticed by Isaac Reed in his edition of Dodsley's old plays; and since then by Mr. Collier in his *Poet. Decam.*, vol. ii, p. 315; and in the first volumne of *The Crypt*, p. 33, where it is printed at length. It was written on the occasion of a visit from the King of Denmark to James I. in 1606. It is very short, and with some propriety is chiefly in Latin, being composed for the entertainment of a foreign Prince, who was ignorant of the English language. Marston is also said to have written another work, still in manuscript, "The New Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poetical Legendes, 1600," 4to, of which an account is given by Mr. Haslewood in his edition of *Drunken Barnabie's Journal*, 1820, vol. i, p. 76, but we do not think this

could have been written by him, as the style is so different from his. The reader will find a note on this work in Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 190–191. The exact period of Marston's death is not known. Oldys says, that he died in the former part of the reign of Charles I., aged about sixty years, but we are ignorant on what authority he made this statement.

Marston has not been admitted into the selections of Headley or Ellis, nor into the general collections of Anderson or Chalmers. Gifford, in his edition of Ben Jonson's works is extremely severe upon Marston, and not only accuses him of scurrility and gross indecency, but also throws severe imputations on his moral character, in his meanness and duplicity towards Jonson. While on the other hand he is called by Mr. Bowle "the British Persius," and his last editor styles him a poet no less admired for the versatility of his genius in tragedy and comedy, than dreaded for the poignancy of his satire, and remarks that "his satirical descriptions and allusions furnish, perhaps, more finished details of manners and customs in higher life, than are to be found in almost any writer of the same period." Perhaps the real truth will be found to lie in the happy medium between these extreme opinions, and that while Marston is not to be ranked amongst the highest and most distinguished of our satirical and dramatic writers, he is not to be altogether neglected for his ruggedness, nor despised for his occasional want of delicacy—the fault of the vitiated taste of his day—but is to be considered as a bold and forcible satirist, and a vigorous and passionate dramatist.

It is singular that the writings of Marston should have continued so long neglected, and that a collected edition of his works should still remain a desideratum in our literature. Some few years ago the Rev. Peter Hall issued proposals for publishing a new edition of "The Dramatic and other Poetical Works of John Marston," a prospectus of which was given in his entertaining little periodical, *The Crypt*, vol. i, p. 71, and in which it was mentioned that the work was then in a state of considerable forwardness, but from some cause or other, perhaps the want of subscribers, the intention was abandoned, and the publication never made its appearance. We sincerely trust that it will yet be undertaken by a learned and competent editor, and perhaps to no one in the present day could the task be entrusted with so much hope of success, as to the skill and assiduity, and the unrivalled attainments in dramatic lore of Mr. Payne Collier.

The extreme rarity of this first edition of Marston's satires is well known. Dr. Dibdin, in the new edition of his *Bibliomania*, 1842, vol. ii, p. 591, has characterized it in his account of Baron Bolland's sale as "of terrific rarity."

It was not in the collections of Reed, Steevens, Duke of Roxburghe, Bindley, Rice, Midgley, Sir Mark Sykes, Marquis of Blandford, Nassau, Strettell, Hibbert, Townley, Heber, Caldecot, Freeling, Chalmers, &c., &c., nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poetica.* The Rev. Mr. Bowles, in his *Miscellaneous Pieces of Antient English Poesie*, published in 1764, in which "The Scourge of Villanie" is contained, was not aware of this first edition. Mr. Collier also, though aware of the existence of the edition of 1598, quotes from the second edition in his *Poet. Decam.* There is a copy of this first edition in the Malone collection in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and another in the library at Bridgewater house. Lowndes does not refer to the sale of a single copy, but one was sold in Perry's sale, pt. ii, No. 698, for 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, to Mr. Haslewood; and another in Baron Bolland's do., No. 1225, for 18*l.* 5*s.*

For further notices of Marston and his works, consult Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 277; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 384, 8vo edit.; Wood's *Ath. Oxon*, vol. i, p. 763, and vol. iv, p. 586, ed. Bliss; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 494; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 347; Hawkins's *Eng. Drama.*, vol. iii, p. 215; Drake's *Shakesp. and his Times*, vol. i, p. 636, and vol. ii, p. 567; Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. i, p. 230, &c.; Hallam's *Int. Liter. of Europe*, vol. ii, p. 316; Campbell's *Specim. Brit. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 82; *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. vi, p. 113; Ch. Lamb's Works, vol. ii; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 466; and Collier's *Bridgewater House Catal.*, p. 191.

Fine copy, Olive Morocco, gilt edges, bound by C. Lewis.

MARSTON, (JOHN.)—The Scourge of Villanie. Corrected, with the addition of newe Satyres. Three Bookes of Satyres.

Persius.
Nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus.

At London, Printed by I. R. Anno Dom. 1599. Sm. 8vo.

The chief difference between this second edition of *The Scourge of Villanie* and the first is, that the present has on the reverse of the title a brief dedication by Marston to himself in these words, "To his most esteemed, and best beloued Selfe, Dat Dedicatque," and also contains an additional new Satire (not "Satyres" as in the title) written personally against Hall, to revenge himself upon him, for having, as we have already stated, printed the following "Epigram which the Author *Virgidemiarum* caused to be pasted to the latter page of every *Pigmalion* that came to the Stationers of Cambridge."

I ask't Phisitions what their counsell was
For a mad dogge, or for a mankind Asse?
They told me though there were confections store
Of Poppie-seede, and soueraigne Hellebore,
The dog was best cured by cutting and *kinsing
The Asse must be kindly whipped for winsing.
Now then S. K. — I little passe
Whether thou be a mad dog, or a mankind Asse.

* Mark the witty allusion to my name.

On this action of Hall's, Marston first remarks thus severely:

I am too priuate. Yet me thinkes an Asse
Rimes well with VIDERIT VTILITAS.
Euen full as well, I boldly dare auerre
As any of that stinking Scauenger
Which from his dunghill he bedaubed on
The latter page of Old Pigmalion.
O that this brother of hypocrisie
(Applauded by his pure fraternitie)
Should thus be puffed, and so proude insist
As play on me the Epigrammatist.
Opinion mounts this froth unto the skies
Whom iudgements reason iustly vilefies.

He then, in answer to the hard names which Hall had given him in the Epigram above quoted, comments upon it as follows, prefixing to it the apposite motto, "Medice cura teipsum."

Smart ierke of wit! Did euer such a straine
Rise from an Apish schoole-boyes childish braine?
Dost thou not blush, good Ned, that such a scent
Shold rise from thence where thou hadst nutrimēt?
Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
And streweth flowers rotten bones among.
Iuggling Opinion, thou inchanting witch
Paint not a rotten post with colours rich.

This new Satire occurs between the ninth and tenth, being headed with the motto, "Stultorum plena sunt omnia," and is inscribed "To his very friend Master E. G.," probably Edward Gilpin. The second edition is printed in rather closer type than the former, and therefore the additional matter only makes an increase of one leaf in the whole volume more than the first edition. It is also remarkable in being without the names of either printer or publisher, in consequence probably of an order made by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, that these Satires of

Marston, together with Davies's Epigrams, and some other works of a similar kind, should be publicly burnt at Stationer's Hall, and that no Satires or Epigrams should be printed hereafter. This order being made on the 4th of June 1599, before this edition came out, rendered this precaution necessary of having no printer's or bookseller's name affixed, for fear of the pillory or a heavy fine, and will also sufficiently account for the rarity of the first edition, the copies of which had no doubt been seized and burnt.

At the end of the Satires, after an invocation "To everlasting Obliuion," which must be received from Marston only poetically, for no man was more alive to future fame, occurs a short address in prose, "To him that hath perused mee," signed "Theriomastix," in which the author expresses his fear lest any one should accuse him of "endeavouring to blast anie priuate man's good name, or by a forced application of the general reproofs conveyed in his Satires, to broach his priuate hatred" by unjustly applying them to particular persons, when his sole object was to reprove general vices.

Copies of either edition of this work are seldom to be found in the catalogues of our early collectors. An imperfect one of the second, with four leaves supplied by manuscript, was priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 466, at 5*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley's copy, pt. ii, No. 1801, sold for 8*l.* 10*s.*; Pearson's do., No. 2183, for 1*l.* 15*s.*; Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1405, for 3*l.* 1*s.*; Chalmers's do., pt. i, No. 1880, for 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis,
in sage coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

MARSTON, (JOHN.) — Miscellaneous Pieces of Antient English Poesie. Viz. The troublesome Raigne of King John, Written by Shakespeare, Extant in no Edition of his Writings. The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and certain Satyres. By John Marston: The Scourge of Villanie. By the same. All printed before the year 1600.

London: Printed for Robert Horsefield at the Crown in Ludgate-Street. M.DCC.LXIV. 12mo.

The present neat reprint of the Satires of Marston was edited by the Rev. John Bowle, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, who is known to the literary

world by his new and classical edition of *Don Quixote* in the Spanish language, concerning which he published a letter to Bishop Percy in 4to in the year 1777. He was a gentleman of considerable learning and research in our older literature, and was in constant correspondence with many of our eminent literary characters, and editors of Shakespeare and Milton, to whom he communicated many valuable remarks and critical illustrations.

The preface to this reprint contains some few observations by the editor respecting Marston, whom he styles the British Persius. Bowle's edition is said to be bad and inaccurate.

A Robert Marston wrote an elegy on Thomas Lord Grey of Wilton, which was printed by the Roxburghe Club in 1822. Query—if any relation to John Marston?

Bound in Calf, neat.

Moone, (Peter.) — A short treatyse of certayne thinges abused In the Popysh Church, longe used: But now abolyshed, to our consolation, And Gods word aduanced, the lyght of our saluation.

Matthew vii.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good frute shal be hewen downe and cast into y^e^ fyre.

Psalm cxxiii.

Our soule is escaped euen as a byrd out of the snare of the foular, the snare is brokē, and we are delyuered.

Matthew xv.

All plantes y^t^ my heauenly father hathe not planted, shall be plucked up by the rotes.

Psalm cxviii.

It is tyme (O Lorde) to laye to thyne hande, for they haue destroyed thy lawe.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

[Colophon]. Imprinted at Ippyswyche by me Jhon Oswen. 1548. 4to, pp. 16, blk. lett.

The reformation in religion introduced in the reign of Edward VI., by which men's minds were emancipated from the spiritual slavery in which

they had so long been enthralled, and by which the Bible was now translated and thrown open to the people at large, gave rise to numerous poems and pasquinades, which often exceeded the bounds of moderation and propriety, and were filled with rancour and bitter hostility; and even the popular ballads and interludes became the common means of carrying on the great controversy between the two churches. Amongst other matters of dispute the Mass formed a leading subject of attack on the part of the followers of the new religion, and more than one poetical tract has been noticed in the present work in which it was a topic of severe satire and caustic raillery. In these qualities the very rare volume which we are about to describe strongly abounds. It is written on the abuses of the Mass, and other Romish corruptions, by one who was violently opposed to the old faith, and was most probably printed in the year given above, although the date of 1548 is only in a manuscript hand of the time; but we know that Oswen, the printer, removed to Worcester at the end of the same year, and therefore that it could not have been later.

The title is within a neat woodcut border, and the initial letter G contains the head of our Saviour crowned with thorns, on a napkin. The poem is written in thirty-seven stanzas of eight lines each, and is very severe against the Papistical ceremonies and usages which, by their number and absurdities, afforded so much scope for burlesque, as will be seen from the following stanzas:—

In y^{e} stede of goddes word we had holy bread and water
Holy palmes holy ashes, holy candles holy fyer
Holy bones holy stones, holy crewittes at the aulter
Holy censars holy bannars, holy crosses holy atyer
Holy wax holy pax, holy smoke holy smyer
Holy oyle holy creame, holy wyne for veneration
Holy coope holy canepy, holy reliques in y^{e} quier
Thus gods word could not florish, y^{e} light of our saluation.

We haue had belles christened, vestimentes consecrated
Chalices anointed, high altares washed and halowed
Images tabernacled, dead mens bones shryned
Coniured Crosses censed, spittled and spattled
With turne and half turne, the people was deceyued
Seist me or seist me not, and mocke more abhominacion
Feattes of legerdemayne, by these iugglers inuented
That goddes worde shulde not floryshe, the light of our saluacion.

Upon the high holy euennes, as they do them call,
They range all the belles a solempne noys to heare
There had we euensong: complyne, and salue w^t all
Of y^t was song or sayd, themselues were neuer the nere
For it was in a foren tonge, as it doth well appere
Nother to them nor us, was there edification
For it was all lippe labor, song they neuer so cleare
Syldome preache they christ, to be the light of our saluatiō.

The nexte day folowing we had matynes, with prime and howres holy
Many a dens in adiutorium, all in the latten tonge
Coniuring of holy water, folowed then immediatly
Procession after ydolles, all the churche yarde long
Hygh masse with deuout sensinges, ruffling it in priksong
Then ranne we to take holy bread, withoute signification
These plantes be pluckt up, be they neuer so stronge
They were not graffed on goddes word, the hight of our saluation.

With these old customes and such lyke, god is displeased sore
As in the first of Esay, ther is demaunded playne
Who required these of you, such thinges I do abhor
Your Sabothes and your solempne dayes, your fastinges are in vayne
Newe holy dayes and fastinges, from my hart I do disdayne
God saith he is wery both of you and your oblacion
He byddeth you labour in his vyneyarde, and therein take payne
To teach the people Gods word, the light of our saluacion.

The author's expectations from the youthful and pious Edward for the settlement of the reformed religion were, no doubt, like those of many others at that period, raised to a high degree; and from the known piety and amiable qualities of the young king, joined to the partiality which youth always excites, and the religious freedom already obtained from their former yoke of bondage, it was no wonder that he should express himself in the terms of panegyric conveyed in the ensuing stanzas:—

Let us be thankefull to our God, for his etern verite
With which he hath moste plenteously endewed our noble kynge
So that amonge all his affaires, he maye set forth goddes glorye
With no lesse zeale than he hathe done, sence his firste begynninge
I meane, Edward the sixt, ouer us now rayninge
Right Inheritour by dissent, of this realm or dominion
That oute of his Princely harte, there maye dystyll and springe
Gods power and lyuely worde, the light of our saluacion.

Also for those good ladyes, of the same stock and lynage
Mary and Elyzabeth, systers unto his grace
The heauenly Lorde endewe them, unto their last age
Euen as their noble father dyd, all Popery to deface
And Gods eternall Testament, alway to embrace
For there in shall they learne, by the heauenly instigation
To folow the frute of the spirite, and thereby to purchace
The Celestiall kyngdome, the lyght of our saluacion.

For the most honorable Councell, with my Lorde Protector
Which stryeth strongely with the enemyes of God night and daye
In his procedynges and doynges, the Lorde be his director
With his holy spirite also, to rule their hartes alwaye
That thorowe their spirituall laboure, all Poperye may decaye
And utterly banyshed the lande, with Godly reformacion
Suppressinge all false doctrine, and to set suche a staye
That Goddes worde maye increace, the lyght of our saluacion.

And that it may please the (O God) to illumine the spiritualties
As Bysshoppes and all ministers, with knowledge and understandinge
Of thy most blessed worde, to set it forth with synceritie
And unfaynedly folowe, both in doctrine and lyuinge
Fedinge Christes flocke, with the worde euerlastinge
Not compelled thereunto, nor for hope of promocion
But for fauour which they beare to it aboue all thinge
And thus shall Goddes worde floryshe, the lyght of our saluacion.

Four various quotations of texts from the Holy Scriptures, with the author's name, "Quod Peter Moone," close the volume, the Colophon, as given before, being on a separate leaf. The work is slightly noticed by Herbert, vol. iii, p. 1,458; by Warton in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 145, 8vo edition; and by Ritson in his *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 279. Of the author, Peter Moone, nothing appears to be known, nor are we acquainted with any other copy of his poem than the present, which was formerly in the collection of Mr. B. H. Bright.

Bound in Calf, neat.

MUNDAY, (ANTHONY.)—The Mirrour of Mutabilitie, or Principall part of the Mirrour for Magistrates. Describing the fall of diuers famous Princes, and other memorable Personages.

Selected out of the sacred Scriptures by Anthony Munday, and dedicated to the Right Honorable the Earle of Oxenford.

Honos alit Artes.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Allde and are to be solde by Richard Ballard, at Saint Magnus Corner. 1579. 4to, blk. lett.

The *Mirror for Magistrates*, which had been first printed in 1559, twenty years before the present publication, having become so highly popular, gave rise to many imitations of various kinds and degrees of merit, of which the present singular work by Anthony Munday was one of the earliest. The title is within a neat woodcut border, and has on the reverse a large woodcut of the arms of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, to whom the work is dedicatad, with his motto, "Vero nihil verius," and four lines of verse underneath. The dedication to this nobleman, who was the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, celebrated for his patronage of literature and literary men, and one of the contributors to *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 4to, 1576, *The Phœnix Nest*, 4to, 1593, *England's Helicon*, 4to, 1600, and other poetical works, is highly curious, and gives us some insight into Munday's early life and travels, from which it appears, that after having presented his patron with a former "book intituled *Galien of Fraunce*, being very desirous," says he, "to attaine to some understanding in the languages, considering in time to come, I might reap thereby some commoditie, since as yet my webbe of youthful time was not fully wouen, and my wilde oates required to be furrowed in a forreyne ground, to satisfye the trifling toyes that dayly more and more frequented my busied braine: yeelded myself to God and good Fortune, taking on the habit of a Traueler. And hauing sustayned in the colde Countrey of Fraunce diuers contagious calamities, and sundry sorts of mishaps. As first, being but newly ariued, and not acquainted with the usage of the Countrey, betweene Bulloin and Abeuile, my Companion and I were stripped into our shirts by soldiers, who, (if rescue had not come) would haue endamaged our liues also. Methought this was but an unfreendly welcome, considering before I thought that euery man beyond the Seas was as frank as an Emperour, and that a man might liue there a Gentleman's life, and doe nothing but walke at his pleasure: but finding it not so, I wished myself at home again, with sorrowe to my sugred sops. But calling to minde that he which fainteth at the first

assault, would hardly endure to fight out the Battell; tooke courage afresh, hoping my hap would prove better in the end, since it had such a bitter beginning, and so passed forward to Paris."

From Paris, having been well received there, and newly clothed, after some delay and consultation "with my Lord the English ambassador, then lying at Paris," Munday and his companion journeyed into Italy, to Rome, Naples, Venice, Padua, and divers other excellent cities, and then returned home.

After the Epistle Dedicatory are some anagrammatic lines, entitled "The authors Commendation of the Right Honorable Earle of Oxenford," and "Verses written by the author upon his Lords Posey 'Vero nihil verius.'" These are followed by a short prose address "To the Reader," in which the writer speaks of this as being "now the third time he had presumed on the clemency of the reader." His first work appears to have been "*The Defence of Pouertie against the Desire of worldlie riches.* Dialogue wise. Collected by Anthonie Munday," which was licensed to John Charlewood in November, 1577. Of "his book intituled *Galiens Fraunce*," which was probably his second publication, we know nothing beyond the mention made of it in the commencement of the Dedication to Lord Oxford. These works must have been published by Munday at an early period of life, and he speaks in the present volume of his "want of learning and his Idolocenoye." It appears also from this address, that he intended to write a third part to the present work, "desiring them to accept this till the third part of this work be finished": which, however, he seems never to have completed. Next occur commendatory verses by Claudius Hollyband, his schoolmaster, in French, and the same in English,—Thomas Procter, T. N. (probably Thomas Nuce or Newton), E. K. (Edward Knight), Mathew Wighthand, William Hall his kinsman, and Thomas Spigurnel. Those by Thomas Procter, who was the author of the rare work, "*A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions*, &c. London. 1578," and to whom Munday returned the compliment by affixing commendatory verses to that work, are not devoid of merit, and will bear the quotation of a few stanzas:—

He showes how fraile our earthly Honor is,
How soone our pleasures perish unto nought:
What daunger turnes to bale our worldly blisse,
By elder Age which haue such frailtie sought.
At length how Death eche state to earth hath brought
The hautyest hart that vaunts of Victors force:
His direfull dart unbreathes without remorce.

The Wise whose wit inferior unto none
Through his abuse bewayles his follyes fall:
The Valliant yeelds, and conquerd makes his mone,
The Rich complaines to minde his fault to call,
By these estats he seemes to warne us all.
Lest through our Wit, our Strength, and Riches store
We vainly vaunt, and lest their losse deplore.

Of pamperd Pride, of Enuye, and of Wrath,
Of lothsome Lust and filthie Gluttony:
Of Couetousnes, and sluggish Sloth he hath
Prescribde the shame and greefe that come therby
Last biddeth us such shamelesse sins to fly
For feare as those who haue them selues abusde:
Wee waile too late their warnings good refusde.

Some of these men were *Kings*, *Dukes*, *Earles*, and *Lords*,
Some worthy *Knights*, some learned *Iudges* weare:
But what of that? no fauour Death afordes,
Hee striketh us uncertain when or wheare,
Hee unregardes of what estate wee are.
As soone the King that rules the regall Crown,
Yeelds unto him as doth the siely Clown.

The work is divided into two Books, each poem or subject being preceded by a prose Induction by the author, and by some lines forming an anagram on the particular vice exemplified. The first book contains "the Complaints of Nebuchodonozer King of Babilon, King Herod, King Pharao, King David, Dives, Judas, and Jonas; whose vices are characterized under the heads of Pride, Envye, Wrath, Lecherye, Gluttony Avarice, and Sloth." The second Book is preceded by a short prose address "To the Reader," and contains "the further complaints of Absalon, Triphon, Achab, Jephthah, Sampson, King Solomon, Ammon, Adonia, King Ptolemye, Iezabel, and Zedekiah, exemplifying the passions of Beautie, Crueltie, Wickednes, Basenes, Magnanimitie, Sapience, Incontinencye, Voluptuousnes, Vainglory, Vanitie, and Wilfulnes." At the end are some Latin verses by the author, "ad precarum et nobilissimum Virum E. O." and the work closes with a Table of Contents occupying three pages.

The verse in this volume does not rise beyond mediocrity, and therefore a few short extracts will suffice as specimens. We select the first from "the Complaint of King Nebuchodonozor, some time King of Babilon," "who through his great and inordinate Pride, from his regall Dignitie, was brought to such base extremitie that in shape of an Oxe he was made to

eat on the ground in the company of other beasts and oxen. Therefore this Discourse following, suppose it to be spoken by the King himself, sorrowfully lamenting for his former offences, and so all the rest in their order as followeth."

Of Nabuchodonozor.

On highest tipe of Honors lofty name
I sometime did in Princely pomp remayne:
Bothe farre and neer I bore the golden fame,
And who but I in cheefe estate did reign?
Till suddainly in all my peacocks plumes:
I was throwen down for all my freating fumes.

What so thou be that fayne wouldst knowe my name
And how I liu'd, attend unto my tale:
Nabuchodonozor, I am the very same,
Who suddenly was turnd from blisse to bale,
In Pride I rulde, and flaunted with the best:
Who me denayed, by power I suppresst.

I am that king which did the Image frame
Wherto all men should treble homage giue:
Those that rebeld should taste the scorching flame
This in my Pride I usde while I did liue.
Blood, blood, was all I dayly did desire:
Such was the rule wherto I did aspire.

When Sidrach, Misach, and Abednago,
To homage did my golden God disdayne:
In flaming Fornace soone I did them throwe,
Wherin I thought to woork their cruell payne.
But of my will, see how I was deceiued:
God by his might my puissant pomp bereued.

His Angell did preserue them in the flame,
So that they did no harme at all sustayne:
No, not one hear did perish out of frame,
This when I saw, did gorge me with disdayne.
I thought my self inferiour unto none:
But I as God triumphant rulde alone.

I thought eche wight was subiect unto me;
I thought it prayse to beare a loftie name:
Pride rulde my hart, I could not Vertue see,
Vice did abound my pleasure for to frame.
A mortall man? no, no, a God and eke obayed:
My whole estate in pamperd Pride I swayd.

No one I thought that could my power suppresse,
Much lesse I thought to finde my equall mate:
With wordes I causde to bow bothe more and lesse,
With hauty deeds I maintaynd still my state.
This stomack stout disdaynd to stoupe at all:
This mightie minde no feare could once apall.

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But yet the Lord to make me feele his might,
Bereft me cleane of mine Imperiall seat:
For seuen yeeres space, my Pride for to requite,
In shape of Oxe on ground he made me eat.
A iust reward which I did well deserue:
Since so I did disdayne his name to serue.

Yet at the length his mercy tooke such place,
That he restorde me to my Seat agayne:
And where before I ran an uncouth race,
With treble ioy my Crowne I did attayne.
Now I perceiu'd God brought my state so lowe:
And raysd me up, that I my self might knowe.

Beholde how gratious wos the Lord to me,
That liued long moste odious to beholde:
See how at length his mercy set me free,
And brought me home agayne into his folde.
And though that I did run awhile astray:
Loth was the Lord to see me cast away.

You Potentates that rule in high degree,
Remember how your state is here unsure:
And though on Earth a while your bidings be,
It is but lent, it dooth not aye indure.
Think as to day your life you doo sustayne:
To morrowe dead, the proofe heerof is playne.

Think not to liue as Gods upon the land,
Remember still that Pride will haue a fall:
Consider you are subiect to Gods hand,
And in a moment passe away you shall.
Liue stil to dye, that you may ready be:
When God shall call eche one in his degree.

"The Complaint of King David (by Gods permission) annointed King of Israel, sorowfully from the bottome of his hart, bemoning his vnbrideled Lust of Lecherye committed with Barsaba, the wife of Vrias, and for the procuring of her husbands death, therby obtayning his purpose," is thus singularly introduced by the author in the introduction: "Before he had

brought to full effect his pretended purpose (of finishing Pharoa's Discourse), he espyed approching in place a modest and comely Personage, attired in the weeds of a Gentleman, very sorrowfully walking, drying the tristfull teares which flowed from the Fountayne of his eyes, with a Handkertcher. The *author* perceiuing this, laboured very diligently, till he had ended King *Pharoas* Discourse, greatly desiring to knowe the name of this pensiue person. For still he erected his eyes, and heaued his hands up to Heauen, representing the forme and maner of a sorowfull sinner, bemoning his former offences, and only aspecting for his eternall comfort from the ioyful habitation of the perpetuall Paradise. This so sudden and sorowfull sight so amazed the *author* that he stood in a great quandary, not knowing what were best to doo. But at last this woful wight gaue a greeuous sigh, and folding his armes togither, began his tale."

The Complaint of King Dauid.

Did *Adam* fall for breaking Gods behest
From tipe of ioy to den of wayling woe?
And did his fact deserue to be suppresst?
Then *Dauids* deed, deserueth treble so.

Did *Cayne* offend when he his Brother slue,
And was subornd from presence of Gods face?
And if his fact did force his hart to rue,
O *Dauid*, then thy deed deserues like case.

What greater sinne then seeke the guiltlesse blood?
What greater shame then loathsome Lecherye?
The World my fact hath open understood,
My cruell deed of lawlesse libertie.

O *Bersaba* which so did blind mine eyes,
That I forgot my rule, and Princely sway:
Her seemely shape did force me to deuise
A thousand thoughts my purpose to assay.

O when as thou didst laue thy body white,
As in my windowe thee I did beholde:
Me thought I saw a Gem of rare delight,
A *Phenix* faire stampt out of beaten Golde.

Then that I might my purpose bring about
On thy sweet shape to mittigate my payne:
To bloody Warres I sent thy husband out,
With giuing charge that there he should be slain.

Then did I gayne my long desired trust
Thee *Bersaba* for to suffise my will:
But I a wretch to deale with lawlesse Lust,
Thee to defile, and husband thine to kill.

O wicked deed, me thinks I still do heare,
Vrias blood for vengeaunce on me call:
O mazed man, where was thy heauenly feare?
What, didst thou think there was no God at all?

O yes (my God) but sore deceiu'd was I,
Before thy face so wretched to sinne:
Thy mercy milde (O Lord) doo not deny,
That yet I may thy dwellings enter in.

O *Bersaba*, forgiuenes I doo craue,
For that I wretch thy body did defile:
Unlawfully desiring thee to haue,
To spot thy name by such an unkind guyle.

And thou *Vrias* through my deed was slayne,
O where remaind the bounds of Princely sway:
That for my Lust should so desire thy payne,
And to thy foes uniustly thee betray.

Thy dolefull death in hart I doo lament,
And sory am for this my wicked deed:
Beholde (O Lord) my fact I doo repent,
Wheron to think dooth make my hart to bleed.

You Princes great that rule in regall state,
Beholde how I did blindly run astray:
And brought my self unto destructions gate,
But that my God redeemd me thence away.

Take heed how you doo lawlesse loue require,
Fly from such vice as from a Serpent vile:
In feare of God your pleasures doo require
Then shall you not seduced be with guyle.

Be warnd by me who am your preter past,
See how I fell that neuer thought to fall:
Gods mercy yet receiued me at last,
And sorowing teares did make amends for all.

Direct your wayes as Justice dooth beseeme,
Assure you, then you can not walke a stray:
And of this crime none can you guiltie deeme,
Remember me, and thus I haste away.

There are few popular writers of the Elizabethan era, if we except such names as Marlowe and Shakespeare, who occupied a greater share of public attention, or contributed more largely to its information and amusement, than Anthony Munday, who, like many others of his class, appears to have passed a long life of great variety and vicissitude. Born in 1553, and at one time professing the Roman Catholic faith, he afterwards became one of its most bitter opponents, and was instrumental in detecting some of their plots. At one time a composer of plays and public actor on the stage, from which he is said, by an unfriendly writer, to have been hissed; at another an apprentice in the printing office of John Allde; one while acting as poet laureat to the city, and employed in writing pageants for the citizens; at another, engaged in producing dramatic pieces for the theatres; now a traveller in various foreign countries; and anon carrying on the quiet business of a draper in the city; at one time a servant of the Earl of Oxford, and afterwards one of the Queen's messengers of the bedchamber, his life appears to have been full of variety and incident; and this may, perhaps, have contributed in some degree, to give him the praise which he acquired among the dramatic poets of his day, of being the "best plotter," or contriver of plots for the stage.

He appears to have commenced writing before 1577, when he was about twenty-three, his first known publication having been licensed to John Charlewood in that year, and continued to write as late as 1621, or perhaps later. He lived to attain the great age of 80, and dying August 10, 1633, was buried in the church of St. Stephen, Coleman-street, where a monument is still existing to his memory. He is known to have been concerned in the writing of fourteen or fifteen plays, the author of several poems, ballads, &c., and was a most persevering and prolific translator of romance, having been the first to introduce the tales of Amadis de Gaule, Palmerin d'Oliva, Palmerin of England, Palmendos, Primaleon, &c., &c., to the notice of the English reader; and though his translations bear evident marks of haste and want of fidelity, and are unequal in style and execution, yet as pictures of the chivalrous ages, and illustrative of early manners and customs, they are well deserving of our present notice. Indeed, Munday's industry and labours as a translator were fully rewarded by the popularity of his works among the romance readers of his day.

The *Mirror of Mutabilitie* is not noticed by Herbert, nor had Dibdin ever seen it, giving the title only from the notice of it in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 10. See Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iv, p. 575. Consult also Ritson's

Bibliog. Poet., p. 282, and Collier's Extracts from the *Reg. of the Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 100. It is of the utmost rarity, and few (if any) of our public libraries possess it. There is a copy in the collection of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat, and another was sold in the library of Major Pearson in 1788. Mr. Heber had a perfect copy which was sold at his sale, pt. iv, No. 1,581, for *5l. 7s. 6d.*, and is now in the library of the late Will. H. Miller, Esq. An imperfect copy, wanting the title, sold at Boswell's sale, No. 1,621, for *7l.*; and another, wanting the title and dedication, brought *1l. 2s.* at Bright's sale, No. 3,968. An indifferent copy sold at Chalmers' sale, pt. ii, No. 620, for *5l. 10s.* These are all that the editor has been able to trace.

The present one is perfect, and is bound in Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

MURFORD, (NICHOLAS.)—Memoria Sacra. Or offertures unto the fragrant memory of the Right Honou^ble Henry Ireton, (late) Lord Deputy of Ireland, intended to haue been humbly presented at his Funerall. By a Nurs-child of Maro. Anag.

[On a monumental tablet] Fui Ireton.

Manuscript. 1651–2. 4to, pp. 22.

The author of these unpublished Manuscript Poems was Nicholas Murford, to whom we are indebted also for an extremely rare volume, printed in 1650, entitled "*Fragmenta Poetica*: or, Miscelanies of Poetical Musings, Moral and Divine, by Nich: Murford," London, 1650, 12mo, for an account of which see the next article. It will be perceived that the sobriquet of "Nurs-child of Maro" is an anagram of the author's name. The work is dedicated in a metrical epistle of ten lines, "To his Excellency (my noblest Patron) the Lord Generall Cromwell," and signed "Your Excell:^cies most faithfull honourer and much and much obliged Servant, Murford, 8 Feb. 1651–2," Underneath on the same page are two lines "To the Reader":

O Reader, dare not here for to appear
Except thou bring'st the tribute of a tear!

The first poem in the collection is entitled "The Sigh," which we quote in full as a specimen of the style of the writer, and for the sake of its allusion to James Howell and Sir Philip Sidney.

Ah! how I sigh! to think my meaner witt
A strain, worthy thy merit, can not hitt!

Grief for my selfe, and thee, have broke mine heart
And therefore thy due praises are in part!
What can expected be from broken spirits!
No towring witt my frozen breast inherits!
Why should these curses be entayled on us,
Who ever did pretend but to Don Phœbus!
My little travell hath imbetter'd me;
Yet sigh I do'nt as much as *Howell* see!
English Alcides pardon my blind zeal,
That I in *Print* my ignorance reveal;
For if I could amaze men with my strain
I should not think my labour then in vain.
Oh! that I could deliver unto Time
Thy rarer Vertues! Now it is my crime.
As duller Painters, who doe dawb a Lady
Without true Art, the Picture then is laid by;
And so may these my worthles lines. Oh! Fate!
Thou spoyl'st my Muse with houlding my Estate!
O that great *Sidney's* Genius were aliue,
(*Sidney*, who by his Pen must needs survive)
And dwelt in me; then thou proud Rome, nor Greece
Should'nt dare to vy with mine your choicest Peece
Courage: my Lord will still in good part take!
Its lisping language for the Father's sake.

The remaining Poems, which are all written in heroic couplets, are, "An Elegy on the death of the incomparable (late) Lord Deputy Ireton," concluding with "An Epitaph." "Upon the Lord Deputy's laying in State at Somerset House." "The Vision upon my Lord Deputy's lying in State." "To the most noble Lady, the Relict of the (late) Lord Deputy Ireton." "The quarrell of the Author w^th^ those given in charge for preparation, towards the solemnity of my Lord Deputy's Obsequies": to which is added lastly "Another Epitaph," as follows:

Here lies Nothing, who when he was Something
All men compared unto him, were Nothing.
Here lies Nobody then: and Muse do'nt raise
Because Nobody can rehearse his praise.

The Poems are all sad doggrell, and written in a violent strain of over charged hyperbole — mixed with not a little profaneness — as for instance after saying

Too little ô main Ocean thou art
To be wept out for such a Worthy:

he goes on:

The Trine of Graces sweetly doe instill
True Heliconian Ink into my Quill:

Nay to say better, the great All com'ands
To such a Subject that I lay my hands.

And after having compared his hero Ireton to all the gods in succession, he finishes with the following climax:—

Ye Gods, by Poets called, ye are all Devils
Compar'd with him, since you did com'itt evills.

For the sake of the names mentioned in it, we give one more short passage taken from the close of the Poem, called "The Vision upon my Lord Deputy's laying in State."

Descend Don Phœbus from thy lofty seat
Or let thy Deputies clear *Davenant*,
Rich *Benlowes*, all, bravely inter this Saint;
Let rurall Hindes still fill their craving gorge
With miracles of our feigned S^t^ George
Here is a reall one. O *Vaughans* great
In praise of him the Clements all beat,
And all the princely Poets, that are gone
In a resolved, firm opinion
Quite contrary to his. *If Virtue lies*
It merits praise in very enemies.

The volume concludes with the following curious Letter addressed by the author, from his confinement in the Fleet Prison, to Oliver Cromwell:

An Apology to his Excellency the Lord Generall Cromwell that these offertures were not presented, (as intended and sent) at the Funerall.

My Lord, Being by an unmercifull Creditor, treacherously (contrary to protestations) by six Bayliffs and Assistants (though illegally) out of Westminster, hurried to Newgate by a Middlesex Bill at large, not mentioning the Sum, so to deterr my Bayl, (and indeed a 10000^l^ action is often charged for no Cause.) I was inforced to present these Offertures by a supposed friend, not doubting that I should have had such a civility not neglected, being in such a vile Prison, where such as think of God, goodnes, or virtue contract a great odium vpon them, where (in such a filthy place) it was impossible (almost) to write them fair; and therefore I sent them to be transcribed by a friend (an excellent Pen-man) being a Copy of such fair Virtues as my Lord Deputy Ireton was known to be accomplished with.

I hope yo^r^ Lo^ps^ candor will excuse me from that detestable vice of ingratitude, having received such im'erited favours from yo^r^. excellent selfe, and yo^r^ famous Son in Law; yo^r^. Lo^p^. having added a promise of indeavouring the recovery of the 13000^l^ my Father expended for the good of the Com'onwealth A^o^. 1632 and by the late Kings com'and, who promised and ingaged to secure him, the want of which is able to divert the Musick of Verse in

Your Lo^ps^ dayly Orator
Murford.

Fleet-Prison 25^o^ Feb. 1651-52.

From this letter it appears that Murford, who, as we learn from his printed Poems, was a Merchant at Kings Lynn in Norfolk, was a Prisoner for debt in the Fleet Prison, from whence he petitions Cromwell for the recovery of 13,000*l.*, which his father had "expended for the good of the Commonwealth, A.D. 1632," and of which Charles I. had promised to secure the repayment.

This Manuscript formerly belonged to Mr. Park, by whom it has been described in the *Restituta*, vol. iv, p. 479, and also, form his *MS.* notes in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 462, when it was priced at 3*l.* 10*s.* It was afterwards in the collection of Mr. Heber, and on the dispersion of his library in 1836, pt. ii, No. 885, was obtained by its present possessor.

Half-bound in Russia.

MURFORD, (NICHOLAS.)—Fragmenta Poetica: or Miscelanies of Poetical Musings, Moral and Divine: By Nich: Murford.

Utque artes pariat solertia, nutriat usus. Clau
Ad Cœlum volito, ut in Deo quiescam.

London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the signe of the Princes Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1650. 12mo, pp. 84.

Prefixed to this extremely rare volume of Poems, by the writer of the preceding Manuscript, is a portrait of the author with long flowing hair, in a cloak with falling band — the sea and a ship in the distance, with these four verses underneath.

He that veiws Murfords face, sees but a Ray
Of light reflected, or a glympse of day
But he that reads his Arras woven lines
Contemplates Phœbus as he brightly shines.

It appears that Granger had never seen the volume to which this head is prefixed, and that he was unable, "after particular search," to find the least mention anywhere concerning Murford. This portrait was afterwards altered (as was sometimes done) and made to serve for James Forbes, M.A., a celebrated Nonconformist preacher, who died at Gloucester in 1712, and has the four verses underneath, but altered to

He that veiews *Forbes's* face, &c.

The introductory part of this volume commences with a prose address "To the Reader," followed by four verses from the author to his book in Latin, French, English, and Dutch; then occur numerous laudatory verses by Ralph Piggott, Esq.; J. A.; O. B.; Owen Barne, Gent. (several); Tho. Parkin, Medecinæ Doctor (in Latin and English); Nich. Toll, Pastor at Lynn; Tho. Toll, Junior, Gent.; Tho. Leech, A.M., two anonymous; J. Bastard, A.B.; Carolus Cremer, Cantabr. Coll. Corp. Christi; Tho. Parkin, Junior, A.B.; J. B.; Robert Thorowgood, Merchant (in French); Jo. Bradford; and W. Skynner, Gent. And in addition to these, there is in the present volume a manuscript copy of verses on the fly leaf signed K. addressed "Ad Authorem":

Sometimes the Muses frolicking on the Thames
Doe one of hers wth poesie inflame
Sometime to Inns bequeath y^{e} Canting mood
Witness thy selfe: by few men understood.
From witty men and mad (nor wise nor fools)
All poetry conception had: t's not learnt in schools
Poems are witty madnesses, mad fitts
Yea, the extravagances of noe witts.
Thus poetry wee defend: y^{e} devills in't
If all miss thee: thou being thus in print.

The introductory matter is closed with "The Invocation of the Author," "To the most High God, His humble Servant implores his most favourable assistance." Several of the Poems are addressed by Murford to friends and inhabitants of his own town of Lynn, and are written much in the same careless and inelegant style as those described in the preceding article. Among the rest is an "Elegie by the Author unto his Yoak-fellow from beyond the Seas," poetically described by the name of Amiana, and "An Elegie upon the Death of his Daughter Amy," which closes with the following Epitaph:—

Here lies wise and beauteous dust,
Ah, for mortality hath rust,
Beauteous, if Ingredients be
The ruddy — Rose and white Lilly,
Wise to die, sith Life was pain,
And Death in Christ, not losse but gain.
Lastly a myst'ry was adoing,
In nine moneths comming, nine moneths going
And as nine Muses verses showing.

One of the Poems is entitled "A Farewell to the World. Satyr 1, or a

Comment on a Copy of Verses." This is a sort of commentary or paraphrase on the well-known Verses termed "A Farewell to Folly," commencing

> Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles
> Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye christal bubbles, &c.

which the reader will find at the end of the later editions of Witts *Recreations*, 1667, 8vo. The lines as given by Murford vary somewhat from the printed copy.

Murford, as we have already stated, was a Merchant at Lynn in Norfolk, and a married man with a family; and in his former capacity appears to have travelled much abroad in Germany, France, and the Netherlands, and to have been master of the languages of those countries. The first Poem in the volume, entitled "The storm and Calm," was sent from Embden," and there is "A Song made at my last coming out of Germany," and in a Satyr addressed to Martin Holbeach, called "The Travells," he says

> I've seen the seventeen-headed Belgia,
> And that most fruitfull land call'd Gallia;
> I've seen also most pleasant Germany,
> And in all three, too much Idolatry
> And Prophanation.

We have seen from the preceding article, that Murford's latter days were embittered by poverty, debts, and imprisonment; but we are unable to furnish any further record of his fate, or of the period of his death.

In Osborne's *Catal.* for 1748, a copy of this volume (probably Coxeter's) is marked 1*s.*, but no mention is made of the rare portrait, No. 10,507, p. 28. The present copy, which has a beautiful impression of the portrait, was formerly in the possession of Mr. Park. It afterwards passed into the collection of Mr. Bindley, at whose second sale in Jan. 1819, it was purchased by Mr. Heber for 20*l.*, and was bought by the editor at his sale in 1834, p. iv, No. 1557.

NASH, (THOMAS.) — Pierce Penilesse his Svpplication to the Diuell.

Barbaria grandis habere nichil.

Written by Tho. Nash, Gent.

London, printed by Abell Ieffes for J. B. 1592, 4to, pp. 76, blk. lett.

Of this work, which was the most popular of all Nash's productions, and probably the most popular piece of that day, the present is the third impression. It is a fact not generally noticed that there were at least three impressions in this year, the first "Imprinted by Richard Jhones;" and the other two by Abell Jeffes, one for John Busbie and the other for J. B. The first by Richard Jhones, having been obtained in an irregular manner, was printed by him in the absence of the author "uncorrected and unfinished"; and from the circumstance of Robert Greene's death, who did not die till September, 1592, being mentioned in the highly interesting private epistle from Nash to the printer, prefixed to the second edition, it must have been printed after his death, and was evidently the second impression, and, indeed, is so termed in that epistle. But the work became so popular and saleable that, though Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden" was published in 1596, the present production, to quote his own words in that book, "had already passed at the least through the pikes of sixe Impressions." The present is the third of these, and differs very slightly from the preceding one. It commences with the curious "private Epistle of the Author to the Printer, Wherein his full meaning and purpose in publishing this Booke is set foorth" (here comprized in two pages instead of three as before), which has been mentioned above, and which is deserving of consideration on several accounts. The title of the first edition had been "Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Diuell. Describing the Ouerspreading of Vice, and Suppression of Vertue. Pleasantly interlaced with variable Delights: and pathetically intermixt with conceipted Reproofes." In this epistle to the printer he says: "Now this is that I woulde haue you to do in this second edition; First, cut off that long-tayld Title, and let mee not in the fore front of my Booke, make a tedious Mountebanks Oration to the Reader, when in the whole there is nothing praiseworthie." Accordingly, in the second edition, the title is shortened, and the whole of the latter part omitted. He also says, "Had you not beene so forward in the republishing of it, you shold haue had certayne Epistles to Orators and Poets, to insert at the later end; as namely, to the Ghost of *Macheuill*, of *Tully*, of *Ovid*, of *Roscius*, of *Pace*, the Duke of Norfolk's Iester; and lastly, to the Ghost of *Robert Greene*, telling him, what a coyle there is with pamphleting on him after his death. These were prepared for *Pierce Penilesse* first setting foorth, had not the feare of infection detained mee with my Lord in the Countrey," *i.e.*, alluding to the plague which then prevailed in London. He adds: "I heare say there bee obscure imitators,

that goe about to frame a second part to it, and offer it to sell in Paules Church-yard, and else-where, as from mee. Let me request you (as euer you will expect any fauour at my hands) to get some body to write an Epistle before it, ere you set it to sale againe, importing thus much; that if any such lewde deuise intrude itselfe to their hands, it is a coseanage and plaine knauery of him that sels it to get mony, and that I haue no manner of interest or acquaintance with it. Indeed if my leysure were, such as I could wish, I might hap (halfe a yeare hence) write the returne of the *Knight of the Post* from hel, with the *Deuils* answer to the *Supplication*: but as for a second part of *Pierce Penilesse*, it is a most ridiculous rogery."

It is somewhat remarkable that that fourteen years after, in 1606, a work, now exceedingly rare, was published with this title by another person, by some supposed to be Dekker, who styled himself "the intimate and near companion of Nash," and who, in a sort of preliminary address alluding to Nash's death and to the above-mentioned passage, thus remarks:

About tenne yeares agone, when the Supplication of Pierce Penilesse was published, the Gentleman who was the author thereof, being mine intimate and neare companion, as one with whome I communicated both my love, mine estate, and my studies, and found euer out of his disposition an equall, or if possible a more feruent sympathie of like community and affection, so as I cannot chuse but still take much delight in his memory, would many times in his priuate conference with me vnfolde his determination touching the concluding and finishing vppe of that morall and wittie Treatise, which for as much as it could beare no second parte by the same title (as he publikelie did protest in an Epistle to the Printer ioyn'de to the same treatise) his resolution was to accomplish his desire by writing *The returne of the Knight of the Post*, and therein did many times at large discourse the maine plot and drift wherein hee meant to bestow great arte, witte, and laborious studie. Now death, who many times by an vncharitable or cruell anticipation preuenteth those deseignes which might administer much matter of regarde and commoditie, by taking him so earlie frō the world, who had he liued, would haue enrichte it with much wittinesse, left that vneffected which had it beene by him taken in hand would doubtlesse haue satisfied many learned expectations.

But Nash in this epistle not only denied that he had written a second part of *Pierce Penilesse*, but also that he was the author of *Green's Groats-worth of Wit*, published likewise in that year, 1592. And considering the terms of intimacy and friendship in which he had always lived with Greene, and that the latter was now dead, we confess our surprise at the contemptuous terms which Nash makes use of, on the mention of that well-known work. "Other news I am aduertised of that a scald triuial lying pamphlet cald *Greens groat-worth of wit* is given out to be of my doing. God

neuer have care of my soule, but vtterly renoūce me, if the least word or sillable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way priuie to the writing or printing of it." He again goes on, "In one place of my Booke *Pierce Penilesse* saith, but to the Knight of the Post, *I pray how might I call you*, and they say I meant one *Howe*, a Knaue of that trade, that I neuer heard of before. The antiquaries are offended without cause, thinking I goe about to detract from that excellent profession, when (God is my witnesse) I reuerence it as much as any of them all, and had no manner of allusion to them that stumble at it. I hope they wil giue me leaue to think there be fooles of that Art as well as of al other; but to say I vtterly condemne it as an vnfruitfull studie, or seeme to despise the excellent qualified partes of it, is a most false and iniurious surmise." He concludes this epistle with again alluding to the plague, "I am the Plagues prisoner in the Country as yet: if the sicknesse cease before the thirde impression I wil come and alter whatsoeuer may be offensiue to any man, and bring you the latter ende. Your friend, Tho. Nash."

The work itself, which is written with great power and eloquence, is a most severe satire on the chief reigning vices and follies which then prevailed in England. The commencement of it is indited in a bitter strain of grief and repentance for past errors, and the following short poem inserted on the first page displays a "a very original and useful picture of the agonies of a repentant spirit."

Why is't damnation to dispaire and die,
When life is my true happinesse disease?
My soule, my soule, thy safetie makes me flie
The faultie meanes, that might my paine appease.
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell;
But in my heart, her seueral tormentes dwell.

Ah! worthlesse Wits, to traine me to this woe,
Deceitfull Artes that nourish Discontent:
Ill thriue the Follie that bewitcht me so,
Vaine thoughts adieu, for now I will repent.
And yet my wantes perswade me to proceede,
Since none takes pitie of a Scollers neede.

Forgiue me God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the aire, wherein I breath a Wretch:
Since miserie hath daunted all my mirth
And I am quite vndone through promise-breach.
Oh friends, no friends, that then vngently frowne,
When changing Fortune casts vs headlong downe.

Without redresse complaines my carelesse verse,
And *Mydas*-cares relent not at my moane:
In some far Land will I my griefes rehearse
Mongst them that will be mou'd when I shall groane.
England (adieu) the Soyle that brought me foorth,
Adieu vnkinde, where skill is nothing woorth.

This poem, together with a portion of the early part of the work, has been quoted in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vii, p. 78, and Ritson in his *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 284, alluding to Nash's introduction of pieces of poetry in his numerous pamphlets, adds, "particularly some lines vehemently passionate, in Pierce Penilesse his supplication to the Diuell, 1595, which mistress Cooper pronounces the strongest picture of rage and despair that she ever met with." For the sake of the allusions it contains to early celebrated writers, and as a specimen of the style and matter of this once popular work, we present our readers with a quotation:

With the enemies of Poetrie I care not if I haue a bout and those are they that tearme our best Writers but babling Ballat-makers, holding them fantasticall fooles, that haue wit, but cannot tell how to vse it. I myselfe haue been so censured among some dulheaded Diuines: who deeme it no more cunning to wryte an exquisite Poem, than to preach pure Calvin, or distill the iustice of a Commentary in a quarter Sermon. Prooue it when you will, you slowe spirited Saturnists, that haue nothing but the pilfries of your penne, to pollish an exhortation withall: no eloquence but Tautologies, to tie the eares of your Auditorye unto you: no inuention but heere is to bee noted, I stoale this note out of *Beza* or *Marlorat*: no wit to mooue, no passion to urge, but onelye an ordinarie forme of preaching, blowne vp by use of often hearing and speaking: and you shall finde there goes more exquisite paines and puritie of witte, to the writing of one such rare Poem as Rosamond, than to a hundred of your dunsticall Sermons.

Should we (as you) borrowe all out of others, and gather nothing of our selues, our names should bee baffuld on euerie Booke-sellers Stall, and not a Chandlers mustard-pot but would wipe his mouthe with our wast paper. Newe Herrings, new, wee must crye, euery time wee make our selues publique, or else we shall bee christened with a hundred newe tytles of Idiotisme. Nor is Poetrie an Arte, whereof there is no use in a mans whole lyfe, but to describe discontented thoughts and youthfull desires: for there is no studie, but it dooth illustrate and beautifie. How admirablie shine those Diuines aboue the common mediocritie, that haue tasted the sweete springs of *Pernassus*?

Siluer tongu'd *Smith* whose well tun'd stile hath made thy death the general teares of the Muses, queintlie couldst thou deuise heauenly Ditties to *Appoloes* Lute, and teach stately verse to trip it as smoothly, as if *Ouid* and thou had but one soule. Hence alone did it proceed, that thou wert such a plausible pulpit man that before thou entredst into the rough waies of Theologie, thou refinedst,

preparedst, and purifiedst thy minde with sweete Poetrie. If a simple mans censure may be admitted to speake in such an open Theater of opinions, I neuer saw aboundant reading better mixt with delight, or sentences which no man can challenge of profane affectation, sounding more melodious to the eare, or piercing more deepe to the heart.

To them that demaund what fruites the Poets of our time bring forth, or wherein they are able to proue themselues necessary to the state: Thus I answere. First and formost they haue cleansed our language from barbarisme and made the vulgar sort here in *London* (which is the fountaine whose riuers flowe round about *England*) to aspire to a richer puritie of speach, than is communicated with the Comminaltie of of any Nation under heauen. The vertuous by their praises they encourage to be more vertuous, to vicious men, they are as infernall hags to haunt their ghosts with eternall infamie after death. The Souldier in hope to haue his high deeds celebrated by their pens, despiseth a whole armie of perills, and acteth wonders exceeding all humane coniecture. Those that care neither for God nor the divell, by their quills are keept in awe. *Multi famam* (saith one) *pauci conscientiam verentur.*

Let God see what he will, they would be loath to haue the shame of the world. What age will not praise immortal *Sir Philip Sidney*, whom noble *Salustius* (that thrice siguler french Poet) hath famoused:—together with *Sir Nicholas Bacon* Lord keeper, and merry *Sir Thomas Moore*, for the chiefe pillers of our english speech. Not so much but *Chaucers* host, *Baly* in Southwarke, and his wife of Bath he keeps such a stirre with, in his *Canterbury* tales, shall be talkt of whilst the Bath is us'de, or there be euer a bad house in Southwork. Gentles, it is not your lay Chronigraphers, that write of nothing but of Mayors and Sheriffs and the deare yeere, and the great Frost, that can endowe your names with neuer dated glory: for they want the wings of choise words to fly to heauen, which we haue: they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from men reading, as we can: reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the hunny of all flowers, the quintessence of all Sciences, the marrowe of Witte, and the very Phrase of Angels: how much better is it then to haue an eligant Lawier to plead one's cause, than a stutting Townsman that loseth himselfe in his tale, and doth nothing but make legs: so much it is better for a Nobleman or Gentleman, to haue his honours story related, and his deedes emblazoned by a Poet, than a Citizen.

Alas! poor latinlesse Authors, they are so simple they know not what they doe; They no sooner spy a new Ballad, and his name to it that compilde it; but they put him in for one of the learned men of our time. I maruell how the Masterlesse men, that set up their bills in Paules for seruices, and such as paste vp their papers on euery post, for Arithmetique and writing Schooles, scape eternity amongst them: I beleeue both they and the Knight Marshals men, that nail vp *mandates* at the Court gate, for annoying the Pallace with filth, or making water, if they set their names to the writing, will shortly make vp the number of the learned men of our time, and be as famous as the rest. For my part I do challenge no praise of learning to my selfe, yet have I worne a gowne in the Universitie, and so hath *caret tempus non habet moribus:* but this I dare presume that if any *Mecænas* binde me to him by his bounty

or extend some sound liberalitie to mee worth the speaking of, I will doo him as much honour as any Poet of my beardlesse yeeres shall in *England*. Not that I am so confident what I can doe, but that I attribute so much to my thankfull minde aboue others, which I am perswaded would enable me to worke myracles. On the contrary side, if I bee euill intreated, or sent away with a Flea in mine eare, let him looke that I will raile on him soundly: not for an houre or a day, whiles the iniury is fresh in my memory; but in some elaborate pollished Poem, which I will leaue to the world when I am dead, to be a liuing Image to all ages, of his beggerly parsimony and ignoble illiberalitie: and let him not (whatsoeuer he be) measure the weight of my words by this booke, where I write *Quicquid in buccam venerit*, as fast as my hand can trot: but I haue tearmes (if I be vext) laid in sleepe in *Aquafortis*, and gunpowder that shall rattle through the Skyes, and make an Earthquake in a Peasants eares.

He has then, as usual, a fling at Gabriel Harvey, whom he introduces in the following passage:

Put case (since I am not yet out of the Theames of wrath) that some tride Jade belonging to the Presse, whom I neuer wronged in my life; hath named me expressely in Print (as I will not do him) and accuse me of want of learning, upbraiding me for reuiuing in an epistle of mine the reuerent memory of *Sir Thomas Moore*, *Sir Iohn Cheeke*, Doctor *Watson*, Doctor *Haddon*, Doctor *Carre*, Maister *Asham*, as if they were no meate but for his Maisterships mouth, or none but some such as the son of a ropemaker were worthy to mention them. To shewe how I can raile, thus would I begin to raile on him: Thou that hadst thy hood turned ouer thy eares when thou wert a Batchelor, for abusing of *Aristotle*, and setting him upon the Schoole gates painted with asses eares on his head: is it any discredit for me, thou great babound, thou Pigmie Braggart, thou Pamphleter of nothing but Peants, to bee censwred by thee, that hast scorned the Prince of Philosophers; thou that in thy Dialogues soldst Hunny for a halpeny, and the choycest Writers extant for cues a peece, that comest to the Logicke Schooles when thou wert a Freshman and writst phrases; off with thy gowne and untresse, for I meane to lash thee mightily. Thou hast a Brother hast thou not, student in Almanackes, go too, Ile stand to it, fathered one of thy bastards (a booke I meane) which being of thy begetting was set forth under his name.

He then falls foul of his brother Richard Harvey, who published a work called "An Astrological Discourse upon the Conjunction of Saturne and Iupiter, which shall happen the 28 day of April, 1583." Lond. 8vo., which occasioned great consternation at the time throughout the whole country, and which Nash ridicules in the following passage:

Gentlemen, I am sure you have hearde of a ridiculous asse that many years since sold lyers by the groat, and wrote an absurd *Astrologicall Discourse* of the terrible Coniunction of *Saturne and Iupiter*, wherein (as if hee had lately cast the Heauens

water, or beehe at the anatomizing of the Skies intrailes in surgeons hall) hee prophecieth of such strange wonders to ensue from stars destemperature, and the uuuseall adultrie of planets, as none but he that is Bawd to those celestial bodies, could euer discry. What expectation there was of it both in towne and country, the amazement of those times may testifie: and the rather because he pawned his credit upon it, in these expresse tearmes; *If these things fall not out in euery point as I haue wrote, let me for ever hereafter loose the credit of my Astronimie.* Well so it happened, that he happened not to be a man of his word; his astronimie broke his day with his creditors, and *Saturne* and *Iupiter* prou'd honester men then all the World tooke them for: whereupon, the poore Prognosticator was ready to ruune himselfe through with his *Iacobs* staffe, and caste himselfe headlong from the top of a Globe (as a mountaine) and breake his necke. The whole Uniuersitie hyst at him, *Tarlton* at the Theator made iests of him, and *Elderton* consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing, in bearbayting him with whole bundles of ballets. Would you in likely reason gesse it were possible for any shame-swolne toad to haue the spet-proofe face to out-liue this disgrace. It is deare brethren *Viuit imo venit*, and which is more, he is a Vicar.

Poore Slaue, I pitie thee that thou hadst no more grace but to come in my way. Why could not you haue sate quiet at home, and write Catechismes, but you must be comparing me to *Martin?* and exclayme against me for reckoning up the high Schollers of worthy memory? *Iupiter ingeniis probet sua numina vatum*, saith *Quid. Teque celebrari quolibat ore sinit.* Which if it be so, I hope I am *aliquis*, and those men *quos honoris causa nominaui*, are not greater than gods. Me thinks I see thee stand quiuering and quaking, and euen now lift vp thy hands to heauen, as thanking God my choler is somewhat asswag'd: but thou art deceiued, for howeuer I let fall my stile a little to talke in reason with thee that hast none, I do not meane to let thee scape so.

Thou hast wronged one for my sake (whom for the name I must loue) T.N. the Maister Butler of Pembrooke Hall, a farre better Scholler than thy selfe (in my iudgement) and one that sheweth more discretion and gouernment, in setting vp a sise of Bread, than thou in all thy whole booke. Why man, thinke no scorne of him for he hath held thee vp a hundred times, whiles the Deane hath giuen thee correction, and thou hast capt and kneed him (when thou wert hungrie) for a chipping. But thats nothing, for hadst thou neuer beene beholding to him, nor holden vp by him, he hath a Beard that is a better gentleman than all thy whole body, and a graue countenance like *Cato*, able to make thee run out of thy wits for feare, if he looke sternly upon thee. I haue reade ouer thy Sheepish discourse of the Lambe of *God* and his enemies, and entreated my patience to be good to thee whilst I reade: but for all that I could doe with myselfe (as I am sure I may doe as much as another man) I could not refraine but bequeath it to the Priuie, leafe by leafe as I read it, it was so ugly, dorbellicall, and lumpish. Monstrous, monstrous, and palpable, not to bee spoken of in a Christian congregation: thou hast skum'd ouer the schoolemen, and of the froth of theyr folly, made a dish of diuinitie Brewesse, which the dogges will not eate. If the Printer haue any great dealings with thee, hee were best

to get a priuiledge betimes, *ad imprimendum solum*, forbidding all other to sell waste paper but himselfe, or else he will bee in a wofull taking. The Lambe of God make thee a wiser Bell-weather then thou art, or else I doubt thou wilt be driuen to leaue all and fall to thy father's occupation, which is to goe and make a rope to hang thyself. *Neque enim Lex æquior ulla est, quam necis artifices arte perire sua:* and so I leaue thee till a better opportunity, to bee tormented world without end, of our Poets and Writers about London, whom thou hast called piperlye Make-playes and Hake-bates: not doubting but hee also whom thou tearmest the vaine *Pap-hatchet*, will have a flurt at thee one day: all jointly driuing thee to this issue; that thou shalt bee constrained to go to the chiefe Beame of thy Benefice, and there beginning a lamentable speech with *cur scripsi, cur perii*, end with *pravum prava decent inuat inconcessa voluptas*, and so with a trice, trusse vp thy life in the string of thy Sawce-bell. So be it, pray Pen, Incke, and Paper on their knees, that they may not bee troubled with thee any more.

"The vaine Pap-hatchet" here alluded to, who would "haue a flurt at Gabriel Harvey one day," is supposed to be John Lilly, by whom the curious pamphlet called *Pappe with a Hatchet, alias a Figge for my Godsonne*, &c., 4to, blk. lett., published in 1589, was supposed to be written, but it has also been attributed to Nash himself, and is given to the latter by Collier in his *Ecclesiast. Hist.*, vol. ii, p. 606. The following is a curious and whimsical description of the different kinds of drunkenness:

Nor haue we one or two kinde of drunkards onely, but eight kindes. The first is Ape drunke, and he leapes, and sings, and bellowes, and daunceth for the heauens: the second is Lion drunke, and he flings the pots about the house, calls his Hostesse whore, breakes the glasse windowes with his dagger, and is apt to quarrell with any man that speaks to him: the third is Swine drunke, heauy, bumpish, and sleepie, and cries for a little more drinke, and a few more cloathes: the fourth is Sheepe drunke; wise in his owne conceipt, when he cannot bring foorth a right word: the fifth is Mawdlen drunke, when a fellowe will weepe for kindnes in the midst of his ale, and kisse you, saying, By God, Captaine, I loue thee, goe thy waies, thou dost not thinke so often of me as I do of thee, I would (if it pleased God) I could not loue thee so well as I doo; and then he puts his finger in his eie, and cries: the sixt is Martin drunke, when a man is drunke and drinkes himselfe sober ere he stirre: the seuenth is Goate drunke, when in his drunkennes he hath no minde but on Lechery: the eighth is Foxe drunke, when he is craftie drunke, as many of the Dutchmen bee, will neuer bargaine but when they are drunke. All these *species* and more I haue seene practised in one Company at one sitting, when I haue beene permitted to remaine sober amongst them, onely to note their seuerall humours. Hee that plies any one of them harde, it will make him to write admirable verses,—to haue a deepe casting head, though hee were neuer so verie a Dunce before.

After this there is a defence of the Stage and of Plays, wherein, speaking of their being for the most part borrowed from "the old English Chronicles,

wherein our forefathers valiant acts (that have been long buried in rustie brasse and worme-eaten bookes) are reuiued, and they themselves raised from the Grave of Obliuion," he says:

How would it haue ioyed braue *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeares in his Tombe, hee should triumphe againe on the stage, and haue his bones newe embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at seuerall times) who in the Tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.

And he concludes this part of the subject with a panegyric upon the celebrated actor of that time, Edward Allen, the founder of Dulwich College, who died in 1626:

Not *Roscius* nor *Œsope* those admyred tragedians that haue liued euer since before Christ was borne; could euer performe more in action, than famous *Ned Allen*. I must accuse our Poets of sloth and partialitie that they will not boast in large impressions what worthy men (aboue all nations) *England* affords. Other Countries cannot have a Fiddler breake a string, but they will put it in print, and the old *Romanes* in the writings they published thought scorne to use any but domestical examples of their owne home-bred Actors, Schollers, and Champions, and them they would extoll to the third and fourth Generation: Coblers, Tinkers, Fencers, none escapt them, but they mingled them all in one Gallimafrey of glory.

Heere I haue used a like method, not of tying myself to mine owne Coutrie, but by insisting in the experience of our time: and if I euer write any thing in Latine, (as I hope one day I shall) not a man of any desert here amongst us, but I will haue up, *Tarlton*, *Ned Allen*, *Knell*, *Bentlie*, shall be made knowne to *France*, *Spaine*, and *Italie*: and not a part that they surmounted in, more than other, but I will there note and set downe, with the manner of theyr habites and attyre.

Allen's great reputation is also mentioned by Nash in his *Strange Newes*, one of his tracts against Gabriel Harvey, published in the same year as the present work, 1592. See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii, p. 313.

We forbear to quote the beautiful and elegant passage at the end of the book which contains the panegyric upon his patron, Ferindando, Earl of Derby, under the title of "Iones Eagle-borne Ganimed, thrice noble Amyntas," and the mention of the "heauenlie Spencer," with a "Sonnet to the reuerence of this renowned Lord" on the omission by Spenser of his name "in that honourable catalogue of our English Heroes" at the conclusion of the *Fairie Queene*; because the whole passage has been already given in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi, p. 92.

This tract was answered by Gabriel Harvey in his "Pierce's Supererogatiõn; or a new Prayse of the old asse: a Preparative to certaine larger Discourses intituled Nashes S. Fame." 4to., Lond., 1593, which was re-

printed in the second vol. of *Archaica.* Ritson quotes only the edition of 1595 of the present work in the *Bibliog. Poet.* as if he was ignorant of the two earlier editions of 1592. An account of this work, with long extracts from it, is given in the *Cens. Liter.* vol vi, p. 76, with a list of prices which this and other publications of Nash brought at Reed's sale. See also Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii, p. 223, and *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 209. Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. i, p. 265; Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i, p. 457; Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. i, p. 215; Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Man.*, p. 1330; and the *Biblioth. Heber.*, pt. 4, 1589.

Collation: Title and Epistle, two leaves, then Sig. A. to I 4, in fours.

The present is a very fine and clean copy of this rare tract of Nash, and is beautifully

Bound by Mackenzie.
In Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

NASH, (THOMAS.)—Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Diuell.

Barbaria grandis habere nihil.

Written by Tho. Nash, Gent.

London, printed by Abell Ieffes, for I.R. 1593. 4to. blk. lett.

Another edition of this popular production, which may be styled the fourth, three having already appeared in 1592. The variations in this impression are very slight, consisting merely in the alteration of a few words, and some trifling typographical corrections. It may here be remarked that the sonnet at the end of the work is supposed to be addressed by Nash to the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare, whose name he accuses Spenser of having omitted in the list of sonnets at the end of the *Fairie Queene* addressed to the nobility.

Because fewer words might not comprise thy fame.

Collation: Title A 1, Sig. A to I 4 in fours.

Sir Egerton Brydges's Copy.
In Crimson Morocco. Gilt leaves.

NASH, (THOMAS.)—Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Diuell.

Barbaria grandis habere nihil.

Written by Tho. Nash, Gent.

London Printed for Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop, at the North west doore of S. Paules, 1595. 4to blk. lett.

Ritson mentions this edition, but appears not to have known of any earlier. It was printed by Thomas Creede (as we learn from the Colophon) for Nicholas Ling, and has his device of the ling and honeysuckle on the title page. The few alterations in this impression, probably the fifth, are chiefly of a typographical kind. Nash, whose talents and ability as a satirist, were of a most extraordinary and superior kind, and whose wit and learning, had it not been disfigured by a taste for low and vulgar ribaldry, would have been considered worthy of all praise, died about 1604, and not in 1600, as has been generally reported. As a minute and correct discriber of the customs and habits of his own period, and as illustrative of Shakespeare and of ancient manners, few works have been more generally quoted by writers on such subjects than the present and other similar tracts by Nash.

The title of the annoymous second part or answer to this pamphlet, published in 1606, is "The Returne of the Knight of the Poste from Hell, with the Diuels aunswere to the Supplication of Pierce Penilesse, with some Relation of the last Treasons." 4to. London, 1606, but this was not written by Nash, who was then dead. Copies of this edition have sold at Perry's sale, pt. ii, No. 1197, for *3l.* 15*s.*; Hibbert's do, No. 5796, for *3l.* 9*s.*; Woodhouses do., *3l.* 6*s.*; Nassau's do., pt. ii, No. 387, *4l.* 4*s.*; Bindley's do., pt. iii, No. 770, *4l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: The same as the preceding.

Bindley's copy.

Bound by Falkner. In Calf, neat.

NASH, (THOMAS.)—The Terrors of the Night, or, A Discourse of Apparitions. Post Tenebras Dies. Tho: Nashe.

London, Printed by John Danter for William Jones, and

are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne nere Holburne Conduit. 1574. 4to, pp. 62.

Few works in this collection of early English literature are of greater rarity than the present. For a long period, until very lately, it was supposed that the only copy in existence was the one in the Bridgewater Collection belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. Since then, however, two other copies have come to light which are all that are known to exist—one, a very fine copy, which was sold in Mr. Heber's collection, pt. iv, No. 1592, for 5*l.* 18*s.*, bound in red morocco, uniform with the other works of Nash, and is now in the library of the late William H. Miller, Esq., at Britwell House, Bucks; and the present one, from the unrivalled collection of the same gentleman, which was sold in pt. viii of *Biblioth. Heber.*, No. 1767. This, which is not so fine a copy as the former, originally belonged to Mr. Brand, at whose sale, in 1807, it was bought with some other tracts, No. 7749, by Mr. Malone, at whose death it passed into the hands of Mr. James Boswell, and at the sale of that gentleman's library in 1825, No. 1626, was purchased by Mr. Heber for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* It is not only an "exquisitely rare piece," but is also curious and valuable on other accounts. It is dedicated "To the new kindled cleare Lampe of Virginitie, and the excellent adored high Wonder of sharpe Wit and sweete Beautie, Mistres Elizabeth Carey; sole Daughter and Heire to the thrice noble and renowned Sir George Carey, Knight Marshall," &c. The following is the commencement of it: "Rare adorned Mistris, whom al that know admire, and not malice itselfe but doth honor. True Stemme of Nobilitie, out-flourishing your sexe or your age; pure saint-like picture of Sobrietie and Modestie, sacred and immaculate virgin Starre, cleare (if anie liuing) from the original sin of thought: giue me leave (though contemptible and abject) once more to sacrifice my worthless wit to your glorie. Many feruent vowes and protestations of obseruance, your bountifull gracious deserts towards mee, haue entrancedly extracted, which yet remaine in the ore vnwrought and vntride. As touching this short glose or annotation on the foolish Terrors of the Night, you partly are acquainted from whose motiue imposition at first proceeded, as also what strange sodaine cause necessarily produced that motion. A long time since hath it laine suppressed by mee; vntill the vrgent importunitie of a kinde frend of mine (to whom I was sundrie waies beholding) wrested a Coppie from me. That Coppie progressed from one scriuener's shop to another, and at length grew so common

that it was readie to bee hung out for one of their signes, like a paire of indentures. Whereuppon I thought it as good for mee to reape the frute of my owne labours, as to let some vnskilfull pen-man or Nouerint-maker startch his ruffe and new spade his beard with the benefite he made of them." He afterwards goes on to say: "Miraculous is your wit; and so is acknowledged by the wittiest Poets of our age, who haue vowed to enshrine you as their second *Delia*," alluding to Daniel's popular poem under that title, which had been twice printed in 1592. Nash subsequently alludes to her mother, "A worthie Daughter are you of so worthie a Mother; borrowing (as another *Phœbe* from her bright Sunne-like resplendaunce) the orient beames of your radiaunce. Into the Muses societie her selfe she hath lately adopted and purchast diuine *Petrarch* another-monument in *England*. Euer honored may she be of the royallest breed of wits whose purse is so open to her poore beadsmens distresses. Well may I say it, because I haue tride it, neuer liu'd a more magnificent Ladie of her degree on this earth." What the particular translation from *Petrarch* was which is here alluded to is not at present known, and the work has probably been lost. The daughter to whom the dedication is addressed was herself a literary character, and the author of a tragedy called *Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry*, 4to, 1613, probably never acted, but not without merit. The dedication is followed by an address from the author "To Master or Goodman Reader, generally dispersed East or West," occupying one page, in which is the following passage: "*Martin Momus*, and splatefooted *Zoilus* that in the eight and sixt age of Poetrie, and first yere of the reigne of Tarltons toies kept a foule stir in Poules Church-yard, are now reuiued againe: and like wanton Whalpes that haue wormes in their tungs, slauer and betouse euerie paper they meete withall. . . . . Come, come, I know their dull tricks well inough, you shal haue them lie in child-bed one and thirtie weeks and eight daies of three bad lines and a halfe, and afterward spend a whole twelue month in spunging and sprucing them; honest thriftie Peter Littleton discharging their commons all the while: but such poore fellows as I, that cannot put out money to be paide againe when wee come from Constantinople, either must haue our work dispatcht by the weeks end or els we may go beg." *A neive booke in English verse intituled Tarlton's Toyes* was licensed to Richard Jones in 1576, and there is little doubt was printed, but no copy of the work is known to be in existence. The body of the work contains allusions to Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, Camden's *Britannia*, and other learned works, and contains some slight references to

his own misfortunes and poverty, but fewer than in many of his other productions. The following extract may serve as a specimen of this work, which is entirely in prose:

In *Island* (as I have read and heard) spirites in the likenesse of ones father or mother after they are deceased, doe converse with them as naturally, as if they were living. Other spirits like rogues they have among them, destitute of all dwelling and habitation, and they chillingly complayne if a Constable aske them *Cheuela* in the night, that they are going vnto Mount *Hecla* to warme them. That Mount *Hecla* a number conclude to bee hell mouth: for near vnto it are heard such yellings and groanes, as *Ixion*, *Titius*, *Sisiphus*, and *Tantalus*, blowing all in one trumpet of distressed could neuer conioyned bellowe foorth. Bond-men in *Turkey* or in *Spaine* are not so ordinarilye sold, as witches sell familiars there. Farre cheaper maye you buy a winde amongst them, than you can buy wind or faire words in the Court. Three knots in a thred, or an odde grandams blessing in the corner of a napkin, will carrie you all the world ouer. Wee when we frowne knit our browes, but let a wizard there knit a noose or a riding snarle on his beard, and it is haile, storme and tempest a month after. . . . . A poyson light on it, how come I to digresse to such a dull Lenten, Northren Clyme, where there is nothing but stock-fish, whetstones, and cods-heads? Yet now I remember me, I haue not lost my way so much as I thoght, for my theame is The terrors of the Night, and *Island* is one of the chiefe kingdomes of the night; they hauing scarce so much day there, as will serue a childe to ask his father's blessing. Marry with one commoditie they are blest, they haue Ale that they carry in their pockets lyke glue, and euer when they would drinke, they set it on the fire and melt it. It is reported, that the Pope long since gave them dispensation to receiue the Sacrament in ale, insomuch as for their incessant frosts there, no wine but was turned to red emayles, as soone as euer it came amongst them. Farewell frost: as much to say, as farewell *Island*, for I haue no more to say to thee.

Again:

Filthie Italionat complement-mungers they are, who would faine be counted the Court's *Gloriosos*, and the refined iudges of wit; when if their wardrobes and the withred bladders of their braines were well searcht, they haue nothing but a fewe moath-eaten cod-peece sutes (made against the comming of *Mounsier*) in the one, and a few scraps of out-landish prouerbes in the other: and these alone do buckler them from the name of beggers and idiots. Other-while perhaps they may keep a coyle with the spirit of *Tasso*, and then they folde their armes like Braggarts, writhe their neckes *alla Neapolitano*, and turne vp their eye-balls like men intraunced.

Some may perhaps think that in the description of the physician and conjurers afterwards pourtrayed, allusion may be made to Gabriel Harvey, his deadly enemy and opponent. The following passage may also with a little force of imagination and the change of a word be applied to some modern phrenologists:

Just such like impostures are the artes of Phisiognomie and Palmestrie: wherein who beareth most palme and praise, is the palpablest foole and Crepundio. Liues there anie such slowe yee-brain'd beefe-witted gull, who by the riuel'd barke or outward rynde of a tree will take vpon him to forespeak how long it shall stand, what mischances of wormes, caterpillers, bough breaking, frost bitings, catalls rubbing against, it shall haue? As absurd is it, by the external branched seames or furrowed wrinckles in a man's face or hand, in particular or generall to coniecture and foredoome of his fate. . . . . So also our faces, which sundrie times with surfets, greefe, studie, or intemperance, are most deformedlye welked and crumpled; there is no more to bee gathered by their sharpe embossed Joyners anticke worke, or ragged ouerhangings or pitfalls; but that they haue beene layd vp in slouens presse, and with miscarriage and misgouernment are so fretted and galled. My own experience is but small, yet thus much I can say by his warrantize, that those fatall brands of phisiognomie which condemne men for fooles and for idiots, and on the other side for treacherous circumuenters and false brothers, haue in a hundred men I know been verefied in the contrarie. So *Socrates* (the wisest man of Greece) was censured by a wrinckled-wyzard for the lumpishest blockehead that euer went on two legs: whome though the Philosopher in pitie vouchsafed with a nyce distinction of art and nature to raise and recouer, when he was utterly confounded with a hisse and a laughter, yet sure his insolent simplicity might lawfully haue su'd out his patent of exemption: for hee was a forlorne creature, both in discretion and wit-craft. Will you have the summe of all: some subtill humorist, to feede fantasticke heads with innouations and nouelties, first inuented this trifling childish glose vppon dreames and phisiognomie; wherein he stroue onely to boast himselfe of a pregnant probable conceipt beyonde philosophie or truth.

The following passage contains the allusions mentioned above to his own misfortunes, and the expression of his obligations to his patron Sir George Carey:

The next plague and the nearest that I know in affinitie to a consumption, is long depending hope friuolously defeated, than which there is no greater miserie on earth: and so *per consequens* no men in earth more miserable than courtiers. It is a cowardly feare that is not resolute inough to despaire. It is like a pore hunger-staru'd wretch at sea, who still in expectation of a good voyage, endures more miseries than Iob. He that writes this can tell, for he hath neuer had good voyage in his life but one, and that was to a fortunate blessed Iland, nere those pinacle rocks called the Needles. O it is a purified Continent, and a fertil plot fit to seat another Paradice, where or in no place the image of the ancient hospitalitie is to be found. While I liue I will praise it and extoll it, for the true magnificence and continued honourable bountie that I saw there. Farre unworthie am I to spend the least breath of commendation in the extolling so delightfull and pleasaunt a *Tempe*, or once to consecrate my inke with the excellent mention of the thrice noble and illustrious Chiefetaine, vnder whom it is flourishingly gouerned. That rare ornament of our countrey, learned Master *Camden*, whose desertfull name is vniuersally

admyred throughout Christendome, in the last repollished Edition of his *Britania*, hath most elaborate and exactly described the souereigne plenteous situation of that Ile; as also the inestimable happines it inherites, it beeing patroniz'd and carefully protected by so heroicall and couragious a Commander.

Men that haue neuer tasted that full spring of his liberalitie, wherewith (in my most forsaken extremities) right graciously hee hath deigned to reuiue and refresh mee, may rashly (at first sight) implead me of flatterie, and not esteeme these my feruent tearmes as the necessary repaiment of due debt, but words idly begotten with good lookes, and in an ouer-joyed humour of vaine hope slipt from me by chance: but therein they shall shewe themselues too vnciuill iniurious, both to my deuoted obseruant dutie, and the condigne deare purchased merite of his glorie.

Too base a ground is this, whereon to embroyder the rich storie of his eternall renowme; some longer lyned Tractate I reserue for the full blaze of his vertues, which here onely in the sparkes I decypher. Manie embers of encumbraunces haue I at this time, which forbid the bright flame of my zeale to mount aloft as it would. Perforce I must breake from it, since other turbulent cares sit as now at the stearne of my inuention. Thus I conclude with this chance-medley Parenthesis, that whatsoeuer minutes intermission I haue of calmed content, or least respite to call my wits together, principall and immediate proceedeth from him. Through him my tender wainscot studie doore is deliuered from much assault and battrie: through him I looke into, and am lookt on in the world: from whence otherwise I were a wretched banished exile. Through him all my good (as by a conduit head) is conueighed vnto me: and to him all my endeuours (like riuers) shall pay tribute as to the Ocean. Did *Ouid* entitle *Carus* a Noble man of *Rome* the onely constant frend hee had, in his vngratefull extrusion amongst the *Getes:* and writ to him thus,

"Qui quod es id vere Care vocaris."

And in another elegie,

"O mihi post nullos Care memorande sodales?"

Much more may I acknowledge all redundant prostrate vassailage to the royall descended Familie of the Careys: but for whom, my spirit long ere this had expyred, and my pen seru'd as a puniard to gall my owne heart.

For some further extracts from this extremely rare volume consult Beloe's *Lit. Anecd.*, vol. i, p. 271, &c. See also Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 193; Collier's *Hist. Eng. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 222; and Todd's *Ed. of Spenser*, vol. i, lxxiv. We are surprised that Mr. Collier, whose research in such subjects is so profound, and who remarks "that he does not recollect to have seen this work mentioned in any list of Nash's productions," should not have remembered or known of Beloe's account of it from the same copy that he notices, viz., the one formerly in the library of the Marquis of Stafford, and now in that of Lord Ellesmere. We believe that no copy of this work exists in the British Museum, nor in any of the libraries in Oxford or Cambridge. Nor is it mentioned in the list of this

writer's works given in Watt's *Biblioth. Brit.* The present copy has the title and first leaf very neatly repaired, but, excepting this, is quite perfect.

Bound by Charles Lewis.

Blue Morocco, elegant. Gilt leaves.

Nash, (Thomas.) — Haue with you to Saffron-walden, or, Gabriell Harueys Hunt is up. Containing a full answēre to the oldest sonne of the Hatter-maker. Or, Nashe his Confutation of the sinfull Doctor. The moth or Posie instead of *omne tulit punctum*. *Pacis fiducia nunquam*, as much to say, as I sayd I would speake with him.

Printed at London by John Danter, 1596. 4to.

This celebrated satirical and dramatic writer, whose works are now become exceedingly scarce, and are also intrinsically valuable in furnishing notices of several early writers, was born at Lowestoff, a small seaport in Suffolk, in 1567, and received his education at St. John's College, in Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1585. It appears from a very scarce tract, already noticed, entitled, "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe, Gentleman, &c." published in 1597, 4to., under the assumed name of Richard Lichfield, but written by his great antagonist, Gabriel Harvey, that whilst he was at Cambridge, "he had a hand (*i.e.*) wrote a part in a show called *Terminus et non Terminus*, for which his partener in it was expelled the Colledge;" that Nash acted a character in it; and that (probably in consequence of this) when he was of seven years standing in the University, "being Batchelor of the third yere," *i.e.*, about the 1587, or 8, and before he had taken his master's degree, he left Cambridge, and went to reside in London, where he published small tracts of poetry and prose, and grew intimate with the poets and wits of the time. Amongst others Nash was a companion and contemporary writer with Robert Greene, the poet, with whom he lived on terms of great friendship, and was present at the time when he was seized with his last illness. He was also intimate with Churchyard, the poet, and in one of his publications, he admits, in answer to an attack by Harvey, that he had formerly had a quarrel with Churchyard, which Harvey had endeavoured to revive, but which he declared that nothing

under heaven should draw him to do, and then addressing himself to Churchyard he exclaims, "I loue you unfainedly, and admire your aged muse, that may well be grandmother to our grand eloquentest Poets at this present. *Sanctum et venerabile vetus omne poema.*" Here also it would appear that in company with Greene and others, he was guilty of great licentiousness and imprudence, and was frequently confined in different prisons for debt. It was during this part of his life that he became engaged in a violent paper warfare with Dr. Gabriel Harvey, who was also a member of the University of Cambridge, and a Fellow of Trinity Hall. It arose out of the attack made by Harvey upon Greene after he was dead, and the chief charge of Nash against Harvey, or at least that which offended him most, was that Harvey was the son of a rope maker, which was at that time considered a low and vulgar trade, and is spoken of contemptuously by the writers of the time. This warfare against Harvey, which was begun in the time of Greene, and was carried on by satirical squibs and pamphlets, attracted at the time considerable attention and curiosity. But at length it was carried on with so much violence and bitterness, that the parties were interdicted from publishing any more satires, chiefly through the interference of the Archbishops Whitgift and Bancroft, who endeavoured to suppress what had already appeared, by procuring an order in 1599, "That all Nashes bookes, and Dr. Harvey's bookes be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the same bookes be euer printed hereafter," which is one principal cause of the present great rarity of these pamphlets. For an amusing and interesting account of this quarrel, consult D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*, vol. ii, p. 20, who has completely exhausted the subject.

Nash appears, however, before his death to have altered his licentious and sinful course of life, and to have turned his thoughts to more serious subjects. In an address to the reader in his *Christs Teares over Jerusalem*, "an eloquent and repentant production," printed in 1593, 4to, he bids, "a hundred unfortunate farewels to fantasticall satirisme: In those vaines here-to-fore haue I mispent my spirit, and prodigally conspir'd against good houres. Nothing is there now so much in my vowes, as to be at peace with al men, and make submissive amends where I have most displeased. As the Title of this Booke is *Christs Teares*, so be this Epistle the Teares of my penne. Many things haue I vainly set forth whereof now it repenteth me. *S. Augustine* writ a whole booke of his Retractations. Nothing so much doe I retract, as that wherein-soever I haue scandaliz'd the

meanest. Into some spleanatiue vaines of wantonesse, hereto-fore haue I foolishly relapsed, to supply my priuate wants: of them no lesse doe I desire to be absolued than the rest, and to God and man doe I promise an unfained conversion."

The chief difficulty in reconciling the sincerity of his repentance with his professions, and with his after conduct in life, appears to be that his *Christs Teares over Jerusalem* was first published in 1593, whilst some of his most bitter satires, and amongst the rest his present work, *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, were printed after that period. Nash is supposed to have died about the year 1604, before he had attained the early age of forty, but nothing is known for absolute certainty. Mr. Collier has shewn, however, in his *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 200, from Middleton's "Ant and the Nightingale," that Nash's death must have taken place before the end of that year, although the precise date must still remain a matter of doubt. Nash's chief talent lay in satire, in which he displayed much learning and great severity. He obtained considerable reputation as an author amongst his contemporaries, and "was a great favourite with the wits of his day." And, in conclusion, we may say of him, as was well observed in a very curious and scarce old play called *The Returne from Parnassus, or the Scourge of Simony*, acted by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, 4to, 1606,

> Let all his faults sleepe with his mournfull chest
> And there for ever with his ashes rest;
> His style was witty, tho' he had some gall;
> Something he might have mended, so may all,
> Yet this I say, that for a mother wit
> Few men have ever seen the like of it.

The present popular and caustic satire, which contains an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour, was written against Gabriel Harvey, who was a native of Saffron Walden, in Essex. It was intended to ridicule the inflated and turgid language of Harvey, and should not be taken as a specimen of Nash's general style, which often exhibits great vigour and clearness. The epistle dedicatorie is addressed "To the most Orthodoxall and reuerent Corrector of staring haires, the sincere and finigraphicall rarifier of prolixious rough barbarisme, the thrice egregious and censoriall animaduertiser of vagrant moustachios, chiefe scauinger of chins, and principall Head-man of the parish wherein he dwells, speciall superuisor of all excremental superfluities for Trinitie Colledge in *Cambridge*, and

(to conclude) a notable and singular benefactor to all beards in generall, *Don Richardo Barbarossa de Cæsario; Tho. Nashe* wisheth the highest *Toppe* of his contentment and felicitie, and the *Shortning* of all his enemies."

Under this feigned appellation is meant Richard Lichfield, the barber of Cambridge, in whose name Gabriel Harvey wrote the reply called *The Trimming of Tho. Nashe*, which has been already noticed. This is followed by an address of several pages, *To all Christian Readers to whom these Presents shall come.* The work is written in the form of a Dialogue, the following being the Interlocutores, Senior Importunio, Grand Consiliadore, Domino Bentivole, Don Carneades de boone Compagniola, Peers Penilesse Respondent. The whole tract is full of the most amusing allusions relating to the time, and in the course of it, on Sig. F 4, there is a woodcut of Gabriel Harvey "as hee is readie to let fly upon Aiax:" upon which Nash observes, "Gaze upon him who list, for I tell you I am not a little proud of my workmanship, and though I say it, I haue handled it so neatly and so sprightly and with all ouzled, gidnumbled, muddled, and drizled it so finely, that I forbid euer a *Hauns Doll*, *Hauns Holbine*, or *Hauns Mullier* of them all (let them but play true with the face) to amend it or come within fortie foote of it. Away, away, *Blockland*, *Trusser*, *Francis de Murre* and the whole generation of them will sooner catch the murre and the pose tenscore times ere they doo a thing one quarter so masterly. Yea (without *Kerry merry buffe* let it be spoken) put a whole million of *Iohannes Mabusiusses* of them together, and they shall not handle their matters at sharpe so handsomely as I."

For an account of this pamphlet, which is now exceedingly rare, see Brydges's *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 358, and Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 212; consult also concerning Nash and his works, *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 245; Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. i, p. 265; Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. i, p. 215; and Hartshorne's *Book Rarities*, p. 253; *Old Plays*, vol. xix, p. 1., Reed and Gilchrist's Edit.; Drake's *Shakesp. and his Times*, vol. i, p. 458; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 538. This work has generally when offered for sale brought a high price, as the following list will testify:— Reed's copy, No. 2442, sold in 1807, for 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and was bought by Mr. Heber; Bindley's, pt. iii, No. 767, 9*l.* 9*s.*; Strettell's, No. 1420, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Midgley's, sold by Saunders in 1818, with *M.S.* title, No. 587, 8*l.*; Hibbert's, No. 6793, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Utterson's, No. 1398, 4*l.* 16*s.*; *Heber*, pt. iv, No. 1594, 4*l.*

Longman & Co. gave 10*l.* 15*s.* at Mr. Geo. Nicols' sale by Evans, July

1, 1819, for a very inferior copy, and having bound it in morocco, marked it in their catalogue for 1814, pt. iii, No. 2669, at 25*l.* 10*s.*; and another copy, No. 2670, with a manuscript title, at 21*l.* Bindley's copy was bought by Mr. Lepard, for Mr. Strettell, and at the latter's sale, March, 1820, was bought in at 7*l.* 7*s.* In Thorpe's *Catal.* for 1820, pt. iii, a fine copy, bound in morocco, gilt leaves, by Lewis, was marked 10*l.* 10s. The present very large copy, which contains many rough leaves, was obtained in 1834, from the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. It is the one purchased by him at Reed's sale in 1807, and with the binding, &c., cost him altogether 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

There is a copy in the Popysian Library, at Cambridge; in the Malone and Douce Collections, at Oxford; and in the Grenville Library in the British Museum.

Collation: Title A 1. Sig. A to X 3, in fours.
Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Crimson Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Nelson, (Thomas.) — A Short Discourse: Expressing the Substaunce of all the late pretended Treasons against the Queenes Maiestie, and Estates of this Realme, by sondry Traytors: who were executed for the same on the 20 and 21 daies of September last past 1586.

Whereunto is adioyned a Godly Prayer for the safetie of her Highnesse person, her honorable Counsaile, and all other her obedient Subiects.

Imprinted at London by George Robinson for Edward White, and are to be solde at his Shop at the signe of the Gun. 4to, pp. 8, blk. lett.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth, so generally successful and felicitous for her subjects, was yet frequently disturbed by the plots and conspiracies of the followers of the Roman Catholic religion; by the favourers of the pretensions of the unfortunate Queen of Scots; by the attempts of the Pope and other foreigners for dethroning Elizabeth; and for restoring, by force of arms, the free exercise of the ancient faith. Besides the conspiracy of the

Duke of Norfolk, and the rebellion of the two northern earls and their adherents, to which allusion has already been made in describing some of the small poetical tracts relating to that event—there were several published concerning the later treasonous design in 1586, generally known as Babington's conspiracy—the full particulars of which may be read in Hume's *Hist. of England*, vol. v, p. 282, ed. 1812. One of these tracts is the very rare little work now under notice, which was entirely unknown to Ritson and other bibliographers. It is in black letter, and commences, on the reverse of the title, with a prose dedication "To the right Worshipfull Sir Owen Hopton her Maiesties Lieutenant in her Highnesse Towre of London," signed Thomas Nelson. This is succeeded by "A Godly Prayer giuen to her Maiestie," written in verses of fourteen feet, and signed T. N. These, which are not destitute of merit, have been printed in part, in one of the volumes, p. 551, of "Select Poetry, chiefly Devotional, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth," printed by the Parker Society in 1845, from a communication made by the editor from the present copy. Then follow some acrostic "verses written upon the alphabet of the Queene's Maiesties name, and giuen to her Highensse." And after these occurs a "Short Discourse" or Poem, entitled "The substance of all the late entended Treasons," which is written in four-line verses of the same long metre as the "Prayer," occupying four pages. At the end is a list containing "The names of those Traytors that were executed for the Treasons before mentioned on the first day," and "The names of those which were executed on the second day." The reader is here presented with a few verses taken from the poem, which, in fact, may be considered as little more than a broadside of the time, and, as such, has been reprinted by Mr. Collier in his *Book of Roxburghes Ballads*, 1847, 4to, p. 189:

When first the gracious God of heauen, by meanes did bring to light,
The Treasons lately practised, by many a wicked wight,
Against their Prince whose life thei sought, and many a noble Peere:
The substaunce of whose Treasons straunge, you shall most truely heare.

Their Treasons once discouered, then were the Traytors sought:
Some of them fled into a Wood, where after they were caught,
And being brought unto the Towre, for ioye the Belles did ring,
And throughout *London* Bonfiers made, where people Psalmes did sing.

And set their Tables in the streates, with meates of euery kinde,
Where was preparde all signes of ioye, that could be had in minde:
And praisde the Lorde most hartely, that with his mightie hand,
He had preserued our gracious Queene, and people of this Land.

Which thing was taken in good parte, by our renowmed Queene,
Who by her Letters gaue them thankes, as plainly may be seene:
Assuring them that all her care was for their safetie still,
And that thereby she would deserue their loue and great good will.

These verses are curious in a historical light, as shewing the great rejoicings which were made in London on the capture of the traitors, thus confirming the account given by Stowe in his *Annals*. Thomas Nelson, the author of them, wrote also several other ballads, and was a printer and bookseller. See Collier's Extracts from the *Registers of the Stationers' Company*, vol. ii, p. 219.

With the exception of the copy among the Roxburghe collection of ballads in the British Museum, and one in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, no other copy of this work is known.

Half bound in Green Morocco.

NICCOLS, (RICHARD.)—The Cuckow.

At, etiam cubat cuculus: surge amator, i domum.

Richardus Niccols, in Artibus Bac. Oxon. Aulæ Mag.

[Woodcut of a Cuckow.]

At London, Printed by F. R. and are to be sold by W. C. 1607. 4to, pp. 56.

It is generally believed that this is the author's earliest production, and that the idea of it was taken from Drayton's Owle, published, three years before, in 1604. It has a poetical dedication of two six-line stanzas "To his worshipful good friend, Master Thomas Wroth (afterwards Sir Thomas Wroth) an affecter and favourer of the Muses," to whom, as "the Patron of his verse," he offers his excuse for "this Cuckowes poem" and hopes

. . . . . that in future time
When as my wit with riper fruit shall grow,
My *Muse* may speake to thee in sweeter ryme,
And for thy worth some grauer poem show.

This is followed by a short prose address "To the Reader," in which he observes, that poetry was not the chief part of his profession, but rather amongst those accomplishments required for a scholar or gentleman. "I

submit myselfe to the censure, *i.e.*, judgment, of him, that is more then a meere reader, to whom I do impart part of my poore poeticall skill, upon which I have bestowed some idle houres; idle I call them, not in disgrace of so famous a skill: but to giue the world notice, that I make it not the chiefe part of my profession: but rather place it amongst those things of accomplement required in a scholar or gentleman; which if (gentle reader) thou shalt gently accept, my new borne *Muse*, that now sings harsh and hoarse in the shape of a Cuckow may by thy incouragement hereafter sing to thee in a more pleasing note."

The subject of the poem is a sort of trial of strength in a singing contest, to welcome in the spring, between two birds, one being Dan Cuckow:

In whom god Vulcans loue tooke most delight:
The other, that sweet singer Philomel
Or Casta hight, whom Phœbe loued well:
These two were chiefe, that in contentiou stood
Amongst the pleasant singers of the wood
To be chiefe carroler, and lead the ring,
Of all the rest to welcome in the spring.

The Poet then proceeds to describe the two combatants:

Dan Cuckow was a bird hatch't in the houre,
When Mars did sport in *Cytherea's* bowre
Whereby the note, which this hoarse voice doth beare
Is harsh and fatall to the wedded eare:
But little *Philomela* farre more blest
Was foster'd in faire *Phœbes* owne deare brest,
Whom she no more the Nightingale did name;
But to consort her nature to the same
Shee call'd her *Casta*, word of much import,
And made her chiefe of birds in their consort.
Betwixt Dan Cuckow and this little bird
Th' approach of spring a great contention stird,
Who should be deem'd the chiefe of birds to bring
The happie tidings of th' approaching spring:
For *Philomel* once in a pearlie morne,
When heauen with sun-bright lookes did earth adorn
Hearing each bird record her curious lay,
Unto the wood with speed did take her way,
Where shee did presse into the thickest throng
And did so sweetly in delicious song
Chaunt out aloude her welcome to the spring,
That all the birds did cease to heare her sing:
But as she sate admir'd of euery one,

Redoubling quauers in diuision,
And sweetly warbling out that chaste set song
Which *Phœbe* taught to her when shee was young,
Dan Cuckow came, and from his greedie throate
Breathing out ditties of an unchast note,
As wroth that other birds should seeke to make
Her mistres of the quier, thus boldly spake: &c.

The description of Philomel in this passage, commencing "For Philomel once in a pearlie morne," is highly poetical and melodious, and there are several other passages in the poem of great beauty and sweetness which were not surpassed, or perhaps, hardly equalled, in any of Niccols's later productions; one of considerable smoothness and elegance, descriptive of the goddess Flora, which occurs before near the beginning of the poem, has been quoted by Mr. Collier in his Catalogue of the Bridgewater House collection, p. 220. The following is part of a poetical description of "the Bower of Bliss," of which the idea and many of the passages were taken from the Bower of Bliss in the twelfth canto of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, an author of whom Niccols was a great reader and admirer:

This bower of blisse, this paradise of pleasure,
Where lauish plentie did exceed all measure;
The inner porch seem'd entrance to intice,
It fashion'd was with such quaint rare deuice,
The top with cannopie of greene was spred
Thicken'd with leaues of th' Iuies wanton hed
About the which the *Eglentine* did twine
His prickling armes the branches to combine,
Bearing sweete flowers of more then fragrant odour,
Which stellified the roofe with painted colour;
On either side the vine did broad dilate
His swollen veines with wreathings intricate,
Whose bunches to the ground did seeme t' incline,
As freely offring of their luscious wine.

* * * * *

From this same porteh, a walke directly lay
Which to the bower itselfe did leade the way
With fruit trees thicke beset on either side
Whose goodly fruit themselues did seeme to hide
Beneath the leaues, as lurking from the eies
Of strangers greedie view, fearing surprise,
Whose arched bowes and leauie twigs together
With true loue knots intangled each in other,

Seem'd painted walles, on which when Zephire blew
They spread themselues, disclosing unto view
The blossomes, buds, the birds and painted flies,
That in their leaues lay hid from strangers eies.
* * * * *
Unto this bower Dan Cuckow and his mate
Approaching nigh, loe standing at the gate,
Which framed was of purest Iuorie
All painted ore with many a historie,
So sweetly wrought, that arte in them did seeme
To mocke at nature as of no esteeme,
* Quickly Eftsoones* they heard a pleasing harmonie
Of musikes most melodious minstralsie,
Where sweet voic'd Birds, soft winds and waters fall,
With voice and Violl made agreement all,
The birds unto the voice did sweetly sing,
The voice did speake unto the Viols string,
That to the wind did sound now high now low.
The wind to waters fall did gently blow:
Thus birds, voice, Violl, winds and waters all
Did sing, did speake, did sounde, did blow, did fall.

We subjoin three more quotations. The first is a poetical description of the opening day:

. . . . The opall coloured morne
Bright-cheekt Aurora leauing all forlorne
Old Tython in his bed, did up arise
Opening the gates of the orientall skies,
Through which the daies bright king came dauncing out
With glorious golden lockes bespread about
His shoulders broad; from whence such luster came
That all the world did seeme a golden flame.

The second is an equally poetical picture of the sequestered retreat of Philomel amid the "desart woods farre from th' abodes of men."

The mansion house, in which poore Philomel
Did with her new companions daily dwell
Was in a rocke, whose head itselfe did shroud
In mistie cloake of many a wandering cloud,
And whose thicke mossie sides and hollow wombe,
To many a bird did yeeld much building roome
It seated was downe in a valley low,
Where many a siluer gliding streame did flow,
And leauie woods in arbor wise did stand,

As made by art, and not by nature's hand.
From right side of this rocke, there issued out
A chrystall spring which flowed round about
The bottome of the rock, whose upper brim
Thick set with hearbes and flowers smelt sweet and trim:
In th' hollow of this rock the humming swarmes
Of honie flies, whose bodies nature armes
With biting stings did beare a murmuring base
Unto the spring, that trickling downe apace
From off the rock did meanely seeme to warble
Amongst the pibble stones unto the treble,
Which many prettie birds did seeme to sing,
Houering about the rocke with painted wing:
This was the place of Philomels abode
With hir companions in the desert wood,
Whereby faire Philomel did find no misse
Of wonted pleasure in the bower of blisse.

The last quotation is a personification, in rather a higher strain, of Winter or Hyems:

For on a winged cloud he sate on high
Deckt in strange armour dreadfull to the eie,
Upon his breast a curace he did beare
Of ycie metall made, which far more cleare
Then crystall shone: for like the crystall skie
It could subdue the gazers greedie eie,
Thereby his blade did hang in snow-white sheath
With which he us'd t' imploy works of cold death
'Mongst those, that needie were, and could not arme
Themselves to shun the stroke of his strong arme,
His ycie Helmet powdered with white snow
Great terror and bright glory both did show,
And in the steade of plume stood thereupon
A bunch of ysacles by nature growen;
Which with pure snow being sprinckled diuerslie
Did seeme to daunce and leape for iollitie:
His shield, which at his back parts he did settle,
Was neatly fram'd of Diamond like mettell,
Hewen out of ycie rocks in Scythian land
By nature wrought, and not by Artists hand,
On which for badge did stand in ramping pride
Cold Capricorne the shiuering winters guide.
In such like armes was wrathfull *Hyems* clad,
Whose lookes a terror to his armes did adde:

His browes contract aboue his gloomie eies,
On which the hoarie haires did bristled rise.
And Ioue-like looke with grim stiffe buggle beard
Made his owne powers, that marcht by him, affeard.

Spenser's *Faerie Queen* had appeared in 1590, and there can be little doubt that Niccols had drunk his earliest inspiration of the Pierian Muse at that immortal fount. His whole style and many of his words and epithets are evidently redolent of Spenser; and in his description of "The Bower of Bliss," quoted above, he has been almost a servile imitator of that author. The following are only a few of his imitations which might be selected; but the reader will probably be satisfied with these examples, for it is not of very great importance to trace throughout so long a poem the numerous cases where the more eminent poet is the original author:

The inner porch seem'd entrance to intice
It fashion'd was with such quaint rare device,
* * * * *
On either side the vine did broad dilate
His swollen veins with wreathings intricate
Whose bunches to the ground did seeme t' incline,
As freely off'ring of their luscious wine.

Niccols.

With bowes and braunches which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate,

So fashioned a Porch with rare deuice
Archt ouer head with an embracing vine
Whose bounches hanging downe, seemd to entice
All passers by, to taste their lushious wine.

Spenser, Canto 12, p. 377.

Whose goodly fruit themselues did seeme to hide
Beneath the leaues, as lurking from the eies
Of strangers greedie view.

Niccols.

Which did themselues amongst the leaues enfold
As lurking from the view of couetous guest.

Spenser, p. 377.

Eftsoones they heard a pleasing harmonie
Of musikes most melodious minstralsie.
[*See the quotation to the end given before.*] — Niccols.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare
* * * * *
For all that pleasing is to liuing eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie —
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments diuine respondence meet:
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Spenser, Canto 12, p. 382.

The first couplet of this stanza had been previously imitated by Niccols at the commencement of the poem.

While joyous birds beneath the leauie shade
With pleasant singing sweet respondence made.

Niccols.

Bright-cheekt Aurora leauing all forlorne
Old Tython in his bed, did up arise, &c.
[*Quotation given before.*] — Niccols.

The joyous day gan early to appeare
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan her selfe to reare,
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares ———

Spenser, Canto 11, p. 169.

For she was clad in robe of tissue thinne
Through which so trim appeard her snowie skin,
That it did seeme to those, that did it see
No whit obscur'd, but farre more white to bee.

Niccols.

And was aray'd, or rather disarayed,
All in a uele of silke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee.

Spenser, Canto 12, p. 384.

Her Iuorie brests did euer open lie
To readie spoile of gazers greedie eie.
Niccols.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies.
Spenser, Canto 12, p. 384.

Even the fine description of Hyems, before quoted, is partly derived from the magnificent representation of the armour of Prince Arthur in the seventh canto, as for instance

And in the steade of plume stood thereupon
A bunch of ysacles by nature growen;
Which with pure snow being sprinckled diuerslie
Did seeme to daunce and leape for iollitie.
Niccols.

Vpon the top of all his loftie crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diuersly,
With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly drest
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity.
Spenser, Canto 7, p. 98.

There are many other allusions also to the *Faery Queen* in the course of the poem, such as the names of Malbecco and Helinore, mentioned on the reverse of Sig. G 1, besides the allusiou to the "Squyre of Dames" and the "Damzell of low degree," Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, bk. iii, canto 7, on Sig. G 3, and others which might be enumerated.

We derive our principal information of Niccols from the pages of Ant. Wood, who says that he was born in London, of respectable parents, about the year 1584; and we are able, from his own writings, to state that, when only in his twelfth year, he accompanied the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord High Admiral of England, on the voyage to Cadiz in 1596, and was on board the Lord Admiral's ship (The Ark) at the taking of Cadiz, when a dove, during the siege, rested on the main-yard of the ship, and remained with it till the vessel arrived in triumph with the rest on the English coast. This little circumstance appears to have made considerable impression on the author at that early age, who alludes to it three several times in his poems. First, in the dedicatory sonnet prefixed to his "Winter Nights Vision," addressed to the Lord Admiral:

As once that Doue (true honors aged lord)
Houering with wearied wings about your Arke

When Cadiz towers did fal beneath your sword,
To rest herselfe did single out that barke:
So my meeke Muse, from all that conquering rout,
Conducted through the seas wilde wildernes
By your great selfe, to graue their names about
Th' Iberian pillars, of Ioues Hercules:
Most humblie craue your lordly Lion's aid, &c.

Again he records the same event in "England's Eliza," p. 861:

As that thrice happie bird, the peacefull Doue,
When the old world groaning beneath the raigne
Of Giants raging rule, was drown'd by Ioue,
Brought heau'nly newes of a new world againe
Unto the Arke, then floting on the maine:
So now a Doue did with her presence greet
Elizaes Arke, then Admirall of the fleet.

Recorded by the Author then present.

For loe the fleet riding at seas in sight
Of Cadiz towers, making that towne the marke
Of their desire, the Doue did stay her flight
Upon the maind yard of that stately barke,
Which long before that time was termd the Arke;
Whose unexpected presence did professe
Peace to the fleet; but to the foes distresse.

And again it is mentioned in the same poem, p. 869:

Leauing the towne despoil'd of all her store
All made returne unto the ships at shore;
At whose depart such after-signe was seene,
As had before at their arrivall been.

Recorded by the Author then present.

For hoysing saile at sea, loe as before
Upon the Arke a Doue her flight did stay,
With which departing from th' Iberian shore,
She from the same departed not away;
But kept her station till that happie day
That all the fleet did with the compleat hoast
Arriue in triumph on the English coast.

After his return from Cadiz he renewed his education, and became, in 1602, at the age of 18, a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, but removed from thence shortly afterwards to Magdalen Hall, and took his Bachelor's degree in 1606. In the year following, when only twenty-three, he produced the present poem of *The Cuckow*, a work displaying considerable powers of description, and proving him to be, at that early age, a finished

and melodious versifier. His next work was a remodification, or new arrangement or that popular work, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in which he omitted some of the former lives, but added ten new histories, with a poetical induction of his own. This "last part" he entitled *A Winter Nights Vision*: Being an addition of such Princes especially famous, who were exempted in the former Historie. By Richard Niccols, Oxon. Mag. Hall. 4to, at London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston 1610. In the Poetical Induction to this work he alludes to the present Poem:

> My muse, that mongst meane birds whilome, did waue her flaggie wing
> And *Cuckow*-like of Castaes wrongs, in rustick tunes did sing,
> Now with the mornes cloud-climing Lark must mount a pitch more hie
> And like Ioues bird with stedfast lookes outbraue the Sunnes bright eie.

At the end of the *Winter Nights Vision* there is subjoined, with a fresh title, a poem in the octave stanza, entitled "Englands Eliza; or the victorious and triumphant reigne of that Virgin Empresse of sacred memorie, Elizabeth Queene of England, France, and Ireland," &c. 4to. At London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston 1610. We have already mentioned the great obligations which Niccols owed to Spenser, and his ardent admiration of that author's writings. In his Induction to this Poem, which contains passages of much poetical beauty, after mentioning the dreadful Plague which ravaged London in 1606, from which, "struck terror-sicke with dread of heav'n's hot plague," the author had fled in the month of August to Greenwich, and after describing the ancient palace of that town,

> Fam'd for the birth of great Elizaes grace,

and the neighbouring towers of Windsor, and

> Wishing that heau'n into his infant Muse
> That antique Poet's spirit would infuse
> Who, when in Thracian land hee did rehearse
> *Iänthees* wofull end, in tragick verse
> Did make men, birds, beasts, trees, and rockes of ston
> That virgins timelesse tragedie to mone:

he introduces the following honourable tribute to the memory of Spenser:

> O did that Faerie Queenes sweet singer liue
> That to the dead eternitie could giue,
> Or if, that heauen by influence would infuse
> His heauenlie spirit on mine earth-borne Muse,

Her name ere this a mirror should haue been
Lim'd out in golden verse to th' eyes of men:
But my sad Muse, though willing yet too weak
In her rude rymes Elizaes worth to speak,
Must yeeld to those, whose Muse can mount on high
And with braue plumes can clime the loftie skie.

In the following year he is supposed to have written a play called *The Twynnes Tragedye*, which was entered on the Stationers' Books the 15th Feb. 1611, but of which no copy is known to exist. After remaining for some time at the University of Oxford, and "being esteemed among the most ingenious men of his day," he removed to London, where, says Wood, "he obtained an employment suitable to his faculty." What this employment was, Wood does not inform us, but it appears to have occupied much of his time, and prevented him from accomplishing some other literary projects he had meditated. His other works are, *The Three Sisters Teares.* Shed at the late solemne Funerals of the Royall deceased Henry, Prince of Wales. Lond. 1613. 4to. *The Furies: with Vertues Encomium: or, The Image of Honour.* In two Bookes of Epigrammes satyricall and encomiasticke. Lond. 1614. 8vo. *Monodia: or Waltham's Complaint upon the Death of the Lady Honor Hay.* Lond. 1615. 8vo. *London's Artillery*, briefly containing the noble practise of that wo(r)thie Societie: with the Moderne and Ancient martiall exercises, natures of armes, vertue of Magistrates, Antiquitie, Glorie and Chronography of this honourable Cittie. Lond. 1616. 4to. *Sir Thomas Overburies Vision.* With the Ghoasts of Weston, Mrs. Turner, the late Lieutenant of the Tower, and Franklin. Lond. 1616. 4to. *The Beggars Ape*, a Poem. Lond. 1627. 4to. This last work, which was not published until 1627, and then anonymously, has not hitherto been generally included in the list of this author's writings, but we know it to be the production of Niccols from his own allusion to it in the Induction to his *Winter Nights Vision.* It was most probably a posthumous work, as no acknowledged production of his is known after 1616. The time and place of his death are not known, but it is generally supposed that he died young, soon after the year 1616.

The reader will find an excellent analysis of the allegory of the poem of *The Cuckow* in an article in the second volume of the *Restituta*, p. 1, by Mr. Park, from the present copy, which was formerly in his possession. And for further information concerning Niccols and his productions, consult also Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 166, ed. Bliss; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*;

Harl. Miscell.; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, pp. 207, 235–238; Campbell's *Spec. Brit. Poets*, vol. iii, p. 135; Headley's *Beauties of Anc. Eng. Poet.*, vol. i, pp. lx, 6; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. ii, p. 543; Collier's *Bridgw. House Cat.*, p. 220; Lowndes's *Bibl. Man.*, p. 1338; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 491.

N. (T.), *i.e.*, (Nuce Thomas.)—The Ninth Tragedie of Lucius Anneus Seneca called Octavia. Translated out of Latine into English, by T. N. Student in Cambridge. Imprinted at London by Henry Denhame. 4to. blk. lett. n.d. (1566).

It appears from the Registers of the Stationers' Company that this volume was printed by Henry Denham in 1566, having been entered to him in that year. But such is the rarity of this first edition of Nuce's translation that its existence was unknown to all our typographical historians, and Mr. Collier, in his *Hist. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 14, "apprehended that no copy of so early a date is now known to exist." The title is within a richly ornamented architectural compartment with an elaborate border outside, and is followed by the dedication "To the Right Honorable, the Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Lecester, Baron of Dinghby, of the most royall order of the Garter Knight, one of the Queens Maiesties most honourable privie Counsell, Maister of hir Maiesties Horse." At the end is a woodcut of the Earl's crest, the bear and ragged staff, encircled by the garter and motto. Then a short address "To the Reader," "The Argument of the Tragedie" in verse, and the names of "The speakers in this Tragedie." This was the only one of Seneca's plays translated by Nuce, and differs from all the versions of the other tragedies in being partly in heroic couplets, and partly in eight feet lines, rhyming alternately. The story is taken from the *Life of Nero*, by Suctonius, and from the *Annals of Tacitus*, book xii, chap. xiv, but from the nearness of the time of the events related, some have expressed a doubt whether this play was really written by Seneca. Nuce has strictly confined himself to his author, and there is less of original matter in this translation than in any of the others. A short quotation will enable the reader to compare the fidelity of this version with the original. It is from the second scene of the third act:

Octavia. Chorus.

Do not, alas, thus sore lament
But rather yet your mourning stay,
Sith that the citie whole is bent
To celebrate this ioyfull day:
Least your great loue, and fauour both
Which I do count to be most sure
The more cause *Nero* me to loth,
And eke his bitter wrath procure
And I fall out to be the ground
To you of many mischieues vile.
This same is not the first deepe wound
That I haue felt now this good while:
Farre worse than this haue I abode:
But of these troublous cares, this day
Shall make an ende, I trust in God,
Although with death he doe me pay.
No man to see shall mee constraine
His bended browes knit furrowise,
Nor step within the chamber raigne
Of maide drest up in brydall guyse.
Augustus sister I will bee,
And not his wife, as wont I was:
But onely paines remoue from mee,
And feare of death, I will not passe.
Yet canst thou, piteous wretch, once trust,
Thy cruell husbands father law,
Or these fewe things to haue so iust
Whyle mischiefs yet in minde are raw:
Now long reseru'd, untill this day.
And these same marriage rytes be past,
Thou shalt, poore wretch, without delay,
A bloudie offring dye at last.
Why thus with teares disfigured sore
Thy wonted home dost thou beholde?
Make haste, to shunne this deadly shore
And leaue this slaughtrous Princes folde.

* * * * *

The fourth Act. The fyrst Sceane.

Nutrix. Poppea.

From out of spousall bower, dismaied with feare
Whither go you? what secrets, daughter deare
Unknowen, makes you to looke so drouselye?

Why spungelike lookes your face with teares from eye
That fell? of truth, the tyme desired long
And wisshed for by prayers, and vowes among
Hath shined bright. *Cæsars* wedlock are you:
Your golden grace, whereof he toke the view,
Him prisoner caught, and bid him surely binde
So much the more, how much *Seneck* his minde
Did seeke to chaunge, and wild from loue to weeld
And *Venus* chiefe in loue hath made him yeeld.
O in beautie passing all, what beds than downe
More soft, haue borne thy weght: when you with crowne
Didst sit in middes of court, the Senate all
At thy great beautie agast, thou didst appall:
Whilst thou the Goddes with perfume sensedst fyne,
And sacred altars drencht with thankfull wyne,
Thy bed attyrde with veyle of yellowe hiewe
By *Cesars* syde thou went'st as princesse newe:
When he aloft extolde above the reast,
With hautie courage meryly went the feast.
Like as King *Peleus* went some tymes to take
Queene *Tethis*, whom salt sea's fome bredde, his make.
Whose briding chambers, banquet wise ydrest,
The Gods vouchsaaft to hallow with their hest,
Both they that rule in skies, and eke in seas.
But tell, O Ladie, tell, if it you please,
What sodaine chaunce doth shade your beauties light?
What meanes your colour chaunge from red to white?
What moues those trickling teares, how standes your plighte?
Poppea. With dreames and griesly sights, this last night muche
My minde was troubled sore, but frayd much worse, &c.

Little seems to be known of the personal history of this author beyond what Warton has told us, that he was a Fellow of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, in 1562, afterwards Rector of Oxburgh, in Norfolk, Beccles, Weston-Market, and Vicar of Gaysley, or Gazeley, in Suffolk, and in 1586 was made a Prebendary of Ely Cathedral. He lived to an advanced age, and died November 8, 1617, at Gazeley, and was buried in the Chancel of that Church, under a stone, from the rhyming inscription on which, recorded in Bentham's *Hist. of Ely*, p. 251, we learn that he had five sons and seven daughters by his wife Ann, who died before him in 1613. Nuce has two long copies of verses, one in English and the other in Latin, prefixed to the very rare first edition of Studley's *Translation of the Agamemnon*, printed by Colwell, in 1566. The edition by Marsh, in 1581, is an exact reprint

of the present, excepting that the Dedication and Address to the Reader are omitted. Both Lowndes and Watts have avoided all notice of the present edition. Mr. Heber had a copy which at the dispersion of his library, pt. iv, 2461, sold for 5*l.* 10*s.* We know of no other. For further notices of this work see Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 207; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p 397; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 373; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets.*, p. 395; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 545; Collier's *Hist. Eng. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 14; and *Extracts from Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 147.

Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Dark Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

O. (I.)—The Lamentation of Troy for the death of Hector. Whereunto is annexed an Olde womans Tale in hir solitarie Cell.

Omne gerendum leve est.

London Printed by Peter Short for William Mattes. 1594. 4to.

The title to this very rare poetical volume, by an unknown author, is in the centre of an elegant compartment, containing the Queen's arms at the top, supported by figures of fame, and the Stationers' arms at the bottom. It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable Sir Peregrine Bartue knight, Lord of Willoughby and Earsby," &c. This noble knight had greatly distinguished himself, in the year 1586, at the battle of Zutphen in the Low Countries, where the youthful and heroic Sir Philip Sidney received his mortal wound. In the year after he was made commander of the English forces in the United Provinces in the room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled by Elizabeth. While in this position he had many opportunities of evincing his warlike valour and military abilities in several actions against the Spaniards. He was high in favour with Elizabeth, and after performing numerous feats of valour and skill, he died in 1601. Bp. Percy, in his *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 245, fifth edition, has reprinted a curious ballad, from an old black letter copy, in praise of this nobleman, called "Brave Lord Willoughbey," beginning, "The fifteenth day of July," &c., and he is styled in the dedication to this poem "the onely

Hector of Albion, and, therefore, most worthy to protect Hector." The dedication, which is signed by the author I. O., is followed by a metrical prologue, describing the appearance of the Ghost of Troy to the author in a dream, of which the ensuing lines form the commencement:

Whilom to him (whom *Morpheus* God of sleepe
Made slumbring dreames his sences al to keepe,
Lockt in the prison of the darkesome night,
When eares were deafe and eyes could see no light,
When men are made the liuely forme of death,
Saue onely that they softly draw a breath)
Did come a Ghost, a ghost most gastly crying,
Helpe me to death that haue so long beene dying.
With that he wakened, and with feare beholding,
Saw hir lament her armes togither folding,
A pale-wan thing, and yet with wounds fresh bleeding
Soddaine in teares, in teares that were exceeding.
He much afright began to shrinke for feare,
She bad him feare not, but her story heare,
I am *Troys* ghost that now appeares to thee,
And well I know that thou hast heard of me.
But now I come not what I was to tell,
For what I was (alas) each one knowes wel.
I come to thee to craue thy gentle ayde,
To further her that hath so long beene staide
From blissefull rest.

The writer, whoever he was, seems to have been a friend and warm admirer of Spenser, and at the end of the prologue the Ghost of Troy thus calls upon him to relate the story of her woes:

Yet had she rather *Spencer* would haue told them
For him she cal'de that he would helpe t'unfold them.
But when she saw he came not at hir call
She kept hir first man that doth shew them all
All that he could: but all can no man shew,
But first she spake as after doth ensew.

In the poem itself, also, there is a further reference in praise of this eminent and celebrated poet, who was then still living:

O then good *Spencer* the only *Homer* liuing,
Deign for to write with thy fame-quickning quill:
And though poore Troy due thanks can not be giuing
The Gods are iust, and they that giue them will.
Write them O *Spencer* in thy muse so trim,
That he in thee and thou maiest liue in him.

Although thou liuest in thy *Belphœbe* faire,
And in thy *Cynthia* likely art to shine,
So long as *Cynthia* shineth in the ayre:
Yet liue and shine in this same Sunne of mine,
O liue in him that whilom was my Sun,
But now his light and so my life is done.

The poem is of the greatest rarity, and is far from being contemptible either in energy and force of ideas, or in variety and sweetness of language. It is written in six-line stanzas, and abounds with beautiful images and descriptions clothed in highly poetical language, reminding us, rather, of the style and manner of Lodge in some of his longer poems. Many of the similies also are striking and appositely expressed, and there is considerable pathos and smoothness in some of the stanzas. Take for example the one following in praise of Homer, in which there is much sweetness of diction:

Then why did *Homer* Laureat of his time,
Consume the sweet of his mellifluous tongue
In hony lines, and from his golden chime
Chaunt forth in musick a mellodious song
To sweeten him, that men should with delight
For euer read his praises day and night.

There is much tenderness and simplicity in the following description of the aged Priam lamenting over the dead body of his son:

Olde aged *Priam* kneeling o're the corse
With trickling teares distilling from his eyes:
Looketh vpon him with a deepe remorse,
And heauie cheere doth view him as he lies,
His luke-warme drops fall downe on *Hectors* face,
He wipes them still, and still they fall apace.

Passion be-duls him that he cannot speake,
Groning he sits, and shaking of his head,
And then he sobs as if his hart would breake
That of his death too, they are all afraid.
Only he cried, O my sonne, my sonne,
But speech did faile him, ere it was begun.

One while he beats his sigh-swolne brest and cries,
But then a manly courage staies his crying
From being heard: and then he lifts his eies
Vp to the heauens, his fingers iointly tying.
But mores his fire the more he chokes his fumes,
For inward griefe pent in the hart consumes.

Thus did the olde man in his mellowed yeares,
Bewaile the wind-fall of his fruit vnripe,
His siluer beard he pearled all with teares,
Which faster fell then he (good man) could wipe.
Nothing he said, but O my sonne, my sonne,
His breath still stopping ere he halfe had done.

The exquisite grace and beauty of the subsequent picture of infantine playfulness, and of motherly tenderness and love, has seldom been surpassed, and will remind the reader of some of the touches of tenderness and parental affection in the original, in the descriptions of Andromache and the youthful Astyanax:

Then flouds of teares ran down hir christall cheekes,
Like streames that fall along the siluer sandes:
A troubled soule in teares hir comfort seekes,
(O heauy comfort that in mourning standes)
Yet woman say in weeping there is glory,
Which made this Lady so exceeding sorry.

The sweete young Infant that lay all this while
Vppon the Downe-bed of his mothers brest:
One while would crie, another while did smile,
Alas! it knew no cause of such vnrest,
Vnles that this did make the babie weepe,
To heare what howling they about him keepe.

Sometimes it would the tender hand vp lay
And spread the fingers on the mothers face:
Stroking hir cheekes as infantes vse to play,
But she that now for sporting had no place,
Weeping did wet the childe as it did lie,
With brinish teares which made the babe to cry.

Then with a napkin doth she drie his face.
Peace, peace, (sweet hart) thus she hir yonglinge stills:
He to his plaicing falles againe apace,
She with hir teares againe his bosome filles.
And with hir sobs she beates him as he lies,
That now the childe with ceaseles shriking cryes.

Alacke the tormentes that she now endures,
The cruell plunges in hir hart so sore:
Hir husbandes death hir endles woe insures,
The childes fell crieing makes hir tormentes more.
Thus she (swecte Lady) is of all accurst,
Who sittes and sighs as if hir hart should burst.

The description of the too fascinating Helen will afford the reader a favourable example of the beauties and defects of the author's style in this poem. The graceful allusion to the death of Sir Philip Sidney in the last stanza renders it interesting to the poetical reader, and has not, that we are aware of, been noticed before by any writer on the subject.

Next him came in that gallant Grecian dame,
Pride of her Countrey, mirror of hir kind;
Earths only starre, from whose faire beames there came
Heat to inflame with loue the coldest minde.
Beauties existance, Ioy of speculation,
Helens sweet selfe, a word of admiration.

She wept and wail'de and tore hir golden haire,
Hir daintie tresses farre more pure than golde,
Earthes mettal is too base to make compare,
With that which thoughts diuinely doth vnfolde.
Yet this she tare, and threw it from hir head,
When she beheld hir brother *Hector* dead.

O now the murder that hir hand had wrought
If with those haires she should haue throwne away
The seueral harts that euery haire had caught
O what a murder had she done that day?
Then had hir shame beene registred in bloud,
As now hir fame in beautie long hath stood.

The siluer teares distilling from her eies,
Run downe hir cheekes the Rose and Lilly fields:
A sugred streame where thirstie *Cupid* lies,
And drinks the *Nectar* that the fountaine yeelds.
'Til stormie sighes doe make the boy to quake,
And force him thence his winged flight to take.

Thus doth she weepe, and teares aboundant showre,
Which blustering windes do driue from off hir face:
And then they fal vpon that snowie towre
Her necke, and thence into a lower place.
Til at the last they in her bosome rest,
Who coucht was there might thinke that he was blest.

Such were the teares of *Albions Stella* faire,
Which in continual raining she did shed:
And such her sighes which ecchoed in the aire,
When she heard say hir *Astrophil* was dead.
Two so sweet creatures neuer mourn'de afore,
But *Helens* griefe was far exceeding more.

The following is one of the numerous similies with which the poem everywhere abounds, and is pleasingly expressed — the last two lines especially convey a beautiful and poetical idea:

Like to a Sayler beaten on the seas,
With boisterous tempests and outragious stormes:
Long wishing land for his reposed ease,
That spies by chance some earth-betokning formes.
And makes amaine to them with speedie course,
Hoping to find for sorrowe some remorse.

But when he comes to his desired ken,
And there doth find nor show nor signe of land:
O sillie man, how is he greeued then
That euer hope did beare him so in hand?
Then fals his hope, he vnder hatches goes,
Leauing his life to *Neptune* to dispose.

Thus was she tost, the sweetest soul aliue,
Billoes of water beate within hir breast:
No *Phœbus* faire the vapors dark may driue,
From that sweet *Sphere* whereon they were possest.
Sorrow it selfe I think did loue hir so,
That euen for loue 'twas loth awaie to goe.

The poem concludes with a graceful apostrophe to Lord Willoughby, his patron, as the only Hector who could save his country from danger.

Then did *Troys* ghost againe to me appeere,
Goe thou (quoth she) and shew to *Albion* this:
Bid hir take heed she holde her *Hector* deere,
And wel regard him while he liuing is.
For when he dies as dooth poore *Ilion* heere,
So wil faire *Albion* sorrow then I feare.

She vanisht then, and thankt me for my paines,
Although (quoth she) few others will do so:
Wise heads wil deem't too light by many graines
For who (alas) can rightly weigh my woe?
My woe and griefe that toongs can neuer tel,
But now giue *Hector* this, and so farewel.

For that (my Lord) I bring it vnto you,
For other *Hector Albion* now hath none:
Though valiant Knights faire *England* hath inew,
Whose worthy fames throughout the world are known.
And eke whose names shal one day forth be showne.
Yet but one *Hector* hath our Countrey tride:
Prudent in peace, in Warres an expert guide.

Finis. I. O.

This first poem is probably written in imitation of those in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, to which Mr. Park supposes the author somewhat sarcastically alludes in the second opening stanza.

The second poem is in the common eight-feet measure, and relates the story of the "Olde Woman in her solitarie Cell," where the author, in strolling abroad, had found her, and is told with considerable poetical force and spirit. The following passage, descriptive of the first discovery of her in her cell by the author, is not without merit:

Once on a morning in this goodly tide
When *Aurora* in the brightnesse of his pride
Looked so freshlie on vs heere
That euery man by himselfe, or with his fere,
She doth inuite to walke abroad,
And with hir in the fields to make some aboad,
I walked forth myselfe alone
To see the pleasures *Flora* doth loue
To earth and to creatures all.
Walking and wandring thus, it did fal,
That as I went through a thick Wood,
Where trees by trees so nigh stood,
And their leaues are so togither gone,
That *Sol* doth scarcely his light showne
To them that through there passe.
At length I light on a fine place,
Strongly enuironed with trees faire,
Through which there came a pleasant aire,
That breathed sweetly through leaues whistling
Where birds on the boughs do chirpe and sing,
Where pleasant fountaines sweetly are flowing,
And on whose banks flowers dainty are growing
Like to a little Paradise.
Now in this stound busie were mine eies,
To seeke and search in euery nooke,
What pleasure more might yet be tooke,
And what delight I might still haue,
At length I light on a hollow Caue,
Into which lesse wise then hardy
I went, putting my life in jeopardie.
For it might haue beene the Den of a Lion,
Or the place of some monstrous Dragon,
Or rauenous Wolues might haue beene there,
Or some deuouring hungrie Beare.

But as Fortune would it better fell,
For it hap't as I shal now tell.
When I was into the caue ycome,
I had no sooner set foot in the roome,
But an olde Woman of looke thin and pale,
(For alack) melancholie makes bloud faile,
Speciallie if age be fitting therevnto,
Then must the lustie red awaie go,
And meagre blunesse sit in his place,
Such God wot was this old womans face,
Which time and care had well furrowed,
With wrincles deepe, so long she had sorrowed
With bitter teares and inward greeuance,
But yet surè seem'd to me hir countenance
Inly to shew sparkes of gentilitie,
And that she liu'd there only through some malady
Of discontent and griefe great conceaued.

The subject of the story turns chiefly on the law of primogenitureship in England, and is mainly directed against the system of entail upon the first-born which prevails in this country, and it is not unlikely was founded upon circumstances occurring in real life. In attempting to shew how the younger sons in a family are sometimes advanced by fortune in war or otherwise, and that the nobility are often raised, from those born originally in mean condition, by their own exertions or merits; there is a pleasing allusion made in the succeeding lines to some one of the name and family of Vere:

Fortune . . . . . doth aduance
Men by the sword and also by the launce,
Speciallie those that are of noble spright
In whom there is by Natures light
A kind of Nobles rais'd from the common sort,
An high yet mild mind, stil garding good report,
And yet still aspiring to higher honour,
And yet not raising but by the step of fauour
Purchased by worth, winning mens harts,
To aduance him more high for his vertuous parts.
Such a one hath Fortune now vp raised,
And with renowme his name blased,
Giuing guerdon to due desart,
Who in euery spring so plaies his part
As they saie, through his valour and manlinesse,
Through his wisdome, forecast, and worthinesse,

That himselfe is now the hight the spring
Of honour, for this his braue doing.
They call him *ver*, which as I haue heard say
Signifies the time that, when Winter is away
Delighteth the earth and creatures all,
With his pleasant countenance for which men do call,
And birds with their musicke for ioy entertaine,
It is the time that puts life in the graine,
Sap in the tree, iuice in the grasse,
Smel to the flower, beautie to the earths face,
Such is his glorie and renowne.

These lines evidently allude to Sir Francis Vere, who had distinguished himself by many acts of personal bravery in the wars of the Low Countries, and in 1596 was made governor of Flushing by Queen Elizabeth. He was celebrated also for his vigorous defence of Ostend against the Spaniards, and died in 1608.

Of the author of this work, I. O., we have not been able to learn any account. This was the copy from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, p. 428, price 28*l.*, and had successively belonged to Mr. Hill, Mr. Fillingham, and Mr. Heber. Of extreme rarity; only two other copies known.

OVERBURY, (SIR THOMAS.) — A Wife now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye. Being a most exquisite and singular Poem of the choice of a Wife.

Whereunto are added many witty Characters and conceited Newes, written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen his friends.

London Printed for Lawrence Lisle, and are to bee sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Tigers head. 1614. 4to, pp. 64.

The untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury by poison in the Tower took place on the 15th September 1613; this, therefore, was probably a posthumous work, of which it is believed that no less than nine impressions were published before the close of the year 1616, four of which appeared in 1614, thē date of the present copy. From the circumstanee of no edition being mentioned on the title, as in those that followed, we may safely conclude

this to be the first known edition of this popular work. But if so, we are disposed to surmise with Mr. Park, that it might possibly have appeared in 1613, before the death of Overbury. In the address from "The Printer to the Reader," which is prefixed to the book, and is dated May 16th 1614, he uses these remarkable words, "The surplusage, that now exceeds the last edition, was (that I may bee, honestly impartiall) in some things only to be challenged by the first author, but others now added (little inferior to the residue) being in nature answerable, and first transcrib'd by Gentlemen of the same qualitie, I haue upon good inducements, made publike with warrantie of their and my owne credit." This certainly leads us to infer that a former edition had been already printed, most probably in the lifetime of the author, no copy of which, however, that we are aware of, appears now to be known. After the address from the printer follow "A Morning-Sacrifice to the Author," in thirty-two lines, by I. S. Lincolniensis, Gentleman, and three "Briefe Panegyrickes to the Authors praise," in verse, signed G. R., T. B., and X. Z. These are succeeded by eleven six-line stanzas "On the choice of a Wife," not without merit, which have been quoted with the omission of two stanzas by Dr. Bliss in the *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 137; after which the poem commences, preceded by "The Method" or Argument. It consists of forty-seven stanzas of six lines each, and at the end of these are eight lines, "The Author's Epitaph." The poem of the "Wife" is a composition of great merit, and contains a line of singular force, one of the few that have become as "household words" amongst us, but the source of which is not generally known. It is, perhaps, the happiest adage respecting literature ever penned,

Bookes are a part of mans prerogative!

words that will be familiar to the modern reader, as attributed frequently to Sir Walter Scott. They were no doubt met with by that illustrious writer in the course of his multifarious reading, and adopted with that happy spirit of selection that renders the scraps he has taken from our early literature some of the most instructive and entertaining parts of his works. There is a solidity and truth in the observations of Overbury in this poem, which, though clothed in dry and unattractive language, evince considerable talent and judgment. But the moral sentiments and excellent advice, on the qualities requisite in the character of a woman to render the married state comfortable and happy, contained in this work are superior to the poetry of the writer; and probably the violent and unfortunate death of the author, and the strong sympathy expressed at his fate, may have added considerably to the popularity of the work, and induced also some of its imitations.

Of a production, which, from the number of the editions published, is so easy to be met with by the poetical reader, a short extract will be sufficient here. The author had been speaking of birth, beauty, wealth, as "nothing worth alone," and says

Rather than these, the obiect of my Loue
Let it be *Good*, when these with vertue goe,
They (in themselues indifferent) vertues proue.
For Good (like Fire) turnes all things to be so.
Gods Image in her *Soule*, ô let me place
My *Loue* vpon, not *Adams* in her *Face*.

Good is a fairer attribute then *White*
'Tis the *Minds* beauty keeps the other sweet
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glasse, nor painting, can it counterfet,
Shees truly faire, whose beauty is unseen,
Like heav'n faire sight-ward, but more faire within.

Giue me next *Good*, an *understanding Wife*,
By Nature wise, not learned by much Art,
Some knowledge on her side will all my life
More scope of Conuersation impart,
Besides, her inborne vertue fortifie.
They are most firmely good, that best know why.

A *passiue* understanding to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to discerne, I wish to find,
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue,
Learning and *pregnant wit*, in Woman-kind,
What it finds malleable maketh fraile,
And doth not add more *ballaste* but more *saile*.
* * * * *
All these good parts a *Perfect woman* make
Adde *Loue* to me, they make a *Perfect Wife*
Without hir *Loue*, Her *Beauty* should I take
As that of Pictures, dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then her *Beauty* like the Sunne doth shine
Alike to all; *That* makes it only *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reason Father* be
And *Passion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*:
Selfe love (which second Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *her*) her *Loue* respect;
No man but fauours his owne worth effect.

Among other imitations of Overbury's poem may be enumerated *The Husband.* A Poeme expressed in a compleat Man," London, 1614, 8vo. *The Description of a Good Wife*: or a rare one amongst women. By Richard Brathwaite. London, 1619, 8vo. *A Happy Husband*: or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate, together with a Wives behauiour after Marriage, by Patrick Hannay, Gent. London, 1619, 8vo. *A Wife not ready made, but bespoken*, by Dicus the Batchelor: and made up for him by his fellow shepheard Tityrus. In four pastoral Eglogues. By Robert Aylett, LL.D. London, 1653, 8vo. *The Poeme of a Maid by Wye Saltonstall.* London, 1631, 12mo. *A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overburies Wife, now a matchlesse Widow.* By John Davies of Hereford. London, 1616, 8vo. *The Illustrious Wife*, viz., That excellent Poem, Sir Thomas Overburies Wife, illustrated by Giles Oldisworth, Nephew to the same Sir T. O. London, 1673. Of these imitations, that by Saltonstall may, perhaps, be considered as the best, but they were none of them so popular as the original, nor of equal merit.

According to Fuller, Sir Thomas Overbury is to be considered as "the first writer of characters of our nation, and it is since generally admitted that to him we are indebted for the earliest legitimate specimen of this entertaining species of composition. Although somewhat quaint and antithetical, they are written with much spirit and truthfulness of delineation. The "characters" in this impression are twenty-one in number, and the "newes" seventeen, which, in subsequent editions, were greatly increased. The former are without any acknowledgment by name, but may be assigned altogether to Overbury. The latter are by divers other writers, the first alone having the initials of Sir Thomas Overbury, the others being marked with various initials at the end of each. One of them, "Newes from the very Country," signed I. D., was printed as Dr. Donne's in 1669. We quote one of the shortest characters, "A Dissembler," as a specimen of this portion of the volume.

A Dissembler

Is an essence needing a double definition, for hee is not that he appears. Unto the eye hee is pleasing, vnto the eare not harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents give him forme: he dieth his meanes and his meaning into two colors, he baites craft with humilitie, and his countenance is the picture of the present dispositions. He winnes not by battery, but vndermining, and his racke is soothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obseruation. Hee knowes passion onely by sufference, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memorie, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion; the inquisitor must looke through his iudgement, for to the eye only he is not visible.

This first edition of Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife" is of considerable rarity, and the present copy is further remarkable for having the two following original stanzas, in manuscript, prefixed to the volume:

As by a Wife thou liust, soe by a wyfe
Thou wast cut of: thus vice and vertue striue:
It was thy goodnesse which did shorten life:
And yet by death thou longer shalt suruiue.
Thy wife a speaking tombe thy name retaines,
The heau'ns thy better part, and we thy paines.

G. M.

The earth can not afford thee such a wife
As thou describes: the heau'ns thy marriage then
Shall celebrate; that in another life
The union may be made; where neuer againe
It shall be cancel'd; how happy was their hate
By whome thou dost enjoy thy wish'd estate.

G. LLL.

The popularity of this work was such that it went through sixteen editions before 1638. The poem of the "Wife" was reprinted by Mr. Capel in his *Prolusions*, London, 1760, 8vo, who has also noticed the different editions. And the reader may consult further, Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 133; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 372; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 228; Dr. Bliss' edition of *Earle's Microcosmography*, 1811, 8vo, p. 257; Le Neve's *Cursory Remarks on Ancient English Poets*, 1789, 8vo, p. 27; Drake's *Life and Times of Shakespeare*, vol. i, p. 509, and p. 694; *Biogr. Britan.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, p. 502.

Bound by Aitken.

In Sage Green Morocco — gilt edges.

Overbury, (Sir Thomas.) — Sir Thomas Overbury His Wife. With Additions of New Characters, and many other Wittie Conceits neuer before Printed. The eleventh Impression. London Printed for Lawrence Lisle, and are to be sold by Henry Seile at the Tigers-head in Pauls Church-yard. 1622. Sm. 8vo.

In this edition the publisher's address "To the Reader" is followed by "Elegies of seuerall authors on the vntimely death of Sir Thomas Overburie

poysoned in the Tower," and also by commendatory verses on the Author and his Poem. These Elegies and Poems, nineteen in number (22 pages), have the signatures of D. T., C. B., W. S., W. B. Int. Temp., B. G. medij Temp., Cap. Tho. Gainsford, Jo. Fo., R. Ca., E. G., F. H., R. C., J. F., J. F., D. T., D. T., X. Z., Blank, G. R., and W. Stra. Then follows the poem "On the choyce of a Wife," and some additional Elegies and Verses, nine pages more; next "An Elegie on the late Lord William Howard Baron of Effingham, dead the tenth of December 1615," lines "Ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ," and "An Elegie on the Death of the Lady Rutland," occupying twenty additional pages. In this edition several alterations are introduced in the Poem — some of them of importance; in the twenty-third stanza for instance, the two last lines are entirely new; the thirty-second and thirty-third stanzas are transposed, and other changes which might be named. The number of characters in the present impression is increased to eighty-one, being sixty more than in the first edition, and the number of the Newes from seventeen to twenty. Between the Characters and the Newes are introduced Sir Henry Wotton's poem, "The Character of a happy life," "An Essay on Valour," and "Certaine Edicts from a Parliament in Eutopia; Written by the Lady Southwell": and at the end of the volume are the "Wittie Conceits" mentioned in the title, consisting of "Paradoxes, as they were spoken in a Maske, and presented before his Maiestie at Whitehall," "The Mountebankes Receiptes," and three "Mountebankes Songs," of which we present our readers with the first. These Paradoxes, Receipts, and Songs, are all taken from a Masque believed to be written by the well-known satirist John Marston. It was exhibited before the king at Whitehall, and also in Gray's Inn Hall, the scenery and decorations for it being devised by the celebrated Inigo Jones, and is entitled *The Mountebank's Masque.* It has lately been printed, under the editorship of Mr. Collier, in one of the Shakespeare Society's volumes relating to Inigo Jones, from the original *MS.* in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Collier, however, does not seem to have been aware that they had been printed before in the present volume. The Song below is the second in the Masque.

The Mountebankes Song.

Is any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound, or loose behind?
Is any foule, that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?

Do's any dreame? do's any walke?
Or in his sleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Be drummes or rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braines well tempered?
Do's Eolus thy stomacke gnaw?
Or breede there vermine in thy maw?
Doest thou desire and canst not please?
Loe here the best Cantharides.
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Even all diseases that arise,
From ill disposed crudities;
From too much study, too much paine,
From lazinesse, and from a straine;
From any humour doing harme
Be it dry, or moist, or cold, or warme,
Then come to me, what ere, &c.

Of lazie Gout, I cure the rich,
I rid the beggar of the itch,
I fleame avoid both thicke and thinne,
I dislocated ioynts put in,
I can old age, to youth restore,
And doe a thousand wonders more,
Then come to me, &c.

Along with this work there is bound up in the present volume a copy of John Davies of Hereford's poem, "A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overburie's Wife, now a matchlesse Widow," sm. 8vo, Lond. 1616, which, having been already described among the works of that writer, will require no further notice here.

Bound by Winstanley.
In Blue Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

OVERBURY, (SIR THOMAS.) — Sir Thomas Overbury His Wife. With Additions of New Characters, and many other Wittie Conceits never before Printed. The fifteenth Impression. London, Printed by R. B. for Robert Allot, and are to be

sold at the signe of the Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1632. Sm. 8vo.

With the exception of the orthography, which, as usual in reprints of this century, was continually being modernized, the present edition appears to be merely a copy of the one just noticed. The extreme popularity of the work is readily seen from the large number of editions that appeared during so brief a period, a circumstance of unusual occurrence in respect to all but a comparatively few books of a strictly popular character. It will be unnecessary to extend our remarks further on a production so well known, but often as it has been quoted before, we cannot resist the temptation of offering to our readers part of the pure and beautiful character of "A faire and happy Milke-maid," one of the most exquisite in the book, than which nothing more truly tender and elegant of the kind was ever written, and the conclusion of which was quoted by Walton in his *Complete Angler*, in connection with Marlowe's elegant and well-known song, and its almost equally celebrated answer.

A faire and happy Milke-maid

Is a Countrey Wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put all face-Physicke out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a Dumbe Orator to commend Vertue; therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better than outsides of Tissew; for though shee be not arrayed in the spoile of the Silke-worme, shee is deckt in Innocency, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long a bed, spoile both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleepe is rust to the Soule: shee rises therefore with Chaunticleere her dames Cock, and at night makes the Lambe her Curfew. In milking a Cow, and strayning the Teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a Milke presse makes the Milke the whiter or sweeter; for neuer came Almond Glove or Aromatique Oyntment of the Palme to taint it. The Golden eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fill'd them. Her breath is her owne, which scents all the yeere long of June, like a new made Haycock. Shee makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pittie: and when winters evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheele of Fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seemes ignorance will not suffer her to doe ill, beeing her minde is to doe well. She bestowes her yeeres wages at next faire; and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery in th' world like decency. The Garden and Bee-hive are all her Physicke and Chyrurgerie, and she lives the longer for't.

Bound in Vellum wrapper.

OVERBURY, (SIR THOMAS.) — The Bloody downfall of Adultery, Murder, Ambition, at the end of which are added Westons, and Mistris Turners last Teares, shed for the Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury poysoned in the Tower; who for the fact, suffered deserued execution at Tiburne the 14 of Nouember last 1615.

Mercy sweet Jesus.

Printed at London for R. H. and are to be sold at his shop at the Cardinalls Hat without Newgate. n.d. 4to.

On the title-page of this very scarce tract, above the imprint, and headed "Mercy sweet Jesus," are woodcut portraits of Mrs. Turner and Weston kneeling in prayer. The cruel and atrocious murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower by poison on the 13th September 1615, for the commission of which the immediate and subordinate instruments concerned therein lost their miserable lives, while the titled and guilty planners of it escaped and were pardoned through the weakness of King James, gave rise to several pamphlets and tracts upon the subject, among which was the one under our present notice. The prose part of the volume, under the title of "*The Bloody downfall of Adultery, Murder, and Ambition*, presented in a black scane of Gods iust Iudgements in reuenge of the Iñocent blood lately shed in this Kingdome," occupies seventeen pages, and is a kind of moral discourse upon the three particular vices mentioned in the title, without much immediate allusion to the special case of Sir Thomas Overbury, although the characters are shadowed out under the general description, as witness the following on the rise of the wicked and unprincipled favourite of James I.:

The first that presents him selfe vpon our stage will wee call *Ambition*, catching at nothing but Starres, climing onely for Greatnesse, this is hee, that cunningly can inuent stratagems to his owne ouerthrow giuing Pens occasion to write Tragedies,— if hee rise from obscurity (as many haue done) hee laboreth to be skilfull in those things, which are most pleasing to the greater sort, and tolerable among the commons; His study is for prayse, and not for vertue; His lookes, like *Mausolus* toumbe, faire and comely without, but within, nothing but rotten bones, and corrupt practises,— his apparell increaseth with his Fortune, and as worldly affaires direct him, so suteth he both fashions and affections; — in his study he affecteth singularity, and is proud in being author of a new stratagem: — if hee chance to come into the eie of the World, hee then creepes into the fauour of some great Personage, in feeding whose humour (to relieue his wants) makes intrusion into some heritage, and matcheth not

according to his birth, but to the increase of his fortune, and by that means, by hooke or crooke, hee attayneth to some place in the Court: — Then begins hee with gifts to winne hearts, by fayned humility to auoyd hatred, by offices of friendship, to bind his equalls, by cunning insinuations to worke his superiors, by which meanes hee is held to be worthely a Statesman:—being growne to this steppe higher, the authority likes him not without the stile, wherein if any crosse him, looke for poyson in his cuppe, or conspiracy in his walkes,—yea so pestilent is his nature, that (like fire raked vp in embers) hee neuer sheweth but to consume, both himselfe and others: — if hee perceaue any that by ripe Iudgment conceiteth his courses, with him hee ioyneth, as if hee sought his onely protection vnder the wing of his Glory, — but the very truth is, hee hath no other intent but this, to clip the wings of his renowne for feare hee flie beyond him; — if the nature of the Nobleman whom hee enuieth be gentle, hee bringeth him in feare, either of his seruants in his household, or his familliars that loue his honour,— or else some mislike betwixt his Prince and him, sworne confirmed by flatteries and intelligences, till the Noble loseth either his land, authoritie, or place, and hee attaine both his stile and promotion: — yet plaie he neuer so cunningly, such vncertaine honours beget daily dangers, and makes him carelesse of his soules prosperitie: — For then there entereth into his mind a delightfull sinne called curiosity, by which to make him more able in other mischiefes, hee giues entertainment to witches and charmers, — and consorts himselfe with nouell mongers, and strange inuenters of banquets, to set lust on fire, and that can deuise confections to besot youth with luxury, that for an irefull man can worke strange reuenges, — for a fearefull, a strong tower to keepe him in: — to be excellent at poysons, to kill lingringly, like the Italian.

In the latter portion of the discourse, there is a more direct application of the subject to the parties concerned in this foul transaction — the flagitious Countess of Essex and her guilty paramour:

All you that haue your hearts pierced with sad considerations, take this for a remembrance of greefe, that is; — That when a Woman of noble Parentage, plaeed on the mountaine of smiling chance, hauing the dignity of Greatnesse shining on her fore-head, should humble herselfe to base conditions, giuing her whole mind to malicious hatred, secret consent of iniquity, selfe-will and wicked proceedings neuer pacified till the end of damned performances. Oh! was not this Woman created for a deep sorrow to her Alliance, a great greefe vnto her Country, and a foule staine vnto her owne reputation? Is it not also a lamentable example, for a Gentleman of good birth and calling, placed in dignity, in high office and charge for his Country, to giue way by consent to a bloody stratagem, and for feare of the displeasures of Greatnes intangles himselfe in the snares of reproch? Will not this also be a contiuuall remembrance to his posterity, and a barre of disgrace branding the coat Armes of his house, to haue the common course of iustice passe vpon him in the eye of the multitude? Is it not also great pitty that for want of grace, some of a seruile (yet an obseruing condition), should from the golden meane of low estate wait at the elbow of Greatnes, and bring fuell to their fire of iniquity, wherein at the

length they themselues are likewise consumed. Oh! wherefore should simplicity thus blind vp their eyes of vnderstanding, to bee thus the instruments of sueh dangerous drifts, that ayme at nothing but grudge and malice? If with *Solons* saying, they had sealed vp their hearts, *Remember the end*, this had neuer beene:—then how are they led away with amisse, that hauing the gifts of art and experience, the secrets of the simples of Phisick, ordained by God for mans good vse, should by the Diuell and them be conuerted thus to malignant purposes;— if the feare of God had shined in their hearts, it would haue been a light to haue led them from all those darke practises, which hath now spotted the foreheads of their reputations with the marks of black infamy: — shame cannot choose but be the reward of such enterprisers, that for the fauours of Greatnes, will dip their hands in the blood of Innocents, and euen as it were worke against nature: — Oh more then sauage minded Creatures, in the very deepenesse of your blacke and bloody imaginations (imboldened by whomsoeuer) this might haue been your *Memento*, in which I conclude, that strange and wonderfull are Gods iudgements, that in these fore-passed stratagems, haue shined in great glory, say you then, that blood innocently shed, is layd vp in Heauens Treasury, — not one drop of it can be lost, but lent out to Vsury: — Water poured forth, sinkes downe quietly into the earth, but blood spilt on the ground, sprinkles vp to the Firmament,—Murder is wide mouthed, and will not let GOD rest till hee grant reuenge, not onely the blood of the slaughtered, but the soule of the Innocent ascending to his throne, crying out and exclaiming for Justice, which (the Lord be praysed) hath beene, and will bee carefully followed by the learned and worthy Magistrates of this Kingdome, whom the Lord God prosper and protect in all their proceedings, to which let all true hearts say, Amen.

The latter part of the tract contains "Mistris Turners Teares, for the Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury who was poysoned in the Tower of London." This is a poem in thirty-four verses, occupying eight pages, from which we quote a few of the verses as a short specimen of these sorrowful and repentant confessions, which are supposed to be poured forth by Mrs. Turner herself.

18.

O crying sinne, which smothered nere so deep
In caues, which silent night her selfe does keep,
Bound vp in darknes, like the steeme of Hell
Which none can peirce, yet the blaek deed to tell,

19.

Euen graues of dead men rotten long agoe
Will open wide: Vengeanee walkes often slow
To our weak sight, but when to strike it stands,
On Heau'ns high Tower, it hath a 1000 hands.

20.

Th' Almighties Arrowes fly both sure and strong
And where they hit great Oakes fall all along,

No hidden mark but stands within his eie
And that he cleaues, when forth his wrath does flie.

21.

Witnesse my selfe and others, who defying
The busiest searching Sunbeam from discrying:
Where Villany lay lurking, wrap'd in cloudes,
So safe we thought as dead men in their shrouds.

22.

When to Mans Sence 'twas as impossible
Mountaines to moue, as find a tongue durst tel
Our buried plots, See they are rent and torne
By God's least finger; and we left in scorne.

23.

Our maskes pluck'd off our faces now appeare
Such as they are indeed, not as they were,
Plaine on our browes are our close mischiefes
Who most did hide, now most discouer it.

24.

The Wolues are caught in snares; the shepherd now
Knows that a lamb was slain, by whom and how,
The blood of whom by cruell friend so spilt,
Flowes like a Sea, yet washes off no guilt.

25.

If any aske mee, why I was so led
And why so neare to hell I ventured
I was bewitch'd, for what I did behold,
Was a most bitter *Pill*, but wrap'd in gold.

26.

That liquorish baite intic'd me take it downe
As wholesome Phisick, but (with shame) 'tis known
No poison can so soone destroy the *Soule*,
The outside glorious, but the inside foule.

27.

O Gold! thou glittering diuell that confoundest
The Richest, Fairest, Strongest, Wisest, Soundest,
Would God, as he to Indians is vnknowne
That so their Drossy God were theirs alone.

28.

Soules would not tumble then so fast to Hell,
Nor of my Fall should I this Story tell,
Terror to Soule and Body, had not heauen
To Sinnes more high and horrid, pardon giuen.

On the last leaf is "A Prayer made by Mistris Turner, the night before her Suffering Death," and "Master Westons Teares, for the Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, who was poysoned in the Towre of London," which conclude the volume.

There was another impression printed with the date 1616, 4to, of which a copy sold in Strettall's sale, No. 361, for *3l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* Besides the wood-cut portraits of Mrs. Turner and Weston in the title, the present copy has an additional portrait of Overbury inserted, and is

Bound by Charles Lewis,
In Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Ovid. — The fable of Ovid treting of Narcissus, trāslated out of Latin into English Metres, with a moral ther unto, very pleasante to rede.

God resysteth the proud in euery place
But unto the humble he geueth his grace.
Therfore trust not to riches beuti nor strēgth
All these be vayne, and shal consume at length.

Imprynted at London by Thomas Hackette, and are to be sold at hys shop in Cannynge strete, over agaynste the thre Cranes. M.D.LX. 4to, blk. lett.

Caxton printed his translation of the *Metamorphosis*, which contained the fables of Ovid, in 1480. With this single exception, the present appears to be the earliest attempt at a translation of any of the fables of Ovid into English metre, Golding's version of the first four books not having been printed till 1565, and of the whole fifteen bookes not till 1567. The authorship of this volume, in consequence of these initials at the end, "Finis, Quod. T. H.," is ascribed with confidence by Ritson to Thomas Howell, who was the writer of *The Arbor of Amitie*, 1568, 8vo, and of another volume of poems entitled "Deuises for his owne exercise, and of his Friends pleasure," 1581, 4to, but this opinion, although probably correct, is not supported by Ritson by any corroboratiug proof, nor do we find this volume noticed by Mr. Collier in his extracts from the *Registers of the Stationers' Company*.

NEW YORK

The title is within a woodcut border, on the back of which are fourteen lines, "The prenter to the Booke," and on the next page "The Argument of the fable," in prose. The translation of Ovid's fable of *Narcissus* occupies five pages only, containing 192 lines written in the Alexandrine measure. "The moralization of the Fable in Ovid of Narcissus" extends to twenty-six pages, and is composed of 128 stanzas of seven lines each. In this part the author does not confine himself to the subject of the fable, but introduces other illustrations, both from scripture and the classics; and while this portion of the work is more than twice the length of the other, it is also much superior in its style and versification. We transcribe a few of the stanzas from the "Moralization" of the fable — a custom which very generally prevailed at that period of our literature, when almost every narrative was supposed or made to be allegorical, and to contain a moral meaning.

The office of the minde, is to haue power
Uppon the bodye, and to order well
The bodys office yeke in euery hower.
It is of the minde to lerne the perfite skyll
The vayne desyres that rise, him by to kill
Wherby the mynde dothe kepe his perfite strength
And yeke the bodye vanquishe loste at length.

Now where the minde is drowned with desyre
Of such delyghtes as to the bodye longe
The boddy then muste nedes consume with fyer
Of raginge lustes aboute the same that thronge
So that the minde is cause of bothe ther wronge
To put it selfe, and of the proper place
And bringe the bodye, to so euil a case.

For thus the minde, that oughte of righte, to bee
The teacher of the bodye to do well
Doth make the same to euery euill agree
Procuringe that it shoulde of right expell
Wherby in bothe, a mouinge blinde doth dwell
Euen as within Narcyssus dyd remayne
That through his shadowe to be suche agayne.

And as Narcissus, neuer coulde attayne
His shadowe, which he wisshed for so faste
And that his loue did lede him to his payne
Euen so thys minde that reasons bondes hath paste
It selfe, and from the proper place hath easte
Shall neuer gayne that it dothe moste desyer
Suche is to folye styll the followinge hire.

For thoughe it couet muche, a safe estate
And seke it selfe to plante in perfite plighte
Yet this desyer, prosedyth all too late
When will is bente to loue vayne delight
Whose rashe regarde descerns not blacke from whyte
Who wolde be well worketh other wise
Of beinge well, the suertie doth despise.

And when this minde hath wroughte so moche amisse
Thus blindely from his perfecte place to fall
We muste nedys graunte a kinde of dethe it is
A thinge deuine, and perfecte to be thrall
Unto the carcas moste corrupt of all
When this immortall minde, shall seke to serue
Eche mortall thinge, his vertue nedes muste starve.

The author who had previously stated his intention of giving the judgment of others upon this tale of Ovid, in addition to his own moralization, brings forward the above quotation as a portion of the opinion of Ficius or Fysius (Ficinus?), a writer on the same, and then alludes to two other learned commentators on this subject, the one "an Englyshman that walles have to name," the other "a learned man of Italye." Of the former person we are entirely ignorant. The lines relating to these two writers read as follows:

This is the meaninge of Ficius sence
That in this wise one Plato doth wryghte
And nowe to show, the learned mennes pretence
With Ouides tale the reders to delyghte
Two there were that somewhat dyd indite
Of this same fable, whiche I will declare
Leaste anye wryter I maye seme to spare.

The one hereof a sence deuine doth make
No foole he semethe, that Walles hath to name
An englyshe man, which thus doth undertake
For soules behoufe, to deskant on this same
Thereby sayth he, a nomber moche to blame
That as Narcissus lettes there bewty quale
Because they quite misuse there good auayle.

* * * * * *

The other nowe whome Italye dyd brede
As foloweth wrytes, to them that shall yet rede.

In Grece there was a passing fayre yonge man
Whose beautye broughte him unto such a pride
That through the same unto such dysdayne he ran

As but him selfe he none coulde well abide
But counted other all as vile besyde
Through which his ende was wretchedly to dye
Within the woodes to starue and ther to lye.

And wheras Oued, doth hereof affirme
That this Narcissus, was transformed at laste
Into a flower, he only doth confirme
That youth and bewghte come and soone be paste
Euen as the flower, that wetherith full fast
And for by cause, in wodes the nimphes do dwell
His death bewaylyd of them doth Ouid tell.

The poem closes with the ensuing stanza :

And thus my simpel trauayle I commende
Unto euery one, prayinge you to take
The same in worthe, and when more yeares shall sende
More wyt and yeke more knowledge shall awake
Such labours lyke, I mene not to forsake
As knoweth God, who kepe us alwaye
Saue and defend us from all decaye.

Finis. Quod T. H.

From this stanza, and from some lines at the beginning of the moralization

For neither I presume by youthfull yeares
To clayme the skyl that elder folkes doe wante, &c.

in thus speaking of his "youthfull yeares," we gather that the work was written in his early life, and that he intended, "when more yeares had sent more wit and more knowledge," to continue his present labours — and to furnish to the world some other similar undertakings. Howell, if he was the author of the present poem, also wrote *The Arbor of Amitie*, wherein is comprised pleasaunt poemes and pretie poesies, Lond., 1568, 8vo, and *Deuises for his owne exercise and his friends pleasures*, Lond., 1581, 4to, both of them works of extreme rarity, only one copy of each being known to be in existence.

At the end of the volume is a separate leaf not noticed either in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* or in *Cens. Liter.*, containing the imprint as given before, and on the reverse a spirited woodcut representing Narcissus hunting in the woods. See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 257; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 250; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 243; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 385. The copy in the latter catalogue was priced 28*l.*; Reed's do., No. 6997, 3*l.* 19*s.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, p. 1620, 3*l.* 8*s.*; Midgley's do., No. 1462, 12*l.* 12*s.*

The present copy was formerly in the collection of Baron Bolland, and was purchased at his sale by Mr. V. Utterson, by whom it was rebound, and was obtained at the sale of the library of the latter.

Bound by Mackenzie,
In Green Morocco, elegant. Gilt leaves.

PARKER, (ARCHBISHOP.) — The whole Psalter translated into English Metre, which contayneth an hundreth and fifty Psalmes. The first quinquagene.

Quoniam omnis terre Deus: Psallite sapienter.
Psalm xlvii, 7.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Daye, dwelling ouer Aldersgate, beneath S. Martyns. *n. d.* (1560). 4to, blk. lett.

Cum gratia et privilegio Regiœ maiestatis, per Decennium.

Few characters shone out with greater lustre at the dawn of the Reformation, or were more celebrated for their love of literature, than Archbishop Parker, who not only wrote or translated some important works himself, but was remarkable for his love of books, and for his munificence in the encouragement of literary men. While his great work on the *Antiquity of the British Church* is a striking monument of his historical labours, the present volume, composed during his days of persecution and exile, is a proof of his devotional feelings, and of his love for the welfare and interests of the church. And not only in these, but also in many other ways, did he prove himself a liberal patron and kind benefactor of the diligent and laborious typographer who printed this volume, and who was himself a warm and zealous promoter of the Protestant cause.

The title is within a woodcut compartment with a mask at the top between two swans, a male and female standing on brackets, blowing horns, on the sides, a lion's head, ringed, between two sphinxes at the bottom. The title is followed by a metrical address "Ad Lectorum," and "To the Reader," with five verses on texts of Scripture in praise of psalmody; "Of the vertue of Psalmes," eleven pages in verse; "Athanasius in Psalmos," in English prose, four pages; "Of the use and vertue of the Psalmes by Athanasius," twelve pages; "Psalmi quodammodo sic constituti," &c.; "Octo

tonorum distinctiones et proprietates"; "Basilius in Psalmos"; "Chrisostomus in Psalmos"; "Augustinus Libr: confess: 10 cap. 33"; and quotations from other works by Josephus, Eusebius, and others, in favour of the Psalms, concluding with an extract from Lord Surrey's translation of Ecclesiastes. The Psalms are divided into three quinquagenes, each having a separate title-page, and each preceded by a short metrical argument in *italic* letter, and at the end of each a collect in roman type. The first psalm is also preceded by a short introduction. The first quinquagene ends on p. 146, the second on p. 280, and the third on p. 424. The psalms are likewise divided into five books — the first concluding on p. 120, the second on p. 201, the third on p. 253, the fourth on p. 308, and the fifth on p. 424. The 119th psalm has a short metrical preface prefixed, and each of the twenty-two divisions of this psalm has the lines beginning with the same letter in alphabetical succession. The difficulty of finding sixteen words commencing with the letter X is overcome by using a capital E in the margin, connected by a circumflex with each line. At the close of the psalms are the "Gloria Patri for diuers Metres," "Te Deum," "The Song of the three Children," "Benedictus," "Magnificat," "Nunc Dimittis," "Quicunque vult" or Athanasian Creed, "Veni Creator," &c., twenty-two pages. After these occur some lines.

The nature of the eyght Tunes.

1. The first is meeke: deuout to see,
2. The second sad: in maiesty.
3. The third doth rage: and roughly brayth,
4. The fourth doth fawne: and flattry playth:
5. The fyfth delighth: and laugheth the more.
6. The sixt bewayleth: it weepeth full sore.
7. The seuenth tredeth stoute: in froward race,
8. The eyghte goeth milde: in modest pace.

The eight tunes are then given with the notes for "The Meane, Contra Tenor, Tenor, and Base," eighteen pages; then "The Treble," three pages; "The Index," three pages; "Faultes escaped," one page; and on the reverse, the printer's beautiful emblematical device, and the colophon. The former represents an old man teaching an elegantly dressed person in the prime of life this lesson of mortality, "Etsi Mors, Indies accelerat," pointing to a skeleton laid on a richly ornamented tomb, from which issues a flourishing tree, with this motto on a ribband twisted about it, "Vivet tamen post funera virtus." It is supposed to be taken from a cut at the end of Lydgate's *Daunce of Machabre*, 1554, fol., and was evidently designed and engraved by a foreign artist.

It has been said by some of Parker's biographers, that he went abroad during the troubled reign of Queen Mary, when he lost the whole of his preferments, and that during the period of his exile he composed his version of the psalms. It does not, however, appear from Strype, that he ever went beyond his own native county of Norfolk, but that in his retirement there he was busily employed, amongst other things, on these psalms, which were completed at that time, although not printed for several years after, as we learn from an entry of the Archbishop's, in his own *Diary*, given by Strype. It seems singular that Strype, who mentions this fact, should never have seen a copy of this work, nor known what was become of the translation. But though printed by Parker, after he was promoted to his Archbishopric, yet he appears not to have published them, probably thinking, as Warton observes, that "such a publication, whatever his private sentiments might have been, would not have suited the nature and dignity of his high office in the church." It is believed, therefore, that they were not printed for sale, but that the few copies of the book now known were presents from the Archbishop to his friends. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the work is extremely rare, and seldom occurs for sale.

However great and exalted Parker's talents and ability were in other more important matters connected with the high duties of his situation, we cannot concede to this worthy prelate much merit or facility in his version of the psalms, which does not even attain to the low standard of the common one in use by Sternhold. Parker's version, therefore, will be found not of a high order, but feeble and prosaic, wanting spirit and poetical energy. He seems not to have been completely satisfied with it himself, for some of the versions are repeated twice, or even thrice translated in different metres. Our readers will not be satisfied without a few short specimens taken from different psalms. Having already given portions of other versions of the eighteenth, which is considered one of Sternhold's most successful attempts, our first extract shall be taken from that, especially as the second verse is incorrectly printed in Warton:

The earth did shake: for feare did quake,
the hils theyr bases shooke;
Remoued they were; in place most faire,
at Gods right fearefull looke.

Darke smoke rose so; hys face there fro,
hys mouth as fire consumde;
That coales at it, were kyndled bryght,
when he in anger fumde.

The heauens ful low; he made to trowe,
and downe dyd he ensue:
And darkenes great, was under sat
his feete in clowdy hue.

He rode on hye: and dyd so flye,
upon the Cherubins;
He came in sight; and made hys flight,
upon the wyng of wyndes.

His place he set: In darkenes great,
as secret there to byde;
Wyth cloudes about; — he set it out,
wyth waters blacke beside.

At hys great light; of present sight,
the cloudes past ouer quight;
As stones of hayle: do melt and quayle,
by coales in fire light.

The Lord from heauen; sent down his leauen
and thundred thence in ire;
He thunder cast; in wonders blast,
wyth hayle and coales of fire.

A verse or two of the eighty-sixth psalm, which is composed in double rhyme, with a cæsura between, shall form our second extract:

These ceasures have perfect sence red severally or joyntly.

1. Bow downe thyne eare; O Lord heare
For thee I feare; As God most hye
Whose fauour kynd My hart would see
I fayne would finde; thy grace at eye
For poore I lye; all wrapt in thrall,
My wante I spye; to thee I call.
To thee I call

2. My soule preserue; for thyne it is,
Aye thee to serue; unfainedly,
So wholy bought; it may not misse,
Keepe thou in thought; my Lord saye I,
Thy seruant poore; to thee I call,
To thee the more. wythstand my fall.
Wythstand my fall.

3. Extend thy grace; saue me O Lord,
And shew thy face; all louingly,
In mercy so; thy grace aforde,
I stand thereto; assuredly,
Wherto I hyed; to seke for ease,
And dayly cryed; I wyll not cease,
I wyll not cease.

5. For kynde thou art; O Lord of grace,
Of gentle hart; and mercifull,
To all a lyke; in euery place,
Who wyll the sake; most bountefull
In stable fayth; thou art to spie,
In thee who stayth; who mournth in thee,
who mournth in thee.

The metre of the hundredth psalm is somewhat peculiar in the long rhyming word at the end of each line, of which we do not find another instance in the book. The metres throughout the volume are very varied and discursive:

O joy all men: terrestriall,
Reioyce in God: celestiall,
I byd not Jewes: especiall,
But Jewes and Greekes: in generall.

Serue ye thys Lord: heroicall,
Wyth ioy of hart: effectuall:
Seke ye hys sight: potentiall:
Wyth hymnes of myrth: most musicall.

Hys gates and courtes: tread usuall,
Wyth laudes and hymnes: poeticall:
Geue thankes to hym: continuall,
And blesse his name: most liberall.

For why this Lord: so principall,
Is sweete, hys grace: perpetuall:
Hys truth of word: stand euer shall,
With hundreth thankes: thus ende we all.

One more quotation from the 137th psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," &c., from which we have already given some examples from other versions, will conclude our extracts from this volume:

At water sides of Babilon,
euen there we sat and wept:
While Syon mount, we thought upon,
remembring Gods precept.

We hong among the Salow trees
our Harpes and Organs all:
No ioy we had; — with weeping eyes,
to matters musicall.

They craued of us; who thrald us wrong,
Some dyties melody;
In scorne they sayd; sing us some song
Of Syon merely.

How can we syng; sayd we agayne,
The Lordes sweete songes deuyne;
In land so strange: who us constrayne,
we must all mirth resigne.

If I should thee, cast out of mynde;
O good Jerusalem,
I would my hand, went out of kinde:
to play to pleasure them.

Yea, let my tonge, to palate sticke:
if that I minde thee not.
If Syons prayse, I should not seeke;
as chiefe to ioy in that.

Parker's version is still extremely rare, and fortunate may he consider himself who is the possessor of a copy. The following are some of the prices which this volume has produced at different sales. Rice's sale, No. 1,003, 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's do., pt. ii, No. 759, 11*l.* 11*s.*; Bindley's do., pt. iii, No. 1,167, 17*l.* 17*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 534, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Bright's do., No. 4595, 40*l.* 10*s.*; Lea Wilson's do., No. 1008, 40*l.*

There are copies in the Bodleian library; at Lambeth Palace; in Brazenose College library, and in the Grenville collection in the British Museum. In the catalogue of the latter library, vol. ii, p. 580, it is stated that "only eight copies are known of this curious version by Archbishop Parker."

A full description of the volume will be found in Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iv, p. 175. See also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 4; Strype's *Life of Archbp. Parker*, pp. 33, 508, appendix, p. 165; Hawkins's *Hist. of Musick*, vol iii, p. 502; Cotton's *List of Editions of the Bible*, pp. 57, 146, 161; Brydges's *Restituta*, vol. i, p. 419; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 534.

Collation: Title A i, Sig. A to Y iiii, Aa to Yy iiii, AA to ZZ iiii, in fonrs.

Is old Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

PARKER, (MARTIN.) — The Nightingale warbling forth her owne disaster: — or, The Rape of Philomela, — Newly written in English Verse, by Martin Parker.

London. Printed by G. P. for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop neere Furnevals Inne Gate in Holbourne. 1632. 8vo, pp. 44.

No other copy of this poetical volume is known. It came successively from the libraries of Major Pearson, Mr. Park, and Mr. Strettall, and was described by the second of these gentlemen in the *Cens. Lit.*, vol. iii, p. 26. It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable Henry Parker Lord Morley and Mount Eagle, Baron of Rie &c." After this follows a prose address from the author "To the Iudicious Reader," which is given at length in the *Cens. Lit.*, then two seven-line stanzas, "The Author to his Booke, and it to him in manner of a Dialogue"; commendatory verses by William Reeve, T. S., and Da. Price; and lastly a statement in prose of "The Argument of this Poem or History." The subject of the poem, which is written in seven-line stanzas, is the mournful tale of the transformation of Philomela and her sister into birds, paraphrased from the sixth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and commences thus:

When *Tellus* old by *Hyems* late opprest,
Was pittied and rescued by *Ver*,
And in her gorgeous mantle was new drest
Which *Flora* kindly had bestow'd on her;
I that did health before all wealth prefer
Walkt forth to take the benefit of th' ayre,
Wherewith *Ambrosia* might not then compare.

And chancing to passe by a curious grove
Which nature artificially had made,
Excelling that wherein the *Queene of love*
Her wanton toyes with her coy lover play'd,
Therein I stept my selfe a while to shade
From *Titan's* force, which then full South was got
Reflecting rayes that were exceeding hot.

There as I lay reposed on the ground
Delighted with its oderiferous smell
The heavenly Quiristers about me round
Made musicke which did please my senses well;
Especially the lovely *Philomel*.
Upon a hawthorne bough did warbling sit
You that will heare her song attend to it.

For by the figure call'd *Prosopopeie*
I'le tell her tale as though herselfe did speake,
You'l pardon give, if not so well as shee
I paint her story, for my braine's too weake,
For such a taske, yet I the ice will breake,
That others of more learning may indeavour
Further to wade in this deepe spatious river.

Then let your mindes suppose that you doe heare
A virgin rauisht and depriv'd of tongue,
For so the Nightingale that sings so cleare
Was once, as *Ovid* long agoe hath sung;
You maydens, wives, and men that heare her song
Regard it well, for it concerns you all
'Tis wofull, wonderfull, and tragicall.

The transformation of the three principal persons mentioned in the tale

From humane Creatures into senselesse Birds,

is thus related by Philomel in her own person:

I Philomel (turn'd to a Nightingale)
Fled to the woods, and 'gainst a bryer or thorne
I sit and warble out my mournfull tale:
To sleepe I alwaies have with heed forborne
But sweetly sing at evening, noone, and morne.
No time yeelds rest unto my dulcide throat
But still I ply my lachrimable note.

My sister *Progne* metamorphos'd was
Into a Swallow (as the Poet sayes:)
Both of us, all the Winter time doe passe
Unseene of any, till *Hyperions* rayes
Increase in hot influence, and the dayes
Are drawne in length by Nature's annuall course
The Swallow is a signe of Summer's force.

Upon her breast her marke of guilt she beares
Her back, head, wings, and traine doe mourne in sable
No pleasant note she sings, as any heares
But sounds forth accents sad and untunable,
Her flesh unfit to furnish any table;
And if in any's hand she chance to dye
'Tis counted ominous, I know not why.

In signe of her unnaturall cookery
Within a smokie Chimney still she builds
While I (with other Birds) abrod doe flye
In pleasant woods, forrests, and fragrant fields;
My tune a comfort unto mankind yeelds.
When April comes, then Country milkmaids long
And striue to heare the Nightingales sweet song.

Yet still alone I loue to sit and sing
Delighted best in melancholy shade:
My Harmony doth make the woods to ring

And by some learned Clerkes it hath been said
That if a Snake (whereof I am afraid)
Should me devoure, a Scorpion's form shee'l take
Which to prevent, I keepe my selfe awake.

Tereus was made a Lapwing, he doth cry
For his sonne *Itis*, as aloft he flyes,
Which words being reverst, doe signifie
'Tis I: who by one horrid enterprise
Did cause such floods of mischiefe to arise:
My wife, her sister, and my owne deare childe
I haue quite ouerthrone, oh monster vild!

Upon his head a tuft of feathers grow,
A signe of Regall state, which he did wrong:
And if you marke his nature, it doth show
His sordid deeds, for he delights in dung:
He hath a bill exceeding sharp and long,
A figure of that knife (it seemes to be)
Wherewith he did cut out the tongue of me.

Thus all of us were reft of humane shape
A just reward for our inhumane deeds:
All this was first occasion'd by the rape
Of *Philomel*: Rape further mischiefe breeds
The nature of these birds who ever reads
Shall finde so correspondent to my words,
That no vaine syllable my song affords.

* * * * * *

The reason why the Poet sayes, wee three
I and my sister, with her husband, were
Transformed into Birds, was cause that we
Were all unworthy humane shape to beare:
As by our deedes prodigious doth appeare:
The morall of the story is the chiefe,
As for the changing formes, 'tis past beliefe.
Yet there's no doubt but I poore *Philomel*
Have nothing sung but what you may believe:
Birds seldome use any untruthes to tell:
If you'l not take my warrant I shall grieve
Whether you doe or no, let me perceive
That you all shun the vices mention'd in't,
Then I'le rejoyce because my song's in print.

It will be seen by the reader from these extracts, that the work is not remarkable for any display of imagination or poetical fancy, nor possessed

of any extraordinary or striking merit, but exhibits merely the common run of mediocrity. Of Martin Parker the author, who contributed much to the songs and merriments of former times, and who is more remembered for his ballad-making propensities than for his poetical powers, what little is known of him, has been carefully gleaned by Mr. Park, and inserted in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 26, to which the reader is referred. See also Ritson's *Ancient English Songs*, 1790 edition, p. 230, and the *Bibl. Anglo-Poet.*, p. 536, where this unique volume is priced at 15*l.* 15*s.* It was reprinted in 1832, when a limited number of copies were taken off from it for private circulation at the expense of the late Amos Strettell, Esq., in whose possession it then was.

Half bound in Russia.

PARKER, (MARTINE).—The Poets Blind mans bough, or Have among you my blind Harpers; Being a pretty medicine to cure the Dimme, Double, Envious, Partiall, and Diabolicall eyesight and judgement of those Dogmaticall, Schismaticall, Aenigmaticall and non Gramaticall Authors who Lycentiously, without eyther Name, Lycence, Wit, or Charity, have raylinly, falsely, and foolishly written a numerous rable of pesteferous Pamphletes in this present (and the precedent) yeare, justly observed and charitably censured, By Martine Parker.

Printed at London by F. Leach, for Henry Marsh, and are to bee sold at his shop over against the Golden Lyon Taverne in Princes street. 1641. 4to, pp. 16.

This small poetical tract by Parker in vindication of himself from the anonymous attacks of various "paper-persecutors," is preceded by a metrical dedication of three stanzas, addressed "To the truly ivdicious, impartiall, charitable, and impreivdicated Christian Reader of what quality, age or sex soever, the Authour dedicates his poore endevors and refers himselfe with the same," hoping that

> good men will contented be,
> With what is Publish'd by (abus'd) M. P.
> Who neuer wrot but in the Iust defence
> Of 's King and Countrey; now's owne innocence.

The poem occupies six leaves, and is intended to vindicate himself from numerous libellous scribblers, of which he says:

Should I but give them their deserved due
Whom though I know not that most shamelesse crew
Of namelesse Authors, Authors of all lies,
Of slanderous Pasquills rayling falicies,
I might my pen dip in that learnean Sinke,
Which the infernall furies use for inke,
Or with Iambean rimes Ironicall
Make lines should serve for ropes to hang them all
But noe such cruelty is in my breast,
All my abuses I can take in Iest,
And giue such Ideots leaue to write or speak.
Eagles sleight notice take when crowes doe creake.

And after remarking with truth, that

More danger comes with quill then by the sword,

he declares against the anonymous system, and says, that where an attack is made upon another, the author's "name should justifie what he hath done."

For what is either more or less set forth
'Gainst persons in particular; what worth
Or fame among the vulgar it may win
Without the Author's name, 't hath ever bin
Held as a Lybell both in Law and sence:
Then he who writes (what e're be his pretence)
His name should iustifie what he hath done:
This maxim I have alwaies thought upon
What ever yet was published by mee,
Was knowne by Martine Parker, or M. P.
All Poets (as adition to their fames)
Have by their Works eternized their names,
As *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and that noble carle
Of *Surrie*, thought it the most precious pearle
That dick'd his honour, to subscribe to what
His high engenue euer amed at:
Sydney, and *Shakspere*, *Drayton*, *Withers*, and
Renowned *Jonson* glory of our Land:
Deker, Learn'd *Chapman*, Haywood al thought good
To haue their names in publike understood,
And that sweet Seraph of our Nation *Quarles*
(In spight of each phanatick cur that snarles)
Subscribes to his Celestiall harmony
While Angels chant his dulcid melodie.

And honest Iohn from the water to the land
Makes us all know and honour him by 's hand
And many more whose names I should haue told
In their due place, in famous record inrould,
Haue thought it honest honour to set downe
Their names or letters to whst is their owne.

Much of the remainder of the poem relates to the libels upon Archbishop Laud, and the scurrilous and infamous attacks upon that learned prelate, then a prisoner in the tower, and mention is made of a strange plot, which Parker ridicules as a lie, for giving him his release therefrom.

But (as friends) I friendly them advise
That if here after they write a [illegible]
Let them more likely be, then [illegible] was
Composed by some short hayr'd, long ear'd Ass,
Of a strange plot (beyond immagination)
To giue the Arch Bishop his free relaxation
Out of the Tower by Necromantick spells
Themselves did only know it, but none els.

Among other libels on the same prelate allusion is also made to one called "Mercuries Message":

Nor whiles I'm speaking of th' Archbishop's case
Let me examine that malicious, base,
And sencelesse Libell Mercuries Message nam'd,
Whom the Authour to recognize was asham'd.
And well he might, for amongst his lyes unholy
One thing ath' first doth most bewray his folly,
And that's the Cronagram which he to make
Upon th' Archbishop's name doth undertake:
And by the numerall letters there expresse
He would denote the number of the beast
Mention'd in the Apocalips, which is
Six hundred sixtie six, &c.

The poetical tract here alluded to is entitled "Mercuries Message, or the Coppy of a Letter sent to William Laud late Archbishop of Canterbury, now prisoner in the Tower." It has a woodcut portrait of Archbishop Laud on the title, and was "Printed in the yeare of our Prelates feare, 1641," 4to. Of its extreme rarity there cannot be a stronger proof than that at Dr. Farmer's sale, No. 7195, it produced the sum of four guineas. It consists

of four leaves only; and on the reverse of the title has the "Cronagram" alluded to above. The author passes

> ..... from this
> To other things, wherein are more amis;
> More malice, more absurdity, and more
> Nonsence then any mentioned before,
> A plot discover'd of an army good
> Secretly lurking in a private wood.
> If any such be in Northamptonshire
> Where Souldiers, all unknowne to th' neighbours neere
> Could lie in ambush such a multitude,
> And be maintain'd with quotidian food,
> With other necessaries fit for men.
> Let any of indifferent judgement scan
> Each circumstance of this pretended plot,
> And they will finde the Authour out a Scot.

One man is said to have been "the author of both plots," whose name is given in the margin as John Thomas. Mention is afterwards made of another satirical tract, called "Vox Borealis, or The Northern Discoverie: by way of Dialogue between Jamie and Willie," 1641, 4to:

> Nor *Borealist* by some brother pen
> Yet father'd on a sect to this end,
> To bring me in disgrace; as though I had
> Bin punisht heretofore for writing bad,
> Calling me th' Prelat's Poet and such tearmes,
> Which nothing but his spight at all confirmes,
> For I ne're wrot i'th' Bishop's cause so much
> As now I have on this occasion touch.

The words "father'd on a sect" may perhaps allude to this tract being printed by Margery Mar-Prelate, and classed with those slanderous publications. In the Vox Borealis, Parker "the Prelat's Poet," is thus vituperatively mentioned: "One Parker, the Prelat's Poet, who made many base ballads against the Scots, sped but little better, for he, and his antipodes were like to have tasted of Justice Long's liberalitie: and hardly he escaped his powdering-tubb, which the vulgar people calls a prison. But now he sweares he will never put pen to paper for the Prelats again, but betake himselfe to his pitcht Kanne, and Tobacco and Pipe; and learne to sell his frothie Pots againe, and give over Poetrie."

> Another foolish idle defamation
> That is intitl'd the *Popish Proclamation*

The unnam'd Authour (as in all a raylor)
Ocasion takes to abuse me and *John Taylor*
With *Herbert*, but wherefore I cannot telle
Nor he himselfe that wrote it very well,
For he is one whom though his will were bent,
Wanteth abilitie for his intent:
And yet he could in his bare garden stuffe,
(Which with Tobaco I doe take in snuffe)
Take liberty to name me in his Ieeres
But in his workes such plaine nonsence appeares
That I account his pen to be no slander.

He calls the Author a lad, who although he puts his name to what he writes, "deserves no approbation:"

. . . . . Yet this lad
I malice not, but rather should be glad
To know him change his envy for more skill
He can't disgrace me, writing what he will.

Parker was frequently classed by other writers with John Taylor the Water Poet, and the Herbert here mentioned before also in a former part of the poem, was Thomas Herbert the author of an "elegie on the death of Thomas Earle of Strafford," 1641, 4to. Secunda Vox Populi; or the Commons Gratitude to Philip Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery," 1641, 4to, and some other scarce tracts. At the end of the poem there is a short "Postscript of fourteen lines against these paper-persecutors," for the "diurnall Lavish" and waste of paper "by these calumnious idle pamphleteeres."

There is an account of this work by Mr. Haslewood in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol ii, p. 431; and for some further notice of the author and his other publications, consult the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 26, by Mr. Park. It is very seldom that this work occurs for sale. The present copy is the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 535, priced 11*l.* 11*s.*, which was purchased by Mr. Midgley, and sold at his sale in 1818, No. 609, for 8*l.*, to Longman, from whom it was bought by Mr. Heber. A copy was sold in Nassau's sale, pt. ii, No. 575, and one (the present copy) in pt. iv of Mr. Heber's *Catal.*, 1782. We do not know of any other having occurred for sale of late years.

In Dark Crimson Morocco. Gilt leaves.

One of the most curious tracts of Martin Parker's is one scarcely known,

and only once, we believe, casually quoted by Mr. Park. It is entitled, "Harry White his Humour, so neare as may be set forth by M. P.,

In which is exprest
Both earnest and jest
Let honest men buy,
And knaues let it lye:
This is not for them,
Who vertue contemne."

London, *n. d.*, 12mo.

The only copy of this work known is preserved in the Bodleian Library, and consists of a few leaves only. The preface is preceded by the following lines:

To that great promulgater,
And neat divulgater,
Whom the citie admires,
And the suburbs desires,
M. P. wisheth happy
Successe, and ale nappy,
That with the one's paine
He the other may gaine.

The remaining part of the tract is in prose, and consists of comical opinions, each one ending with, "This is Harry Whites humour."

Dryden has alluded to Parker as a well-known ballad-maker in one of his comedies. "Hang your white pelf: sure, Sir, by your largess you mistake me for *Martin Parker*, the ballad-maker; your covetousness has offended my muse, and quite dull'd her" (Dryden's *Comedies*, 1701, folio, vol. i, p. 217).

An allusion to Parker also occurs in *The Times*, displayed in six sestyads, by Saml. Sheppard, London, 1646, 4to.

Each fellow now that hath but had a view
Of the learn'd Phrygians Fables groweth bold
And name of Poet doth to himself accrew:
That ballad maker too is now extol'd
With the great name of Poet.

PERROT or PARROT, (HENRY.)—Epigrams by H. P.

Mortui non mordent.

Imprinted at London by R. B. and are to be soulde by John Helme, at his shoppe in S. Dunstan's Church-yarde. 1608. 4to.

The author's first work, entitled *The Mous-Trap*, a collection of epigrams, had been printed two years earlier. The present was his second publication, and is of great rarity. The epigrams are preceded by some Latin lines, "Ad Candidum Lectorem," and ten in English, "To the ungentilized Censurer." The epigrams, which are 160 in number, are not remarkable for any point or humour, and are, moreover, disfigured, like most of the other epigrammatic works of that period, by great coarseness and indelicacy. They are each of them headed with a Latin motto. The fourth relates to Whittington and his cat.

4.

Qui quondam Lixa, Lanista.

'Tis said that Whittington was rais'd of nought
And by a Cat hath many wonders wrought:
But Fortune (not his Cat) makes it appeare
Hee may dispend a thousand markes a yeare.

The following are, perhaps, as good as any that can be produced in the volume, the names of the persons introduced being all fictitious:

22.

Parturiunt Montes Murem.

Dego will drawe, and stoutly stand unto it
Vpon the vtmost of his words brauado:
But being urg'd on equall termes to do it
He basely pockets vp the bastynado.

25.

Qui, modo Rusticus, olim.

Polo pickes vppe a pretty prolling trade
That hath him prouder then his master made:
But yet when all is done, the world mistakes him
For not his money, but the Tailor makes him.

40.

Linguam vis nulla domabit.

Muns skill in horses doth so much excell
As no man living breaks them halfe so well:

But see, one sillie shrew controls his art,
And worse then all those horses, breaks his hart.

135.

Pudor est sua damna referre.

Peter hath lost his purse, but will conceale it,
Least she that stole it, to his shame reveale it.

139.

Impar Impares odit.

Sotus hates wise men, for himselfe is none,
And fooles he hates because himselfe is one.

160 and last.

Sapiunt quæcunque probantur.

We make our Epigrams, as men taste Cheese,
Which hath his relish in the last farewell:
Like as the purest liquor hath his leeze
So may you harshly end the tale you tell:
The Tayle (of all things) some men ayme at most
Those that had rather fast, may kisse the post.
And thers an end.

The volume closes on the last page with six lines in English and two in Latin, hinting, in allusion to the epigrams, that those may wear them whom the cap fits.

Some of these epigrams were afterwards reproduced, and a few of them may be traced in the publications noticed in the next articles. Mr. Park has made mention of this work in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 232. See also *Earle's Microcosmography* by Dr. Bliss, p. 276; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 553, where a copy is priced 12*l.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, 1791, 3*l.* 19*s.*; Bright's do., No. 4245, 9*l.* 5*s.* There is a copy in the Bodleian Library.

Fine copy. Bound by C. Lewis.
In Light Blue Calf. Gilt leaves.

PERROT or PARROT, (HENRY).—The Mastive, or Young-Whelpe of the Olde-Dogge. Epigrams and Satyrs.

Horat.

Verba decent iratum plena minarum.

London, Printed by Tho. Creede, for Richard Meighen and Thomas Iones, and are to be solde at S. Clements Church without Temple Bar. 1615. 4to.

On the title is a woodcut representation of the mastive, with a collar on his neck, and the motto "Mordeo Mordentem" on a label issuing from his mouth. A prose advertisement "To the Universal Reader" is subscribed H. P., whence, and from the internal evidence, the volume is usually ascribed, and we believe correctly, to Henry Parrot, rather than, as is sometimes done, to Henry Peacham. Another leaf containing six lines, "Author pro seipso," and a preliminary sonnet, "Ad Bibliopolam," conclude the introductory matter. The epigrams number 182, and at the end of these are three satyres, and "A Paradox in praise of Warre," with a few lines of apology for the faults escaped in the printing by reason of the author's absence from the press.

But few of these epigrams will bear quotation; and one or two only, selected as examples, will be quite sufficient:

Tempus edax rerum.

Heywood was held for *Epigrams* the best
What time old *Churchyard* dealt in verse and prose
But fashions since are growne out of request
As Bombast-Dublets, Bases, and Round-hose
Or as your Lady, may it now be saide
That looks lesse lovely then her Chamber-maide.

Indomitis ferendum.

Martinus over much commends his mare
To be the best, man ere layd legge vpon:
Wer't not for one defect (a fault that's eare)
Shee's onely subiect to oblivion:
That stumbling headlong in her course amaine
So soone forgets, as downe she falles againe.

Nuptiæ post Nummos.

There was a time when men for love did marrie
And not for lucre sake, as now we see:
Which from that former age so much doth varie
As all's for what you'l give? or nought must bee
So that this ancient word call'd *Matrimony*
Is wholly made *a matter now of Mony.*

Ebrius dissimulans.

Battus (though bound from drinking wine of late)
Can thus with his Oath equivocate:
He will not drinke, and yet be drunk ere noone
His manner is to eate it with a spoon.

Qui Latrans, modo mordens.

Blandus I heare will prove a *Byter* knowne
That gently vs'd of late to fawne and cogge:
If *Blandus* then, be such a *Byter* growne
What kinne is *Blandus* to my *Mastyf-dogge*?

Ad Lectorem.

Reader, these Epigrams long since compos'd
Should nere by my consent have been disclos'd:
Much lesse at latter Lammas coin'd in print
Had not the Stationer or the Divell beene in't.

In the next we have an allusion to Bankes and his celebrated horse, the rare tract on which "Maroccus Extaticus" was published in 1595, 4to, and has already been noticed.

Asinus ex Asino.

Grillus, outragious grewe with selfe conceit
Dreaming of late hee was transform'd an Asse:
And waking, needes would to the world repeat
That it for certaine truth came so to passe.
Who thus besotted, forthwith 'gins to bray,
Attempteth eke like Bankes his Horse to daunce
Runnes to the Stable there to feede on Hay,
Strives to Corvet, Cariere, Kick, Wince, and Praunce,
But since that *Grillus*, nothing so much feares,
As the appearance of his Asses eares.

The following lines from the second satire, descriptive of the various persons who came to buy his book, are not without humour, and are illustrative of some of the characters of the time:

3.

Trahit sua quemq: voluptas.

Howle on yee *Satyrs*, whilst I sit and marke
How woluish Enuie at my Muse doth barke,
Backbite, detract, rayle, slaunder and reuile,
With words of hatred, and vnciuill stile.
First comes a Statesman to the Stationer
And many better Bookes hee passing ouer
By chaunce findes this, whereon he reades a while
Then bytes the lippe, then frownes, then giues a smile,
And to the Seller sayes such fiery braines
Should warme the prison to reward their paines.

Becomes it any man of his profession
Reproue vs of our manners, or transgression
Away goes hee: Next comes my gallant Dycer
His ordinarie stomache is more nicer
Who asks for new books; this this the stationer showes him
Streight sweares 'tis naught vnles the Poet knowes him.
Nor will hee read a Line: this Fortunes Mynion
Likes forsooth nothing but his owne opinion.
The mending Poet takes it next in hand
Who hauing oft the Verses ouer-scan'd,
O filching streight, doth to the Stationer say
Here's foure lines stolne from forth my last new play.
And that hee'l sweare, euen by the Printers stall
Although hee knowes 'tis false hee speakes in all.
Then comes my *Innes-of-Court-Man*, in his Gowne,
Cryes *Mew*, what *Hackney* brought this wit to towne.
But soone againe my gallant Youth is gon,
Minding the *Kitchin* more then *Littleton*:
Tut, what cares hee for Law, shall have inough
When's Father dyes, that Cankar'd Miser-Chuffe.
Put him a Case in *Ploydon* then who will
That being his, plod you on Law-Bookes still.
Next comes by my *Familiar*, yet no Spirit,
Who forceth me his Friendship to inherit.
He sees my Booke in Print, and streight hee knowes it,
Then asketh for the Booke, and the boy showes it.
Then reades a while, and sayes, I must commend it,
But sure, *Some Friend of his* for him hath pen'd it.
He cannot write a Booke in such a fashion,
For well I wot 'twas nere his Occupation.
Besides by *Chequer-Clarks*, that oft haue seen him
I nere could heare of Schollership was in him.
T'were good to poze him, but to haue it knowne
Or 'tis no matter, let it euen alone.
Next after him, your Countrey-Farmer viewes it,
It may be good (saith hee) for those can use it.
Shewe mee King *Arthur*, *Beuis*, or *Syr Guye*,
Those are the Bookes he onely loues to buye.
Well, that he likes and walkes: Then comes a Diuell
With sober countenance, and Garments ciuill.
A Puritane, or pure one, choose you whether,
(For both as one makes self-same sense together)
Hee lookes on some, and finding this the next
With very sight therof his minde is vext.

Fye on't (saith he) that any man should buye
Such bookes prophane of fained Poetrie,
That teacheth vice, worse then your Playes on Stages,
And is a shame to olde and future Ages.
To louiug Brother-Hoods Communitie,
That are defil'de by such impuritie.

Warton, and Mr. Park after him, have assigned the year 1600 as the date of publication of this volume, but no work of Parrot's earlier than 1606 is known, and although he informs the reader that "these epigrams were long since compos'd," they did not make their appearance in print till 1615. Nothing certain appears to be known of the author. Mr. Collier, from some lines in the satire we have just quoted, thinks it probable he was an actor at the Fortune Theatre, while from another of his epigrams it might be conjectured that he was in the profession of the law. See Collier's *Bridgw. Catal.*, p. 225; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 403; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 458; and *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 415. Bindley's copy, pt. iv, No. 922, sold for 25*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 458 (wanting a leaf), 30*l.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, 1792, 7*l.* 5*s.*; Bright's sale, No. 4189, 13*l.* 10*s.*

Bound by C. Lewis.
In Crimson Morocco. Gilt leaves.

PERROT or PARROT, (HENRY.)— Lapuei ridiculosi: or Springes for Woodcocks. By H. P.

London Printed for Iohn Busby, and are to be sould in S. Dunstans Church-yarde in Fleet street. 1613. Sm. 8vo.

Some copies of this volume are without the initials of the author, and have the motto "Caveat Emptor" in their place. On the title-page is, likewise, a woodcut representing two woodcocks caught in springs, and another flying away, with the motto, "Possis abire tutus." A Latin address, "Lectori benigno, scienti et ignoto," follows the title, in which he says, that more than two years had elapsed since he had hastily composed these epigrams, and that he had now taken leave of these studies or rather vanities, which, however, was not the case, as he published another work of a similar kind two years later, noticed in the next article. This address is signed "Hen. Parrot," and is succeeded by another in English "To the Reader," in which he again repeats that he "had long since bidden adue to

these idle toyes, and that the work had been brought unto the press without his privitie." After this, on another leaf, are some lines "To the vulgar Censurers," and six others to his "honest friends." The work is divided into two books — the first containing 224 epigrams, and the second 215, concluding with some English and Latin lines. Some of the epigrams in this collection had already appeared in his earlier volumes, and some few may be traced to the works of Sir John Harrington and others.

Having already, in the previous article, given several examples of Parrot's epigrams, it will be needless to extend the present selection beyond a couple more from this volume, which are equally spiritless, and without point or humour, with those in his former productions.

31.

Vindicta vim sequitur.

Kit being kickt and spurnd pursues the Law
That doomd the damage at twice forty pence
Which when the partie that had wrongd him saw
Thought 'twas too great a fine for such offence
Why then (quoth Kit) if I too much request
Thou maist at any time kick out the rest.

61.

Invisibilis forma.

Mistrisse *Madrill* weares evermore her maske
Which makes the people very much admire
But none so saucy dares the reason aske
Or contradict it since 'tis her desire:
For painted pictures must (you know the guise)
Be alwaies curtaind from the vulgar eyes.

139.

Stultus varietatis avidus.

Zoilus expects my verses more should vary,
To please the Readers eare with choice digression
Tut, *Zoilus*, know, I am not mercenary
Besides, it is no badge of my profession:
Yet few have writ more Epigrams then I,
Who sayes the contrary, *I say, they lye.*

161.

Fœmina ludificatur viros.

Kind *Katharen* to her husband kist these words
Mine own sweet Will, how dearely doe I love thee?
If true (quoth Will) the world no such affords
(And that is true I durst his warrant be:)
For ne're heard I of woman good or ill
But always loved best her owne sweet *Will.*

Coriat and his Travels, from their absurd vanity, seem to have been a great butt for the epigrammatists of that day, and there are several in this work relating to him, of which we present our readers with two as a sample of the rest:

192.

Ad Thomam Coriat, Nuper admirabilem.

Wonder of writers (for so once thou wert)
What pity 'tis thy fame no longer lasted.
That such of note in trauall and desert,
Like time lesse Blossomes should so soone be blasted,
For thus farre boldly may thy Booke compare
How ill so euer sure 'twas passing rare.

252.

Rarus, qui publicus olim.

Of all the *Toms* that ever yet were namd
Was neuer *Tom* like as *Tom Coriat* framd:
Tom Foole may go to Schoole, but nere be taught
Speake Greeke, with which our *Tom* is richly fraught
Tom Asse may passe, but yet for all his cares
No such rich Iewels, as our *Tom* he weares:
Tom-Tell-troth is but froth, and truth to tell
Of all *Toms* our *Tom* beares away the Bell.

Amongst his other attacks upon the various rhymesters of his day, the Water-Poet has not forgotten, in his own epigrams, to have a fling at those of Parrot.

Epigram 6, p. 263.

My Muse hath vow'd reuenge shall have her swindge
To catch *a Parrot in the Woodcocks* sprindge.

This work is frequently quoted by Mr. Malone in his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, and by Mr. Collier in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*. See also his *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 224; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 401; Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. vi, p. 115; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, p. 554, where it is priced at 10*l.* 10*s.* The present copy was Steevens's, and sold at his sale, No. 1000, for 1*l.* 15*s.*; Lloyd's do., No. 913, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; White Knight's do., No. 3066, 7*l.* 7*s.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, No. 1725, 3*l.* 19*s.*

Bound in Blue Morocco, with joints. Gilt leaves.

PARTRIDGE, (JOHN).—The worthie Hystorie of the most noble and valiaunt Knight Plasidas, otherwise called Eustas, who was martyred for the profession of Jesus Christ. Gathered in English verse by Iohn Partridge, in the yere of our Lord 1566.

Imprinted at London by Henrye Denham, for Thomas Hacket: and are to bee solde at his Shoppe in Lumbarde streate. 8vo, pp. 70, blk. lett.

This little work is one of those curious romance poems on religious subjects, of which we have several examples written or compiled about the middle of the sixteenth century, and not a few, perhaps, which would now be considered as, in some degree, approaching to profaneness. It is, however, by no means improbable that compositions like these had their use in times, when education had made so little progress with the mass of the people, that religion might require more outward attraction to draw attention to it than at the present day, and were at all events a harmless, if not a judicious, means of disseminating religious opinions among the people at that period.

The poem under our notice commences with a prose epistle, occupying four leaves, "To the worshipfull Arthur Dwalreue, Marchaunt venturer his seruante and dayly oratour John Partridge wisheth increase of worship, by his worthy trauayle," in which he says, that he has, "at the request of a speciall friend, drawen the same though rudely yet hoping not without some profite, eyther of hymself or of some other." Then a metrical address "To the Reader," one leaf; and "The Verdicte of the Booke," four seven-line stanzas, another leaf, followed by a blank one; and then "The noble History of Plasidas," commences on Sig. A i and extends to D iii, in eights. It is written in the common metre, in which the Psalms of David were versified, so prevalent in the latter half of the sixteenth century; and the whole story is dull and barren, and although the book is so rare, that not more than two other copies are known, yet a single specimen of its contents will amply suffice:

When *Plasidas* to Rome was come,
and did a time soiourne:
Then *Adrian* did him commaund,
his Idols to adourne.

For that the Romanes did possesse
so great a victorie:
But *Plasidas* would not so doe
he playnely did deny
That they were Gods, and unto him
they nought at all could giue:
He sayd by Christ, in Christ it was,
that he in world did liue.
Then *Adrian* commaunded that
deuoured they should be:
Of a Lion in Church, whereas
his Goddes the facte might see.
And so it was as he commaunde,
perfourmed eke and done:
The Lion he most ioyfully
unto their feete doth come.
And there doth lie much like a dogge,
cum caude that doth play:
And from their feete no man ywis
can get the beast away.
But there he lies and mery makes,
he doth no hurt at all:
Then *Adrian* doth strayght commaunde
his men them forth to call,
And doth commaund that they be put
in Ore of brasse to die:
But nought they care, in Jesus Christ
they had their trust wholly.
The Ore with flame is thorow hote,
and they are put therein:
And ioyfully in Christ they all
to sing do then beginne.
Thus ended they their mortall race
their file was at an ende:
That we may so indure, good Lorde,
to us thy mercy sende.

Finis. John Partridge.

John Partridge, the author of this dull and uninteresting work, wrote also among other things: (1) *The notable Historie of two famous princes, Astianux and Polixena*, Imprinted at London by Henry Denham for Thomas Hackett. 1566. 8vo, black letter. (2) *The most famouse and worthie Historie of the worthy lady Pandanola, daughter to the mighty Paynim, the great Turke.*

London, Printed by Thomas Purfoote. 1566. 8vo, black letter. (3) *The End and Confession of John Felton the rank Traytor, who set up the traytorous Bull on the Bishop of London's Gate.* Who suffered before the same Gate for High-Treason against the Queene's Maiestie, the 8 day of August 1579. With an Exhortation to the Papists to take heed of the like. By J. Partridge. London, Printed in 1570. 8vo, black letter. Reprinted in Morgan's *Phœnix Britanicus*, vol. i, p. 415. (4) *The treasurie of commodious conceytes, and hidden secretes cõmonly called, The good Huswiues Closet of prouision for the health of her household.* By John Partridge. London, Printed by Richard Jones. 1573. 8vo, black letter. And again reprinted by the same in 1580, and by R. Jones in 1591. On the back of the title are verses by "The Printer to all that couet the practise of good Huswiuery, as well Wiues as Maides," which were most probably written by Partridge himself. It is not unlikely that he may have also written other works, which are now lost. Nothing appears to be known of his personal history.

Partridge's *Plasidas* is extremely rare. There is, however, a copy in Malone's collection in the Bodleian Library, and another in the Pepysian collection at Magdalen College, Cambridge, supposed by Mr. Hartshorne to be unique. There was also a copy in Dulwich College Library, as appears from the manuscript catalogue, but it is now wanting.

Fine copy of this very rare volume.

Bound by Hayday.

Dark Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

PASQUIL'S Palinodia, and his progresse to the Tauerne, Where after the surucy of the Sellar, you are presented with a pleasant pynte of Poeticall Sherry.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.
Horac. ad Mecœnatem.

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham 1619. 4to, pp. 32.

The following is the description of the woodcut on the title-page of this scarce poetical volume as given in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 533: "On the title to this poem is a woodcut, representing a Bacchante holding a Goblet in one hand, with the inscription *Quem non*; she is advancing in high glee

towards a hogshead inscribed *Castalius or Vinum Hispanense*, out of which a man is filling a jug, and exclaiming to the Bacchante, *Huc, huc pierides.*" On the reverse of the title is the following "Approbatio":

Innocuos censura potest permittere lusus,
Lasciua est nobis pagina, vita proba est.
Sic censeo
M. Valerius Martialis.

This is succeeded by a prose address from "The Printer to the Reader," two pages; after which is an address of eight Latin verses, inscribed "Libellus ad Lectorem ex Martiale." The poem then commences, which consists of eighty-nine stanzas of eight-lines each, and at the end are twelve stanzas of twelve-lines each, in praise of Sack.

The author of this poetical tract was a native of Leeds, see Sig. B 4.

And thou my natiue towne, which was of old — Leedes.
(When as thy Bon-fiers burn'd, and May-poles stood,
And when thy Wassall-cups were uncontrol'd,)
The sommer-Bower of peace and neighberhood,
Although since these went down, thou ly'st forlorn
By factious schismes, and humors over-borne,
Some abler hand I hope thy rod will raise
That thou maist see once more thy happy daies.

His name is at present unknown, but might, perhaps, be discovered from a few of the first stanzas, in which he makes allusion to a former work of his Muse. It appears from the address of the Printer that the present work was published without the author's consent, and that he was ignorant of his name.

I understand that the *Author* is so farre out of patience to heare that this *Pasquill* is *prest* for the publicke view which was entended onely for the priuate satisfaction of his peculiar friends, that he will not greet the *Reader* so much as with a Letter of Commendations, yet considering that in these dayes we are altogether carryed away with Fashions, and that it is quite beside the custome to put forth a *Poem*, without a *Dedicatorie preamble*, let mee I pray you make bold, for want of a better scholler, to salute the courteous *Reader* with a few words of Complement. Who the *Author* is I know not, and therefore on his behalfe I will be silent; yet I heare that hee is of the minde of that merry *Huntsman*, which would neither give nor sell his Hare, but when he saw the Travailer, gallop away with her, and that hee was out of hope to have her againe, he cryed out, *Take her*, Gentleman, *I will bestow her on you.*

The author was a warm advocate for the ancient games and sports of his country, and laments the interference of the Puritans and Fanatics with the rights of the ancient May-day festival.

Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes,
(For then true love and amity was found,)
When every village did a May-pole raise,
And Whitson-ales, and May-games did abound:
And all the lusty Yonkers in a rout
With merry Lasses daunc'd the rod about,
Then friendship to their banquets bid the guests,
And poore men far'd the better for their feasts.

Then raign'd plaine honest meaning, and good will,
And neighbours tooke vp points of difference,
In *Common lawes* the Commons had no skill,
And publique feasts were Courts of Conscience.
Then one grave Seriant at the *Common Pleas*
Might well dispatch the Motions at his ease,
And in his owne hands though he had the Law,
Yet hardly had a *Clyent* worth a straw.

Then Lords of Castles, Manors, Townes, and Towers
Reioyc'd when they beheld the Farmers flourish,
And would come downe vnto the Sommer-Bowers
To see the Country gallants dance the Morris,
And som times with his teunants handsome daughter
Would fall in linking, and espouse her after
Unto his Seruing-man, and for her portion
Bestow on him some Farme, without extortion.

But since the Sommer-poles were ouerthrowne,
And all good sports and merryments decay'd,
How times and men are chang'd, so well is knowne
It were but labour lost if more were said:
And therefore I'le be silent, for I hold,
They will not mend although their faults be told,
Nor is it safe the spur-gal'd world to pricke,
For shee's a lusty Iade, and Iades will kicke.

Alas! poore *May-poles*, What should be the cause
That you were almost banish't from the earth?
You never were rebellious to the lawes,
Your greatest crime was harmelesse honest mirth;
What fell malignant spirit was there found,
To cast your tall *Piramides* to ground?
To be some enuious nature it appeares,
That men might fall together by the eares.

Some fierie *Zealous Brother* full of spleene,
That all the world in his deepe wisdome scornes,

Could not endure the May-pole should be seene
To weare a cox-combe higher than his hornes,
He tooke it for an *Idoll*, and the feast
For sacrifice vnto that painted beast;
Or for the wooden *Troian Asse* of sinne,
By which the wicked merrie Greeks came in.

But I doe hope once more the day will come
That you shall mount and pearch your *Cocks* as high
As ere you did, and that the Pipe and Drum
Shall bid defiance to your enemy;
And that all *Fidlers* which in corners lurke,
And haue beene almost staru'd for want of worke,
Shall draw their *Crowds*, and at your exaltation
Play many a fit of merry recreation.

He alludes to the celebrated May-pole, above one hundred feet high, formerly in the Strand, where the new church now stands, which was the last that existed in London. It was taken down in 1717 and conveyed to Wanstead Park in Essex, and is thus commemorated by Pope:

Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand.

Thus our present author:

Fairely we marched on, till our approach
Within the spacious passage of the *Strand*
Obiected to our sight a *Sommer-broach*,
Yclep'd a *May-pole*; which in all our Land
No Citty, Towne, nor Streete, can parrallell,
Nor can the lofty spire of *Clarken-well*,
Although he haue the vantage of a Rock
Pearch vp more high his turning weather-cock.

He also alludes to the restoration of the cross in Cheapside, the images on which having been broken and defaced by the populace in 1581, it was now repaired and restored by the Queen's command. The author is very severe upon the professors of the law for not contributing to perform the same kind office to the one at Charing which had been similarly defaced.

The *Burse* of *Brittaine* left behind our backe
Wee now approach the crosse, ycleaped *Charing*
A weather-beaten peece, which goes to wracke
Because the world of Charitie is sparing.
Hang downe thy head, O *Westminster*, for shame,
And all you *Lawyers* which passe by the same
Blush (if you can) and are not brazen faced,
To see so fair a monument disgraced.

Doe you not see how *London* hath repaired
And trim'd her *Sister*, with great charge and cost?
And though her head was from her shoulders pared
Yet she is now restor'd, and fairely *crost*,
Braue *Free-men*, I applaud you for this thing,
And will one day your further praises sing,
Meane while my Muse in commendation tels,
You keepe *your wiues most neate and all things else.*

It is a shame you *Gownd-men of the Law*,
For 'tis with you that I must put the *Case*,
Although I know you do not care a straw,
What I doe tell you, yet vnto your face
I say, it is a shame, and ill befits
That you should sell your *shreds of Law and Writs*
At so deere rate, to many a poore mans losse,
And not bestow one Fee to mend this *Crosse*.

For many pious Acts and Monuments
The Citie will for euer be commended,
Many faire *Colledges* with goodly rents,
From zeale of *Kings* and *Bishops* are descended,
And many priuate men, our ages wonders,
Haue vnto famous *Hospitals* beene founders:
But where suruiues that worke of Charitie
That from a *Lawyer* drawes his pedegree?

Redeeme your fame, you law-full *Barristers*,
And let the world speake better of your zeale,
The commons say, which are no flatterers,
That halfe the riches of the *Common-weale*
Is in your hands, or will be if you liue,
Because you alwayes take, and nothing giue,
And that your Fees which certaine were of old,
Are now vncertaine, like a Coppi-hold.

And yet they say you are so honest growne
You will not take your Fee to plead a cause,
Though once you had a Fee, you now haue none,
That single word accords not with the Lawes:
It must come show'ring in a golden flood
Or some of you will doe a man small good,
And whatso'ere men giue, you'l not forsake it,
Because you know that by the Law you take it.

Thus doe the *vulgars* talke, and you can tell
Whether this fame be true, or else a lyer,
But howsoere it be, you may doe well
To let poore Charity come neere your fire

And warme her selfe, that man no more may hold
The charity of *Lawyers* to be cold:
It will men's loue with admiration draw,
To see some *Gospell* ioyn'd with *Common-law*,

And for the first good works of your deuotion
When next you trample to the spacious Hall,
Let *Charing-crosse* entreat you heare her motion,
That for your succour by the way doth call,
Build up her ruynes, and restore her glory,
Which time and graceles hands made transitory,
And let her be as faire to looke vpon,
As is the stately Crosse at *Abington*.

Profit and honour certainely will spring
Both to your soules and calling by this sight
Into your minde good motions it will bring,
As you passe by, to doe your *Clyents* right,
To your *vocation* will arise from hence
A good report, and greater reuerence,
When with a crosse she's top'd, and faire carn'd vnder,
This is the Lawyers Worke, (good Reader wonder).

The writer afterwards gives a whimsical and entertaining version of the story of the Iliad and Odyssey, and the whole poem displays considerable humour. The lively and spirited song at the end "in praise of Sack, to the tune of the Tinker," was reprinted entire by Mr. James Boswell, as the first article in his little privately printed *jeu d' esprit*, called *A Roxburghe Garland*, which he presented, in 1817, to the members of the Roxburghe Club. It was taken from the edition of 1634. See Dibdin's *Liter. Remin.*, pt. i, p. 389. The present is the *first* edition, and is of the greatest rarity, only one other copy, which is now preserved in the Douce collection at Oxford, being known to exist. It formerly belonged to Mr. Heber, from whose collection, pt. iv, No. 1795, it was procured in 1834.

Bound by Charles Lewis.
In White Calf. Gilt leaves.

PASQUIL's Palinodia, and his progresse to the Tauerne, &c.

London Printed by Thomas Snodham and are to be sold by Francis Parke at his shop in Lincolnes-Inne Gate, in Chauncerie Lane. 1619. 4to, pp. 32.

This is another copy of the same edition of 1619, but with a variation in the title-page, which was probably reprinted, the contents of the volume being exactly the same. The former has only the printer's name, Thomas Snodhom, whereas the latter has also the bookseller's name, Francis Parke, by whom it was to be sold in Lincolnes-Inne Gate in Chauncerie Lane. It is probable that other impressions ensued. A later edition we know was "printed by J. H. for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his Shop in Holburne at Chancery-Lane end. 1634." A copy of this impression was in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 533, and priced at 7*l.* 7*s.* Another sold in Bindley's sale, pt. iv, No. 727, for 2*l.* 5*s.* See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi, p. 195. There was a copy in Brand's sale, No. 6677, to which no date was given, which sold for 1*l.* 17*s.* Another of a similar kind (probably the same copy) was sold in Mr. North's sale, pt. iii, No. 7010, for 2*l.* 14*s.*, to Mr. Perry, and at the dispersion of the library of the latter, pt. iii, No. 426, it became the property of Mr. Jolley for the same sum.

The present copy is from the library of Sir Francis Freeling, bart., and is the one described in Fry's *Bibliogr. Memoranda*, 4to, p. 181.

In Green Morocco, elegant, gilt leaves.

PEACHAM, (HENRY.)—Minerva Britanna. Or a Garden of Heroical Devises, furnished, and adorned with Emblemes, and Impresas of sundry natures, Newly devised, moralized, and published, by Henry Peacham, Mr of Artes.

London Printed in Shoe-lane at the signe of the Faulcon by Wa. Dight. (1612.) 4to.

We have already noticed the works of one or two of our English emblematic writers; and we have here another volume of a similar character which deservedly claims our attention among the limited number of books of this kind by English authors. The title is within an elegant architectural compartment or tablet supported on two pillars, between which, in the centre, is an emblematical woodcut representing a hand issuing forth from a curtain in the act of writing, surrounded by a wreath of laurel entwined with a scroll on which is the motto, "Mente videbor Vivitur ingenio cœtera mortis erunt." At the top are two lights burning, and the motto "Ut aliis,

me consumo." On the reverse of this is a large woodcut of the Prince's feathers, coronet, and motto, with the initials H.P., surrounded by the Rose and Thistle, with a Latin Epigram on the motto "Ich dien" underneath. On the next leaf is a dedication "To the Right High and Mightie Prince Henrie, eldest Sonne of our Soveraigne Lord the King, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter. In this Peacham says:

It is now two yeares since I presented vnto your Highnes some of them (*i.e.*, the Emblems) then done by me into Latine verse, with their pictures drawen and limned by mine owne hand in their liuely colours; wherein as neere as I could, I obserued the *Method* of his *Maiesties* BASILICON DORON, but by reason of the great number I had since that, newly invented: with some others collected, (tieng my inuention to no one Subiect as before) I am here constrained as well of necessitie as for varietie sake, to intermixe (as it were *promiscue*) one with the other in one entire volume, the rather because of their affinitie and end, which is one and the self same, that is, the fashioning of a vertuous minde. I dare not discourse at large unto your Highnes, of the manifold Vse, Nature, Libertie, and ever esteemed Excellencie of this kind of *Poesie*: it being the rarest, and of all others the most ingenious, and wherein the greatest *Princes* of the world, many times haue most happily exercised their Invention: because I doubt not, but your Highnes already knoweth whatsoeuer I might speak herein.

After this ensues a prose address from the author to the Reader; a Latin Poem to Prince Henry, by Peacham; and others to Peacham, in Latin, subscribed Tho. Hardingus, and Hannibal Vrsinus Neapolitanus; one in Italian by Giovan, Batista Casella; a sonnet in French by N. M. Fortnaius, and others in English by Tho. Heywood; Will Segar, Garter Principall King of Armes; and E. S.

The emblems then commence, each occupying a page, and consisting of two six-line stanzas, with a neatly-engraved woodcut above surrounded by an elegant border with a motto in Latin at the top. Many of the emblems are inscribed to the king and other members of the royal family, to foreign monarchs, noblemen, ladies, and others of his friends and contemporaries, including one "To his Father, Mr. Henry Peacham of Leverton in Holland in the Countie of Linc." After the first one hundred emblems a new title occurs before the second part, with a woodcut of the royal arms in the centre, and a branch of palm and laurel on the sides encircled with the motto, "Princeps tibi crescit utrumque," on scrolls. This part is preceded by five seven-line stanzas, entitled "The Author to his Muse." At the end are five pages of verse in the octave stanza, containing "The Authors Conclusion."

The style of Peacham in the treatment of his subject is simple and agreeable, and distinguished by strong good sense, as will be seen by the introduction of one or two of his emblems to the notice of our readers.

Nusquam tuta.

The silly Hind among the thickets greene,
While nought mistrusting did at safetie goe,
His mortall wound receiv'd, with arrow keene
Sent singing from the Sheepeheard's secret bowe;
And deadly peirc'd, can in no place abide
But runnes about with arrow in her side.

So oft we see the man whome Conscience bad
Doth inwardly with deadly torture wound,
From place to place to range with Furie mad,
And seeke his ease by shifting of his ground
The meane neglecting which might heale the sinne,
That howerly ranckles more and more within.

Doctrina.

Heere Learning sits, a comely Dame in yeares,
Vpon whose head, a heavenly dew doth fall:
Within her lap, an open book appeares:
Her right hand shewes, a sunne that shines to all;
Blind Ignorance, expelling with that light
The Scepter shewes, her power and soveraigne might.

Her out spread Armes, and booke her readines,
T'imbrace all men, and entertaine their loue:
The shower, those sacred graces doth expresse
By Science, that do flow from heauen aboue.
Her age declares the studie, and the paine
Of many yeares, ere we our knowledge gaine.

Vos vobis.

The painefull Bee, when many a bitter shower
And storme had felt, farre from his hive away,
To seeke the sweetest Honey-bearing flower,
That might be found and was the pride of May:
Heere lighting on the fair'st he might espie,
Is beate by Drones, the waspe and butterflie.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully haue labour'd for the hiue,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And giue a farre inferior leaue to thriue:
Or be perhaps (if gotten into grace)
By waspish *Enuie*, beaten out of place.

Peacham appears to have partaken of some advantages from Oxford, as well as from his own university of Cambridge, which he expresses in the following emblem:

Divinitus.

To the thrice famous and farre renowned Vniversitie of Oxford.

Deare Sister of my euer-loued *Mother,
From whome this little that I haue I draw,
Ingratefully greate light I cannot smother,
Some lesser sparkes, which I deriu'd from you,
Which first enflam'd to this, my duller spright,
And lent in darke, my Muse her candle light.

* Cambridge and reard in Trinitie Colledge

Faire Arcademe, whome Fame and Artes conspire
To make thee mirror to all mortall eine:
Within our Sphœre, that *Europe* may admire
The gracious Lampe that on thy brow doth shine:
And shewes the TRVTH around by land and sea,
Directing thousandes erring, in their way.

Peacham was endued with a true poetical mind, and, when not confinde by the trammels of his subject, could give expression to its feeling. Some of his stanzas on the ensuing motto may be quoted as instances of that manly simplicity and freshness of poetical expression in which many of our early writers abound.

Rura mihi et silentium.

Wert thou thy life at libertie to choose,
And as thy birth, so hadst thy being free,
The Citie thou shouldst bid adieu, my Muse,
And from her streetes, as her infection flee:
Where Chaos and Confusion wee see
As well as language, as of differing heartes,
A bodie seuered in a thousand parts.

Thy solitarie Academe should be
Some shadie grove, vpon the *Thames* faire side,
Such as we may neere princely *Richmond* see,
Or where along doth siluer *Severne* slide,
Or *Avon* courtes faire *Flora* in her pride:
There should'st thou sit at long desired rest,
And thinke thy selfe, aboue a Monarch blest.

There moughtst thou sing thy sweete Creator's praise
And turne at quiet o're some holy booke;
Or tune the accent of thy harmlesse laies
Vnto the murmur of the gentle brooke:

Whiles round about thy greedie eie doth looke,
Observing wonders in some flower by,
This bent, that leafe, this worme, that butterflie.

Where mightst thou view at full the Hemisphœre
On some faire Mountaine, in a Summer's night,
In spangles there embroudered is the *Beare*,
And here the *Fish*, there *Theseus* louer bright,
The watry *Hyads*, here deceive our sight,
Eridanos, and there *Orion* bound,
Another way the silver *Swanne* is found.

Or wouldst thou Musick to delight thine eare,
Step but aside into the neighbour spring,
Thou shalt a thousand wing'd Musitians heare,
Each praising in his kind the heavenly King:
Here *Philomel* doth her shrill *Treble* sing,
The *Thrush* a *Tenor*, off a little space,
Some matelesse *Dove*, doth murmur out the *Base*.

* * * * * *

Nor Princes richest *Arras* may compare
With some small plot, where Nature's skill is shown
Perfuming sweetely all the neighbour aire,
While thousand collours in a night are blowne:
Here's a light Crimson, there a deeper one,
A Maidens blush, here Purples, there a white,
Then all commingled for our more delight.

For the same reason as before stated we give a few of the opening stanzas from "The Author's Conclusion," with which the volume closes.

As then the Skie was calme and faire,
The Windes did cease, and Cloudes were fled,
Aurora scattered *Phœbus* haire,
New risen from her rosie bed:
At whose approach the *Harlot strew
Both meade and mountaine with her flowers:
While *Zephyre*, sweetest odours threw
About the fieldes, and leavie bowers.

* *Flora* sometime a famous Harlot in Rome, and after a Goddess of flowers, in whose honour they kept their feastes called *Floralia*.

The Woods and Waters left their sound,
No tend'rest twigge, was seene to moove,
The Beast lay couched on the ground,
The winged People perch'd above,
Save *Philomel*, who did renew
Her wonted plaintes vnto the Morne,
That seem'd indeede, her state to rue
By shedding teares vpon the Thorne.

When I as other taking rest,
Was shew'd (me thought) a goodlie plaine
With all the store of Nature blest,
And situate within the Maine,
With Rocks about environ'd quite,
But inward round, in rowes there stood
As well for profit, as delight,
The Trees of Orchard, and the Wood.

The builder *Akorne* long agoe
To *Dodonœan Ioue* adioin'd,
And there the loftie *Pine* did grow,
That winged flies before the Wind:
Leucothoe that wounded bleedes,
Nor wanting was, nor that same Tree
That beares the staine, in fruite and seedes,
Of *Thisbes* woefull Tragœdie.

* * * * * *

Within there was a Circlet round
That rais'd it selfe, of softest grasse,
No Velvet smoother spred on ground,
Or Em'rald greener euer was:
In mid'st there sate a beauteous Dame
(Not *Paphos* Queene, so faire a wight,)
For Roses by, did blush for shame,
To see a purer, red and white.

In Robe of woven Silver fine
And deepest Crimson she was clad:
Then diaper'd with golden twine
Aloft a Mantle greene she had,
Whereon were wrought, with rarest skill
Faire Cities, Castles, Rivers, Woods,
And here and there, emboss'd a hill
With Fountaines, and the Nymphes of Floods.

A massie Collar set with stones,
Did ouer all, it selfe extend,
Whereon in sparkling Diamonds
Saint George, her Patrone did depend:
A Crowne Imperial on her head,
One hand a bright drawne sworde did hold,
The other (most that made her dread)
Three Scepters of the finest Gold.

While proudly vnderfoote she trod
Rich Trophœies, and victorious spoiles,
Atchieued by her might abroad:
Her name is *Empresse of the Isles*:
There Chariots were, that once she wanne
From *Cæsar*, ere she was betrai'd
With Standards gat from Pagans, whan
She lent the Holy Land her aide, &c.

Peacham, as we have seen, was the son of Mr. Henry Peacham of Leverton, in the County of Lincoln, but was born, as he himself informs us, at North Mimms near St. Alban's, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A. He resided for a considerable time in Italy, where he studied music with Orazio Vecchi, and was intimate with many of the great masters of the time both at home and abroad. He appears also to have had some skill in painting, and likewise in engraving. From his *Art of Drawing*, published in 1606, and again in 1612, 4to, we learn that he was engaged in the tuition of young gentlemen in the Latin and Greek languages, and assisted afterwards in educating the children of the Earl of Arundel, whom he accompanied to the Low Countries. In the advertisement by William Lee the publisher, at the end of Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, 1664, 4to, he speaks of "a friend of his that knew him well in the Low Countrys, when he was tutor to the Earl of Arundell's children." And in the *Relation of Affairs of Cleve and Gulick*, 1615, 4to, the dedication to which is dated from Breda in Brebant, Peacham speaks of having been an eye witness of the events recorded, when with the army before Rees. In the *Art of Drawing*, 1612, 4to, he says that he translated King James's Basilikon Doron into emblems and Latin verses, presenting the same afterwards to Prince Henry. He also published in 1615, *Prince Henry revived:* or a Poem upon the birth of Henry Frederic, Heir apparent to Frederic, Count Palatine of the Rhine. Peacham was the author of several other works, both in prose and poetry, all of them distinguished by good taste and acute observation, and obtaining much popularity during the seventeenth century. Copies of most of these, uniformly bound in Russia, are in the editor's possession, with the exception of his *Thalias Banquet*, 1620, sm. 8vo, the rarest of all. The one by which he is best known, is his *Complete Gentleman*, 1622, 4to, and frequently reprinted. This work has been much commended by Dibdin in his *Bibliomania*, p. 370, who has given some quotations from it. All his works possess considerable merit, and contain much useful information on the subjects of education, the value of money, and other matters of interest.

The few other particulars we derive concerning Peacham, chiefly from his own works, are, that he lived for one while at Richmond, and at another for a long time in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and is said to have been addicted to melancholy, probably brought on by reverse of fortune. For it is reported that he was reduced to great poverty in his old age, and that he wrote penny pamphlets for bread. This last assertion is contained in a manuscript note by John Gibbon, Bluemantle, in a copy of Peacham's tract, *A Dialogue between the Crosse in Cheap, and Charing Crosse, comforting each other*, &c., 1641, 4to. The exact date of his death does not appear to be known.

The Garden of Eloquence, published in 1577, 4to, black letter, was most probably written by his father. It is dated by its author "from North Mimmes the xxiiij of April," and in it he is styled "Henry Peacham *Minister*." It was at North Mimmes that his son was born, and it is most likely that he obtained preferment at Leverton in Lincolnshire afterwards, and went to reside there. See the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. ix, p. 129; Ellis's *Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 406; Chalmers's *Biogr. Dict.*, vol. xxiv, p. 215; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 522.

The Roxburghe copy, No. 3357, was purchased by Mr. Rice for 6*l.* 15*s.*; White Knight's do., No. 3330, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Lloyd's do., No. 1018, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 522, 8*l.*

The present very fine copy came from the duplicates of the Bridgewater Library, and from the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, No. 1799.

Bound by Mackinlay.

In Russia, uniform with the other works of Peacham in the editor's possession, from the *Bibl. Heber*.

Petowe, (Henry.) — Elizabetha quasi vivens. Eliza's Funerall. A fewe Aprill drops, showred on the Hearse of dead Eliza. Or, The Funerall teares of a true hearted Subiect. By H. P. London. Printed by E. Allde for M. Lawe dwelling in Paules Church-yard, neere vnto Saint Austens gate. 1603. 4to.

As the poetical part of this volume has been reprinted by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 23, and the entire tract, by the same person, in the *Harleian Miscell.*, and by Mr. Nichols, in the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*,

it will be unnecessary here to do more than to refer the reader to those works, merely adding that the tract, which consists of ten leaves only, is dedicated in prose "To the Wor. and Curteous Gentleman M. Richard Hildersham," after which is a metrical "Induction" of five six-line stanzas. The poem of "Eliza's Funerall" consists of eight sonnets, printed between woodcut borders, of which the following is the first:

Then withered the Primrose of delight
Hanging the head o're Sorowes garden wall:
When you might see all pleasures shun the light,
And liue obscurer at *Eliza's* fall.
Her fall from life to death oh stay not there!
Though she were dead, the shril tong'd trump of heauen
Rais'd her againe, think that you see her heere:
Euen heere, oh where? not heere, shee's hence bereauē
For sweet *Eliza* in *Elizium* liues,
In ioy beyond all thought. Then weepe no more
Your sighing weedes put off, for weeping giues
(Wayling her losse) as seeming to deplore
Our future toward fortunes, mourne not then:
You cease a while, but now you weepe agen.

After the poem occurs "The order and formall proceeding at the Funerall of the most high, renowned, famous and mightie Princesse, Elizabeth of England, France and Ireland, late Queen: from Whitehall to the Cathedrall Church of Westminster. The 28 of Aprill 1603." This part occupies three leaves, and is also interspersed with some few fragments of verse. See *Restituta*, vol. iii, pp. 23–30; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p, 530.

Bound in Purple Morocco, elegant.

Petowe, (Henry.)—Englands Cæsar. His Maiesties most Royall Coronation. Together with the manner of the solemne shewes prepared for the honour of his entry into the Cittie of London. Eliza. her Coronation in Heauen, and London's sorrow for her visitation. By Henry Petowe.

London Printed by John Windet, for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his Shop at the signe of the Fox in Paules Church-yarde. 1603. 4to, pp. 32.

Petowe having dropped a few tears ("Aprill teares") on the obsequies of his former mistress, Queen Elizabeth, proceeds to celebrate the rising sun in a poetical tribute to her successor, James I. The present little work has a prose dedication, thus inscribed to several persons now unknown, "To the evrteous and wise yong Gentlemen vnited in Loue, Master N. H., Master Ro. W., Master I. H., Master I. K., Master H. A., and Master Tho. S." Then a metrical address of ten lines "Ad Lectorem," signed "Thine in all loue H. P.," followed by an "Induction" of five six-line stanzas. The work consists, like the former, of a series of sonnets, twenty-three in all, with neat woodcut borders above and below on each page, and like the former poem, contains many lines not undeserving of praise for their poetical merit, but mixed with others equally forced and prosaic. We quote one of the sonnets as a fair sample of the author's vein:

He shines like Phœbus in the welkins brest,
So may he shine for euer on this Ile,
Darting his crimson rayes from his bright crest
And from his gladsome face a gracious smile:
And see that Sunne, whose bewties of such power,
As dazleth all spectators eyes (oh wonder!)
The eye of day lookes pale at this blest hower,
As if his glory had brought *Phœbus* vnder.
Oh, blessed Sunne, keepe thy dyurnall course,
May never be extinct thy radiant light:
But as thy glory glisters on the source
Of siluer Thamisis (Water-nymphes delight)
So London in her bosome hopes to see
Tryumphant IAMES in all his royaltie.

The latter part of the poem appears to allude to the dismal sufferings which the people of London underwent in the fatal year 1603 (the year in which the poem was published), from the ravages of the plague, whence it was usually termed the black year. Such is the meaning of the following sonnet:

Oh thou that onely canst, forbeare thy rod
Of fell correction, wee will sinne no more:
Oh thou eternall Essence, onely God;
Now London feeles thy scourge, she doth deplore
Her masse of sinne: oh she doth weepe at hart:
Thy visitation doeth inforce her weepe,
She wants her Sou'raigne which procures her smart.
His sight would lull her in her ioyes asleepe:

But thou say'st no, for by thy mighty hand
What she and hers intended to performe
In IAMES his honour, thou dost countermaund;
And mak'st her known, that she is but a Worme.
A Worme that hath her being from thy power,
And must not dare but stoop when *Ioue* doth lower.

The two following also relate to the same sorrowful subject:

But who knowes not thy power is euery where?
In Cittie, Country, both on Land and Sea?
Then do we think thou canst not touch us there?
Yes, yes, 'tis too apparent euery day.
But stay, great glory of æternitie,
Wee doe confesse thy might almightie force,
Be mercifull to vs in miserie,
And for thy deare anoynted, take remorse.
Smooth thy deepe furrowed front, shriu'led with ire:
Open thine eares vnto our sad complaints:
Let vs at last reioyce in our desire,
And helpe weake London that now helples faints.
For while thou frown'st, alas, she feares to die:
And but to thee she knowes not where to flie.

Thou mad'st the sore; but who can giue the cure?
Thou gau'st the blowe; but who can salue the wound?
Thou prick'st the hart, but who can helpe procure?
Thou mad'st the bruise, but who can make it sound?
Thou all in all can'st salue, make sound, and cure
The sore, the blow, the wound, yea more then this,
Thy ministring is present helpe, 'tis sure:
And he that prayes to thee, prayes not amisse.
Deigne then, dread Lord, from thy high throne of grace,
Where Angels praise thee with diuinest song,
To looke on London with a smyling face
And breake thy rod which she hath felt too long.
Then will her friends draw neere, and she shall see
Her long wisht Soueraigne, in his royaltie.

Of Henry Petowe, the author of this and the preceding poetical tract, little or nothing seems to be known. Ritson indeed mentions his former work, but was apparently ignorant of the present one; nor do any of our writers on such subjects furnish any particulars of this author. Mr. Park has conjectured, not improbably, that "he was some dependant on the court," as he speaks of his private sorrow for the loss of Queen Elizabeth, and pays such quickly-succeeding congratulations to her regal successor.

It is also not improbable that, besides the works to which his name is openly prefixed, he may have been the author of some of those other works published with the initials only of his name. He is known to have published, besides the two works already noticed: (1.) The second part of the *Loves of Hero and Leandor*, conteyning their further fortunes. London, 4to. Printed by T. Purfoote 1598, in continuation of Christ. Marlowe's version of Musæus. A copy of this is in the Bodleian Library among Marlowe's collections. (2.) *Philochasander and Elanira*, the faire Lady of Britaine. Wherein is discouered the miserable passions of loue in exile, his unspeakable joy receaued againe into favour with the deserued guerdon of perfit Loue and Constancie. Hurtfull to none, but pleasaunt and delightfull for all estates to contemplate. London, 4to. Printed by Thomas Purfoote 1599. A poetical history consisting of twenty-six leaves, a copy of which sold at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv, No. 1807, for 4*l.* 9*s.* It is there stated to be full of the grossest plagiarisms from Lord Surrey, Churchyard, Gascoigne, and the poets of the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. (3.) *Londoners, their Entertainment in the Countrie*, or a whipping of Runnawayes. Wherein is described London's Miserie, the Countries Crueltie, and Man's Inhumanitie. At London, 1604, 4to, blk. lett., 16 leaves. Printed by H. L. for C. B. Mr. Collier describes a copy of this tract, which relates to the plague of 1603, in the *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 175, but seems not to have been aware that it was written by H. Petowe. (4.) *The Countrey Ayre*, or London, her Welcome home to her retired Children. London, 1626, 4to. The late Mr. Denley, bookseller, of Covent Garden, had a *MS.* entitled, *A description of the Countie of Surrey*, containing a geographicall account of the said countrey or shyre, with other things thereunto apertaining. Collected and written by Henry Pattowe, 1611, 4to. A *MS.*, neatly written, priced in his catalogue 2*l.* 2*s.*

The present work is unnoticed by the indefatigable Ritson in his *Bibliogr. Poet.*, and is one of the rarest of Petowe's productions. The reprint of it by Mr. Park in the *Harl. Miscel.*, and his subsequent notice of it in the *Restit.*, were made from the present copy, the only one known, which was formerly in the possession of the late Edmund Lodge, Esq., of the Herald's office.

It is in White Vellum binding,
ornamented with the Royal Arms, encircled with the Garter, &c.,
painted in colours — gilt leaves.

PETRONYLLA.— The Lyfe of a Virgyn called Petronylla. Empryntyd by Rychard Pynson. *n. d.* 4to, pp. 8.

Of this very early specimen of Pynson's press, mention is made by Dibdin in his *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 538, and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, p. 538. It consists of four leaves only, the first being occupied with Pynson's device or monogram, and is printed in Gothic letter. The poem is written in eight-line stanzas, and describes the perfect life of a holy virgin called Petronylla, the daughter of Saint Peter, who being afflicted with sickness, bore it with so much patience, and lived in such virtuous innocence, that she was accepted in the Lord's sight, and numbered as one of the five wise virgins that bore their lamps before Jesus; and ever abiding in virtue

> This Petronylla might cleyme of very right
> To hir spouse oure blessyd Lorde Jesu.

The legend then relates that Peter, sitting at table with his disciples, was upbraided by Titus, that while he made others whole, he left his own daughter in her sickness, on which he bade her arise from her bed, and serve them at the table, but afterwards commanded her to bed again of her sickness, as a further trial of her humility for Christ's sake.

Earl Flaccus, a rich nobleman, desiring to marry her, she gave answer that he should, on the day of her wedding, bring matrons, wives, and maidens to convey her to his dwelling. Flaccus overjoyed at this apparent acceptance of his proposal, made ready for her reception, while she lay wasting away in sickness, along with Fellicula, a confidant, who was privy to her secrets. Flaccus, being deluded of his purpose, was brought to her bedside by a priest named Nychomede, only to see her die. Fellicula living seven days after, was slain by Flaccus in revenge, together with Nychomede, and his body cast into the Tiber. Their martyrdom being "with rosys rubyfyed," while

> With white lylles was holy Petronylla
> Magnefied for chast affection
> Saynt Petyrs doughters hir lif maketh mencion
> Exsaumple of patience in sikenes whan she lay
> With purple wede to the heuenly mancyon
> Hir soule went up the last day of May
> Which is a seson playnly of the yere
> That all soulys make melodye
> And nightyngales with amerous notys clere
> Saluteth Espus in hir armonye.

Then comes the "Oracio" or applications, commencing:

Petronilla virgyn of great vertue
Clad all in floures of spūall freshnesse
Petyrs doughter for loue of crist Jhesu
Ladest thy lyf in prayer and clennesse
Of herte ay founde moost meke in thy sekenesse
To do seruise with humble diligence
Unto thy fader thy story beareth witnesse
Callyd for thy merytes myrrour of pacience.

Herbert's description of this little poem, vol. i, p. 285 (which is copied verbatim by Dibdin), was taken from a copy in the collection of the late George Mason, Esq. There was another, or the same, in the library of Major Pearson, which was bought by Horne Tooke in 1788, for 3*l.* 19*s.*, and at his sale, No. 444, produced 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Towneley's copy, pt. i, No. 631, sold for 6*l.* 6*s.*; this was the one described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, which was afterwards in the extensive collection of Mr. Heber, pt. iv, No. 1810, from whence it passed into that of the late B. H. Bright, Esq., at the sale of whose library in 1845, No. 4369, it was purchased by its present owner.

Bound by Charles Lewis,
In Olive Morocco, extra — gilt leaves.

PHILIPOTT, (THOMAS) — Poems. By Thomas Philipott, Master of Arts, (Sometimes) of Clare-Hall in Cambridge.

London Printed by R. A. for Henry Shepheard, and William Ley, and are to be sold at the Bible in Tower-street, and at Paul's Chain, neer Doctors Commons. 1646. 8vo, pp. 64.

The volume is dedicated "To the Right Honourable, as well by the merit of vertue, as desert of birth, Mildmay, Earle of Westmerland, Baron Despenser, and Bergherst." After this is a metrical address "To the Reader," and verses "To the Authour" styled "Encomiasticon," signed "Philomusus, T. C." At the end of the book is a Table of Contents. The volume consists of a number of short poems and elegies on various subjects, amounting to fifty in all, among which may be enumerated the following, "To Sir Henry New, upon his re-edifying the Church of Charleton in Kent"; "On the death of Mr. Francis Thornhill, slain in a single Duell"; "On the death of Sir Simon Harcourt, slain at the taking in of Carigs-Main Castle in Ireland"; "On the death of Mr. George Sandys"; "An

Elegie offered up to the Memorie of Anne, Countesse of Caernarvon" "An Elegie on Robert, Earle of Caernarvon, slain at the battell of Newberie"; "On the death of the much admired and much lamented, Mr. Francis Quarles"; "A thankfull acknowledgement to those Benefactours that contributed to the re-edifying of Clare-Hall in Cambridge." The following may be taken as a favourable specimen of the author's powers of versification from "A Divine Hymne":

O thou who art all light, from whose pure beames
The infant day-light streames,
And to whose lustre all the throng of stars
Those mystick Characters,
Writ in the dusky volumne of the night,
Do owe their stocke of Light;
Who when the Sun, i'th' nonage of the yeare,
Like a Bridegroom does appeare,
Sweet with the balmy Perfumes of the East,
With Lights Embroidery drest,
And spangled o're with brightnesse, does array
That Planet with each Ray
He glitters with, a powerfull spark inspire
Of thy Celestiall fire
Into my frozen heart, that there may be
A flame blowne up in me
Whose light may shine like the meridian sun
Into the dark horison
Of my benighted soul, and thence distill
Into a pious rill
Of contrite tears, those clouds which do controule
The prospect of my soule,
That so the beams of faith may clearly shine
Amidst its Christalline,
That I may by th' infusion of their light
Learn to spell Christs Crosse aright.
And as one touch from *Moses* did unlock
The casquet of the rock,
And thaw'd its liquid treasures to repell
The thirst of Israel;
So let this flame dissolve that masse of sin
That lies wrapt up within
The chambers of my heart, that there may rise
Two fountaines in my eyes,
Which may put out those scorching flames, which were
First fed and kindled there.

See a brief notice of this volume in the *Restituta*, vol. i, p. 232. He was the son of John Philipot, Somerset Herald, who also published several works, and is supposed to have been the compiler of the *Villare Cantianum*, or Description of Kent, fol., 1659. Bindley's copy of these poems sold at his sale, pt. ii, No. 2278, for 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* A copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 563, in Morocco, is marked at 3*l.* 3*s.*, and a second at 2*l.* 16*s.*

Bound in Maroon coloured Morocco — gilt leaves.

Pierce Plowman's Vision.— The Vision of Pierce Plowman, now fyrst imprynted by Roberte Crowley, dwellyng in Ely rentes in Holburne. Anno Domini. 1550.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendū solum.

Colophon. Imprinted at London, by Roberte Crowley, dwellyng in Elye rentes in Holburne. The yere of our Lord M.D.L. 4to, blk. lett.

It will be unnecessary, after what has been already written upon the subject, by such men as Warton, Percy, Ritson, Tyrwhitt, Ellis, Campbell, Whitaker, and Wright, to offer many remarks upon the poem itself, or upon the curious structure of the versification of "The Vision of Pierce Plowman." It is generally reputed, on the authority of Robert Crowley, its earliest editor, to have been written by Robert Langelande, or Longland, "A Shropshere man, borne in Cleybirie, aboute viii myles from Maluerne hilles," *i.e.*, at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, who, after receiving his education at Oxford, became a monk at Malvern Abbey. And there is a very early note in a copy of the poem, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin (cited by Mr. Wright, Introd., p. ix.), which attributes the authorship to William de Langland, son of one Stacy de Rokayle. This is decisive in our opinion that Langland was the name of the author, whichever authority we may be inclined to adopt for the Christian name. But though the question as to its authorship is involved in some uncertainty, "several local allusions and other circumstances," says Mr. Wright, its latest editor, "seem to prove that it was composed on the borders of Wales, and that its author resided in the neighbourhood of Malvern hilles." It is supposed also, from allusions

made to events which happened at that period, to have been written about the year 1362, in the reign of Edward III. The work is divided into twenty distinct "Passus" or sections, recording a series of visions, which the author supposes to have appeared to him when fallen asleep by the side of a stream on the Malvern hills. Under this allegorical form, and in a spirit of religious satire, the author has, with great humour and the keenest ridicule, censured the vices of the different orders of men, and especially of the clergy, both regular and secular, against whose corruptions, immoralities, and superstitions, he inveighs with great severity. "His work," says Mr. Ellis, "may be considered as a long moral and religious discourse; and, as such is full of good sense and piety, but it is farther rendered interesting by a succession of incidents, enlivened sometimes by strong satire, and sometimes by the keenest ridicule on the vices of all orders of men, and particularly of the religious. It is ornamented also by many fine specimens of descriptive poetry, in which the genius of the author appears to great advantage."

The Vision of Pierce Plowman is written in a species of versification, adopted from the old Anglo-Saxon and Gothic poets, consisting of a perpetually recurring alliteration, without rhyme, one of the rules of which is, that each distich or couplet should contain three principal words beginning with the same letter or sound, two of them being, generally, placed in the first line or hemistich, and one in the second. "This imposed constraint," Mr. Warton has remarked, "of seeking identical initials, and the affectation of obsolete English, by demanding a constant and necessary departure from the natural and obvious forms of expression, while it circumscribed the powers of our author's genius, contributed also to render his manner extremely perplexed, and to disgust the reader with obscurities." But it has been well observed, in opposition to Warton, that the author's alliteration is no more embarrassing a restraint to his ear or fancy than rhyme, or than any other well-arranged system of versification; and that if the construction of the verse be only noted, "the metre," as Crowley, the first editor of the poem, justly observes, "shall be very pleasant to reade." And with regard to the affectation of obsolete English, the work being composed for common readers, "the English," says Crowley, "is according to the time it was written in, and the sence somewhat darcke, but not so harde but that it may be understande of suche as will not sticke to breake the shell of the nutte for the kernelles sake." These characteristics, as to the construction of the metre, run through the poem, from which, as by the late reprints, it is now become

easily accessible, a few lines only, taken from the commencement, will serve to shew the peculiarity of the author's style and versification:

In a somer seson
Whan softe was the sonne,
I shoop me into shroudes
As I a sheep weere,
In habite as an heremite
Unholy of werkes,
Wente wide in this world
Wondres to here;
As on a May morwenynge
On Malverne hilles
Me bifel a ferly,
Of fairye me thoughte.
I was wery for-wandred,
And wente me to reste
Under a brood bank
By a bowrnes syde;
And as I lay and lenede,
And loked on the watres,
I slombred into a slepyng
It sweyed so murye.

Thanne gan I meten
A merveillous swevene,
That I was in a wildernesse
Wiste I nevere where,
And as I biheeld into the eest
An heigh to the sonne,
I seigh a tour on a toft
Trieliche y-maked,
A deep dale bynethe,
A dongeon therinne,
With depe diches and derke
And dredfulle of sighte.
A fair feeld ful of folk
Fond I ther bitwene,
Of alle manere of men
The meene and the riche,
Werehynge and wandrynge
As the world asketh.

Bishop Percy enumerates four different editions of this work, in black letter, 4to, of which three were printed by Robert Crowley in 1550. The present is a copy of the first, and has the title in a neat architectural compartment with the sun at the top, and two cupids, and the cypher of Edward Whitchurch at the bottom. This is followed by the printer's important and modest address, in which he briefly states the pains he had taken in consulting all the manuscript copies of the poem he could meet with, and also such persons as he knew were better versed in the study of antiquities than he himself was, as to the author of the work, and the probable time of its composition. Crowley was himself a poet, had received a university education, and was vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Imbued with a similar zeal with the author of Pierce Plowman for the reformation of the many vices and abuses in the monastic institutions of the country, and of the errors and corruptions of the Romish church, he was, like him, a determined follower of Wickliffe, and is deserving of our grateful commendation and remembrance for having been the first to recover from obscurity this very curious and remarkable poem. Concerning the merits of this first edition by Crowley, it is somewhat singular that so great a difference of opinion should

prevail in the minds of two persons, both of them so well qualified by the nature of their studies and pursuits, to decide on such points. For whilst Mr. Collier remarks, "it is acknowledged that Crowley printed from a manuscript containing a very incorrect text," Mr. Wright, on the other hand, observes, in the introduction to his new edition, "It is clear that Crowley had obtained an excellent manuscript; the printer has changed the orthography at will, and has evidently altered a word at times, but upon the whole this printed text differs very little from the one we now publish" (Introd., p. xliv). And in this opinion he is confirmed by the last editor of Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, who says that "Crowley's manuscript appears to have been a very excellent one," vol. ii, p. 103, note.

It is singular also, that of a writer in whom is found so remarkable a specimen of the language and traces of the manners of that early age — one so favourably received by all classes, and popular for such a long period, one who is believed to have preceded the writings of Chaucer, and therefore, perhaps, more justly considered to be deserving of the title of the father of our English poetry — the whole notice by Mr. Hallam, in his account of our early English literature, should be summarily dismissed in two lines. Dr. Dibdin also, in his account of our early poets, and the various early editions of their works in his *Library Companion*, has entirely omitted all mention of this valuable poem, which, as Mr. Wright justly remarks, "is peculiarly a national work, and the most remarkable monument of the public spirit of our forefathers in the middle, or, as they are often termed, dark ages."

The work appears to have been known to Spenser, who, in the epilogue to his *Shepheards Calender*, 1591, 4to, addressing his book, thus honourably alludes to Pierce Ploughman:

> Goe little Calender, thou hast a free pasporte
> Goe but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sorte.
> Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his stile
> Nor with the *Pilgrim* that the *ploughman* plaid awhile
> But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore.

Tityrus here being a well-known appellation given to Chaucer by Spenser, and the writer of the vision, in his wanderings on the Malvern Hills, being the pilgrim.

The manuscripts existing of this poem are very numerous, there being no less than ten in the Bodleian library, *i.e.*, eight in the general library, and two in the Douce collection, eight in the British Museum, besides many others in the various libraries at Oxford (three only at Oxford, one in the

library at Corpus Christie College, one in the Oriel College, and one in the University College) and Cambridge. They are most of them written in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and "the circumstance," says the last editor, that they "are seldom executed in a superior style of writing, and scarcely ever ornamented with painted initial letters, may be taken as a proof that they were not written for the higher classes of society," and likewise shews the great popularity of the poem.

It may be worth noticing, that a modern version of the Vision of Pierce Ploughman was attempted some years ago by Mr. Dupré, but it was never printed. A portion of this manuscript version is preserved among the collection of Francis Douce, Esq., in the Bodleian library, see *Cat. of MSS.*, p. 323. Mr. Wright also notices an attempt at a modernization or translation of this poem, of which he gives a few lines as a specimen, but whether this is the same with that by Mr. Dupré, the editor is unable to say.

The reader who desires to see more upon this subject may consult the following works: Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 101, sect. viii; Warton on Spenser, vol. ii, p. 246; Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii, p. 300, edition 1812; Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. i, p. 147; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 26; Hartshorne's *Book of Rarities*, p. 207; Herbert's *Ames*, p. 758; *Brit. Bibliog.*, vol. i, p. 443; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, pp. 385, 400, 403; Tyrwhitt's *Essay;* Campbell's *Essay on Eng. Poet.*, vol. i; Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*, vol. ii, p. 402; Collier's *Bridgewater Cat.*, p. 234; and the introductions to the editions by Dr. Whitaker and Mr. Wright.

Copies of this first edition exist in the British Museum, with manuscript collations by Mr. Tyrwhitt; in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with manuscript notes by Hearne; and in that of King's College, Cambridge. And two copies, *printed upon Vellum*, are known, one in the library at Althorpe, and the other in that of Mr. Grenville, now in the British Museum, both erroneously stated by Lowndes to be of the second edition.

The present is a fine and beautiful copy.

Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

PIERCE PLOWMAN.— The vision of Pierce Plowman, nowe the seconde time imprinted by Roberte Crowley dwellynge in Elye rentes in Holburne. Whereunto are added certayne

notes and cotations in the mergyne, geuynge light to the Reader. And in the begynning is set a briefe summe of all the principall matters spoken of in this boke. And as the boke is deuided into twenty partes called Passus: so is the Summary diuided, for euery parte hys summarie, rehearsynge the matters spoken of in euery parte, euen in suche order as they stande there.

Imprinted at London by Roberte Crowley, dwellyng in Elye rentes in Holburne. The yere of our Lord M.D.L. (1550.) 4to, pp. 250, blk. lett.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

According to the description which Bishop Percy has given of the different variations which distinguish the three impressions of Pierce Plowman, published by Crowley in 1550, this appears to be the third. For although it is mentioned in the title-page as being "nowe the seconde time imprinted," it is certain that there were two impressions printed with the above title, but containing numerous variations in almost every page. From this circumstance it would seem that the work was so popular on its first appearance in print, that no less than three impressions were called for in one year, a striking proof that this remarkable poem, notwithstanding the difficulty and obscurity of its language, and the abstruseness and dullness of its allegory, made a deep and touching impression on the minds and feelings of the people.

After the title occurs Crowley's address, "The Printer to the Reader," as in the first edition, in which he has given all the information he could collect from "such men as he knew to be more exercised than himself in the studie of antiquities" respecting the supposed author, and then follows, what is not in the first edition, a sort of table of contents, entitled "A brief sum̃e of the principall poyntes that be spoken of in thys boke," filling six leaves, and the poem itself occupies the remainder of the volume. The Colophon is an exact transcript of the imprint, and therefore need not be repeated. This edition varies little from the first, except occasionally in the orthography, and now and then a word has been altered by the printer, otherwise the contents of each page are the same in both. Copies of this edition are not at all uncommon, though priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No.

512, at the sum of 14*l.* 14*s.* A copy with the autograph of Lord Fauconberg, who married the Lady Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was sold at Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. iii, No. 97, for 3*l.* 1*s.*; and at the sale of Mr. Heber's library, pt. iv, No. 1218, was again sold for 2*l.* 15*s.*

Bound in Russia, with joints.

PIERCE PLOWMAN.—The vision of Pierce Plowman, newlye imprynted after the authours olde copy, with a brefe summary of the principall matters set before euery part called Passus. Whereunto is also annexed the Crede of Pierce Plowman, neuer imprinted with the booke before.

Imprynted at London, by Owen Rogers, dwellyng neare unto great saint Bartelmewes gate, at the sygne of the spred Egle. The yere of our Lorde God, a thousand, fyue hundred, thre score and one. The xxi daye of the Moneth of Februarye. 1561. 4to, pp. 286, blk. lett.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

The present is the fourth and last of the older editions of the Visions of Pierce Plowman, when the impulse given by the change of religion on the death of Mary and the accession of Elizabeth may have contributed to call forth a new edition of this work, still popular among the people.

This edition varies from the former ones of Crowley in not having the folios marked or paged, and in being without the address of "The Printer to the Reader." It commences with "a briefe summe of the prncypall poyntes that bee spoken of in this booke." This "briefe summe," however, contains only the arguments of the first three Passus; the remainder being, as the title states, "set before every part." This arrangement seems to have been an after thought of the printer, who apologises, in a marginal note, for the first three arguments not being printed like the rest, before each Passus: "Here note these thre summaries shold haue been set before y• iii firste partes called Passus." These three summaries are slightly altered from those in the former editions in order to comprehend them within one page. The remaining seventeen are exactly the same. With the exception of a word here and there differently spelt or modernized, this edition of the poem

does not vary from the preceding. At the end of the Vision, the signatures of which run to I i 2, the Crede is added, for the first time, in the same volume with the Vision, being, as the title states, "neuer imprinted with the booke before." The title, *Pierce, the Ploughman's Crede*, is on a separate leaf, on the reverse of which are the seven lines of address "To the Reader," which we have given in our account of Wolfe's edition. Then follows the poem, running to Sig. D 3, and on the last page the printer has repeated the glossary of "certayn hard woordes, used in this booke," which was given in the former edition of Wolfe. It is remarkable that very few copies of this volume (of the few which are known to exist) contain the Crede at the end, although it is mentioned as a part of its contents on the title-page. Both Mr. Malone and Dr. Farmer have remarked that in all their researches they had never been able to meet with a copy of this edition which contained it. Copies of the Crede are, however, sometimes found separate from the Vision, of which one was sold in Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv, No. 1222. A copy of this edition with the Crede sold at Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. ii, No. 783, for 3*l.* 1*s.*; and the same copy again at Mr. Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1220, for 3*l.* 11*s.*; Nassau's do., pt. ii, No. 759, for 6*l.*; Hanrott's do., pt. iii, No. 1561, for 4*l.* 4*s.*

Roscoe's copy, 1321, had formerly belonged to Pope, and contained, in his own hand-wrtting, the Argument of the Crede, as given at length by Warton in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 123; and by Mr. Ellis in his *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. i, p. 159. It had afterwards belonged to Bishop Warburton, who, in 1770, presented it to the Rev. Thomas Warton, and although much stained, and the Crede was made up with manuscript, it sold at Mr. Roscoe's sale for 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* The present fine copy sold at the Marquis of Blandford's sale, No. 3355, for 7*l.*; and is

Bound in Dark Green Morocco, with joints, gilt leaves.

PIERCE PLOUGHMAN.—Visio Willi de Petro Ploughman, item Visiones ejusdem de Dowel, Dobet, et Dobest. Or, The Vision of William concerning Peirs Plouhman, and the Visions of the same concerning the Origin Progress, and Perfection of the Christian Life. Ascribed to Robert Langland, a Secular Priest of the County of Salop; and written in, or immediately after, the year MCCCLXII. Printed from a

M.S. contemporary with the Author, collated with two others of great Antiquity, and exhibiting the original Text; Together with an Introductory Discourse, a perpetual Commentary, Annotations, and a Glossary.

By Thomas Dunham Whitaker, L.L.D. F.S.A. Vicar of Whalley, and Rector of Heysham in Lancashire.

London: Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street. By Joseph Harding, Printer, St. John's Square, London. MDCCCXIII. 4to, blk. lett.

The text of this very splendid edition is unfortunately taken from an inferior manuscript formerly in the collection of Sir R. Smyth, afterwards in that of Mr. Heber, pt. ii, 973, *MSS.* (by whom it was lent to Dr. Whitaker), and now in the British Museum, *MSS.* addit., 10,574; and the editor has fallen into a great number of inaccuracies, some of the most serious of which have been noticed by Sir Fredk. Madden and Mr. Wright. The latter writer is of opinion that Dr. Whitaker has entirely mistaken the dialect in which the work was originally composed, which he calls "a semi-Saxon jargon in the midst of which he was brought up, and hears daily spoken on the confines of Lancashire and the West Riding of the County of York," but which, if Langland was the author, could not have been the dialect of a Shropshire man. And it has been observed by one who was a native of that county, and well versed in its dialect, that many words occur in the poem peculiar to that dialect, which the writer could trace in no other county. Dr. Whitaker also, from motives of delicacy, has omitted some few passages relating to the lives and manners of the monks and priests, on account of their licentiousness, which may be found in the earlier editions by Crowley and Rogers.

This magnificent edition, which was originally published at eight guineas, is printed in black letter, in large quarto size, with elegant woodcut initial letters, and other cuts, and contains not only a long and learned preface or introduction by its accomplished editor, comprising an analysis of the entire poem, but is also enriched at the bottom of each page of the text with a laborious and elaborate paraphrase or commentary, "principally intended to trace the connection of the author's argument, and to develope the progress of his ideas." It is also still further illustrated by some annotations, and by a glossary at the end.

As the text of Dr. Whitaker's varies so considerably, both from the early editions by Crowley, and also the latest one by Mr. Wright, noticed in the succeeding article, it will be necessary to give a short extract from the opening of the poem, in order to exhibit the nature and importance of these variations, and to enable anyone possessing manuscripts of this poem to judge of the difference between the two texts:

In a some seyson, whan softe was the sonne
Y shop into shrobbis, as y shepherde were
In abit as an ermite, unholy of werkes,
Y' wente forthe in the worle, wondres to hure,
And sawe meny cellis, and selcouthe thynges
Ac on a May morwenyng on Maluerne hulles
Me by fel for to slepe for weyrynesse of waudryng
And in a lande as ich lay, lenede ich and slepte
And mūeylously me mette. as ich may yow telle
Al the welthe of this worlde. and the woo bothe
Wynkyng as it were, wyterly ich saw hyt,
Of truyth and of tricherye. of tresoun and of gyle,
Al ich saw slepyng. as ich shal you telle.
Esteward ich behulde. after the sonne,
And sawe a tour as ich trowede. truth was ther ynne
Westwarde ich wattede. in a wyle after
And sawe a deep dale. deth as ich lyvede
Wonede in tho wones. and wyckede spirit.
A fair feld fol of folke. fonde ich th' bytwyne
All manere of men. the mene and the ryche,
Worchynge and wandrynge. as the worlde asketh

Notwithstanding the inaccuracies and defects to which we have so freely alluded, this, which is, bibliographically speaking, the most handsome edition yet published, will still have some literary value, were it only for the introduction, or merely from the laborious paraphrase, which, though not always to be depended upon, is an useful assistance to the general reader, and we think the example might be followed with good effect in many antiquarian works. The text itself, as we have before observed, is unquestionably an uncritical one.

Dr. Whitaker, we believe, had at one time intended to have printed an edition of this poem, with the same accompaniments, in a smaller form, and with roman type instead of black letter, but the design was afterwards given up when a small portion of it was already printed.

In Boards.

PIERS PLOUGHMAN. — The vision and the creed of Piers Ploughman newly imprinted. With Notes and a Glossary. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.R.S., &c. In Two Volumes. Sm. 8vo. London. William Pickering. MDCCCXXXXII. Charles Whittingham Printer Chiswick.

The text of this convenient and valuable edition, embracing both the Vision and the Creed, which may be considered as containing the only text of the Vision of Piers Ploughman entitled to any critical authority, is taken from a very ancient *MS.* in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, undoubtedly contemporary with the author of the poem, with a few various readings from another manuscript in the same library. Mr. Wright has judiciously printed from one good manuscript, instead of making up a text from a variety, which must necessarily be accomplished in defiance of grammar, when we are dealing with English manuscripts of the middle ages, where no two scribes would employ always the same idiom. This edition contains also an able and well written introduction by Mr. Wright, together with some few notes, and has the advantage of possessing a very good and copious glossary. Dr. Whitaker's edition, independently of its inaccuracies, was too large and expensive for general use, and could only find a place in the libraries of the wealthy; the literary world in general, and the admirers of this specimen of our early national poetry in particular, are therefore highly indebted to the labours of Mr. Wright, not only for affording a good text of this work, one of the earliest original poems of any length in our language, but also for the portable and convenient size and inexpensive form in which it has been given to the reader. We may mention that the text of a *MS.* in the Bodleian library (*MS.* Rawl. Poet, 38) is very similar to that printed by Mr. Wright.

The Creed is printed from the first edition by Reynold Wolfe in 1553, both of the only two known manuscripts of this poem having been written after the date of this printed edition, "from which," says Mr. Wright, "they appear to have been copied." He has differed from former editors in not printing the verses in long lines, as they stand in the manuscripts and are given in the preceding editions, but has printed the lines in couplets; and we are quite disposed to agree with him in thinking that "the alliterative verse reads much more harmoniously in the short couplets than in the long lines."

Having already in the previous articles on this subject quoted a few lines from the commencement of the poem, with the view of shewing the various readings of the different texts employed by each editor, it may be as well to give a short specimen of the text of the version used by Mr. Wright, in order that the reader may see the variations from the former editions, and especially from that by Dr. Whitaker:

In a somer seson
Whan softe was the sonne
I shoop me into shroudes
As I a sheep weere
In habite as an heremite
Unholy of werkes
Wente wide in this world
Wondres to here;
As on a May morwenynge
On Malverne hilles
Me bifel a ferly
Of fairye me thoghte
I was wery for-wandred
And wente me to reste
Under a brood bank
By a bournes syde;
And as I lay and lenede,
And loked on the watres,
I slombred into a slepyng
It sweyed so murye.
Than gan I meten
A merveillous swevene
That I was in a wildernesse
Wiste I nevere where,
And as I biheeld into the eest
An heigh to the sonne,
I seigh a tour on a toft
Trieliche y-maked,
A deep dale bynethe,
A dongeon therinne,
With depe diches and derke
And dredfulle of sighte.
A fair feeld ful of folk
Fond I ther bitwene,
Of alle manere of men
The meene and the riche,
Werchynge and wandrynge
As the world asketh.

The present copy is printed on *green paper*, being one of six copies only printed upon coloured paper, and is bound by Hayday,

In White Vellum extra, gilt leaves.

Pierce Ploughman's Crede. — Pierce the Ploughmans Crede. [Colophon.] Imprinted at London by Reynold Wolfe. Anno Domini M.D.LIII. (1553.) 4to, pp. 32, blk. lett.

It must not be concluded, because the Crede of Pierce Ploughman was printed in the same volume with one of the editions of the Vision, and in imitation of the same form of verse, that therefore it was the production of the same author, as this poem is of much later date, and was not composed till after the death of Wickliffe, which took place in 1384. Mr. Wright, in his new edition of the Crede, from the mention of Wickliffe, and the per-

secution of Walter Brute as a heretic at Hereford in 1393, fixes its date very soon after that year, in the latter part of the reign of Richard II., and supposes it also to have been written, like the Vision, on the borders of Wales. Its extreme rarity is well known, and has probably arisen from the circumstance of its having been severely proscribed on account of its doctrines. This has extended also to the manuscripts of it, for, while those of the Vision are so exceedingly numerous, it is believed that of the Crede not more than two are known to exist; one in the British Museum, and the other in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, both of them later than the first printed edition. Warton speaks of it in his day as being nearly as rare as a manuscript, and has transcribed from it largely in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 123. And Hearne, in the second volume of *Peter Langtoft's Chronicle*, p. 587, set so great a value upon this book, from its rarity, that he always classed it with his manuscripts.

The present poem differs from the Vision, in being written without allegory. The author was evidently a sincere admirer of the opinions of Wickliffe, and of the principles of a religious reformation; and has directed his satirical attack, not against the corruptions of the state and the general abuses of society both lay and clerical, but has written exclusively against the vices of the Church, particularly its monastic institutions, or rather of the mendicant orders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. He supposes a plain ignorant man, who is anxious to be instructed in his Crede, for which purpose he applies successively to the four religious mendicant orders, the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustines and Carmelites. Filled with pride and jealousy amongst themselves, they each abuse the vices and want of charity of each other, and are exposed by the author for their ignorance, idleness and immorality, in very strong and lively colours. At length, wearied with his disappointments, he meets with Pierce, a poor honest ploughman, in the field, who inveighs bitterly against all the four orders; describes their spirit of persecution and want of charity; mentions Wickliffe and Walter Brute as preachers of the truth; and finally teaches the inquirer the different articles of the Crede, and the principles of true religion.

The title, consisting only of the words, "Pierce the Ploughmans Crede," is in the centre of a tablet, surrounded by a landscape, with the figures of Pyramus and Thisbe in the front, the latter in the act of throwing herself upon a sword. In a manuscript note in this copy by Herbert, to whom it formerly belonged, he says, "I find this compartment used by Jugge and Cawood to the *Psalter*, printed by them about 1560, in 4to." Dr. Dibdin fancied that he had met with the same cut in one of the theological pieces

of Luther, published in the lifetime of the reformer. It is evidently of foreign execution, and Wolfe himself being a foreigner, he may have procured it from the Continent. Mr. Collier has given a well-executed fac-simile of the figures in the woodcut in his *Bibliographical Catalogue of the Library at Bridgewater House*, p. 235, and remarks that, both in design and performance, it is "certainly unlike anything of the kind executed in this country about that date." On the back of this title is the following address "To the Reader":

To read strange newes, desires manye,
Which at my hande they can not haue:
For here is but antiquitie
Expressed only, as tholde booke gaue.
Take in good part, and not depraue
The Ploughmans Crede, ientyll reader:
Loo, this is all that I requyer.

The poem follows, and is continued to D.iii. in fours; the running title being "Peres Plough-manes Crede." On the reverse of sig. D.iii. the printer, in order "to occupie this leaffe which els shuld haue ben vacant," has "made an interpretation of certayne hard wordes used in this booke for the better understandyng of it." This early attempt at an English glossary contains only forty-eight words, and underneath we read, "The residue the diligent reader shall (I trust) well ynough perceiue."

The versification of the Crede nearly resembles that of the Vision, but is somewhat more rugged and wild in its structure. The poem is full of humour and severe satire, and is a curious picture of the once celebrated and ambitious mendicant orders. Both Warton and Ellis have quoted from it a long and elaborate description of a rich convent of the Dominicans; and as an example of this ancient alliterative poem, a short passage from the opening is here given:

Cros and curteis Christ this begynnyng spede,
For the faders frendshipe, y^{t} fourmed heauen,
And through y^{e} special spirit y^{t} sprō̄g of hē̄ tweyne,
And al in one god-hed endles dwelleth:
A, and all myn A, b, c, after haue I lerned,
And patres ī̄ my pater-noster, iche poynt after other,
And after al, myne Aue-Marie almost to the end,
But al my care is to comen, for I can nought my Crede:
Whan I shall shewen my shrift, shent mote I worthen,
The preeste wil me punyche, and penaunce enioyne,
The lengthe of a lenton, flesh moot I leue,
After that Estur is ycome, and that is hard fare,

And wedenes day iche wyke withouten flesh mete,
And also Jesu hymselfe, to the Jewes he saide,
He that lecueth nought on me, he leseth the blisse:
Therfor lerne the byleue leuest me were,
Gif any worldly wights wil me [it] couthe,
Other lewed or lered, that lyueth thereafter
And fulliche folweth the feith and feyneth non other:
That no worldeliche wele wilneth no tyme
But liueth in louyng of God, and his lawe holdeth;
And for no gettyng of good, neuer his God greueth,
But folweth hym the full way, as he the folke taughte,
But to many maner of men, this matter is asked,
Both to lered and to lewed, that seyn that they liueden,
Hollich on the grete God, and holden al his hestes.
But by a fraynyng for than, faileth ther manye.
For first I frayned the freres, and they me fulle tolden
That al the fruyt of the fayth, was in her foure orders,
And the cofres of christendom, and the keie bothen,
And the lock of byleue, lieth loken in her hondes.

Warton was of opinion that this poem of the Crede, and the Ploughman's Tale, introduced into Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (but without any good authority, and not at all in his style), were written by the same person, most probably so judging from this passage in the latter:

And of Freris I haue *before*
Told in a makin of a *Crede.* (l. 3005.)

This couplet may possibly refer to Pierce the Ploughmans Crede, and would then prove that the Ploughman's Tale was written later than that poem, but no further inference can, we think, be drawn from it. The Ploughman's Tale differs from the Crede in being written in eight-line stanzas of octo-syllabic verse, and is in rhyme, but has the alliterative initials used by Langeland. It favours the opinions promulgated by Wickliffe, and is directed, like the other, against the pride and covetousness of the clergy, which were severely lashed in some other satirical works before the Reformation, bearing the assumed name of Pierce the Ploughman.

See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, pp. 123–144, and Do. on Spenser, vol. ii, p. 252; Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii, p. 301; Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. i, pp. 158–168; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iv, p. 21; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p, 517; Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*, vol. ii, p. 420; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 235; and Wright's introduction to his edition, vol. i, p. xxviii.

The present copy of the Crede, which wants the last leaf, containing the colophon, was formerly in the collection of Herbert, and was probably the same which was also in the library of Mr. Brand, mentioned as having "no date," and sold at his sale, No. 6486, for 3*l.* 3*s.* It passed thence into the Roxburghe collection, No. 3239, from which it was sold for 10*l.* to Sir Mark M. Sykes, and at his sale, pt. ii, No. 781, was bought by Mr. Heber for 1*l.* 11*s.*, at the dispersion of whose library, in 1834, pt. viii, No. 1278, it was again sold for 4*l.* 5*s.* A copy, bound up with Rogers' edition of the Vision, No. 1561, sold in Dent's sale, pt. ii, No. 894*, for 4*l.* 10s., and another perfect copy in Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1221, for 4*l.* 5*s.* There are copies also in the libraries of the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Ellesmere, and the Hon. Thomas Grenville, now in the British Museum.

Fine copy. In calf extra, gilt leaves,
with the arms and crest of the Duke of Roxburghe.

PIERCE PLOUGHMAN.— Pierce, the Ploughman's Crede.

London: Reprinted by T. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, for Lackington, Allen and Co., Finsbury Square, and Robert Triphook, St. James's Street. 1814. 4to, pp. 44, blk. lett.

Dr. Whitaker's large and expensive edition of the Vision of Pierce Ploughman having been published in 1813, the present reprint of the Crede was undertaken in the same form as a companion to the Vision. It is beautifully printed in black letter from the well-known and elegant press of Bensley, and is ornamented with woodcuts and rubricated headings. The text is that of the first edition by Reynold Wolfe, from which it is verbally taken, and with the exception of a short preface of one page, it is an exact reprint of Wolfe's edition.

In Boards.

PROLUSIONES PŒTICÆ.— Pœtical Essays.

London, Printed in the Year 1687. 8vo, pp. 64.

The author of this little work, which is of rather uncommon appearance, is not known. It is preceded by an Epistle to the Reader in prose, in which the writer, apologizing for not having a dedication, says, that "though he

could, as well as others, have graced this piece with some great man's name in the front; yet he had rather chosen to give the World a freedom of unprepossessed Censuring, by not so much as putting his own name to it." And excusing himself for not having followed the example of almost all his predecessors in poetry, in taking their subjects of wit and fancy from the scripture, he remarks, "This fault (if it be one) I designedly committed, esteeming that sacred volume worthy of a greater veneration, than to be quoted upon every frivolous occasion. Those that follow other poets in that point, may perhaps raise their credit upon loose wits; but, I believe, will hardly be counted religious by sober men: for all grant that it is dangerous, *Ludere cum Sacris*."

The poems consist of short translations from Martial and Ovid; Acrostics on the Creed and Lord's Prayer, a few other short poems, and Paraphrases on the first, third, fourth, sixth and ninety-first Psalms, but are not deserving of any particular notice or commendation. One short specimen will suffice.

Death.

Death! Thou the Ender art of all our Woes,
The Just that's miserable with Gladness goes
Down to the silent Grave. But the Unjust
Though miserable here, with great Distrust
Descends into thy Darksome Chamber, Death,
And with extream Reluctancy gives up his Breath.
Because his sad Account is nigh at hand,
And he before God's Judgment-Seat must stand.
His greatest Troubles do but then begin,
When he must Punisht be for all his Sin.

In the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, 1815, a copy of this little book, No. 569, is marked at 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Bound in Calf — neat.

Quarles (John.)— Regale Lectum Miseriæ: or, a Kingly Bed of Miserie. In which is contained, a Dreame: with an Elegie upon the Martyrdome of Charles, late King of England, of blessed Memory: And another upon the Right Honourable The Lord Capel. With a curse against the Enemies of Peace and the Authors Farewell to England. By John Quarles.

Printed in the Yeare 1649. Sm. 8vo, pp. 120.

Prefixed to this scarce and curious work is an engraved frontispiece, representing King Charles lying on the "Bed of Miserie," which is surrounded with thorns, his crown and sceptre falling from him, and a label issuing from his mouth, inscribed, "Patientia Coronat Miseriam." At the side of the bed are Prince Charles and the Princess Elizabeth, from the latter of whom issues another label, "Quis Miser ut Ego." And above is an angel presenting him with a crown, and the motto "Dabo tibi Coronam vitæ." The work is dedicated "To that Patronesse of Vertue, and most Illustrious Princesse Elizabeth, the sorrowfull Daughter to our late Martyr'd Soveraigne Charles, King of England, &c.," after which is a short address "To the Reader." The first poem, entitled "A Dreame," extends to the forty-third page, and is not without merit, as may be judged from the following extract:

Methought I saw
A grieved *King*, whose very looks were *Law*.
He sigh'd as if his tender heart had taken
A farewell of his body, and forsaken
This lower world; his star-light eyes were fixt
Upon the face of *Heav'n*, his hands commixt.
His *tongue* was parsimonious, yet my eare
(That was attentive) could not prevaile to heare
This whisp'ring eccho: Oh! be pleas'd t'incline
Thy sacred eares! *was ever grief like mine?*
Was ever heart so sad? was ever any
So destitute of joy, that had so many
As I have had? though all be snatch'd from me,
Yet let me have an interest in thee.
Oh Heaven! and there he stop'd, as if his breath
Had stept aside to entertaine a death.
My soul was ravish'd, and the private dart
Of new-bred love, struck pity to my heart,
I could not hold, but silently bequeath
Some drops unto the ground, my soul did cleave
Unto his lips, for every word he spoke
Was ponderous, and would have easily broke
Th' obdurest heart; I turn'd away mine eye,
And suddenly methoughts I did espie
A *sacrifice*; which when I did behold
My bloud recoiled, and my heart grew cold;
I was transported, and methoughts the place
Whereon I stood, seem'd bloudy for a space:

I trembling, cast my wearied eyes about,
Thinking to finde my former object out,
But he was gone; and in his roome was plac'd
A many-headed *monster*, that disgrac'd
The very place: they vanish'd, then appear'd
A large-pretending rout, as well be-ear'd
As *Balaam's Asse*, methoughts they did excell
The *Asse* in *eares*, but could not speak so well.

After the poem of the "Dreame," there is a new title as follows:

"An Elegie upon that never to be forgotten Charles the First, Late (but too soon Martyr'd) King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland.

Who with unmoved Constance, lay'd downe
His Life, t'exchange it, for a heav'nly Crowne.

Ian. 30. 1648.

In edibus Regum
Mors venit.

Printed in the Yeer, 1648."

And immediately after this there is another engraved print representing Charles on the scaffold in front of Whitehall, pointing to his coffin, the executioner in a mask being at his side, and from the mouth of the former a label inscribed, "Te Domine, non hœc, timeo." This print, and the engraved frontispiece, were not in the first edition which was published in 1648. The elegy is printed only on one side of the leaf, every alternate page being entirely black as emblematic of mourning. Another short quotation from this poem may not be unacceptable to the reader:

Thus having lay'd the *burthen* of their *spight*
Upon his *head*, they sent him from their sight;
But he (that was inspir'd by *heav'n*) did show
A *countenance* that did import their *woe*,
More then a *sorrow* for his *death*, his face
Was dy'd with *honor*, theirs, with foul *disgrace*,
His *patience* was their *passions*, and they found
His *minde* a *kingdom*, where his *heart* was crownd
With constant *love*: oh! that I could rehearse
His living *vertues*, with a living *verse*:
But now my *Pen* must leave him for a time,
And dwell upon the *mountaines* of that crime
Which they committed: Put a *King* to death!
Oh horrid *action!* what venomous breath

Pronounc'd that fatall *sentence!* may it live
To poyson *Scorpions*, and not dare to give
The least of sounds, to any humane eare.
Sure he was *deaf* himself, and could not heare
The cadence of his *language*; for the sound
Had been sufficient to inflict a *wound*
Within his marble *heart*; oh! such a deed
Stabbs Kingdoms to the *hearts*, and makes them *bleed*
Themselves to *death*; to lose so good a *King*
By such base means, will prove a viperous *sting*
To this detested Land.

At the end of the poem is an acrostic epitaph on "Charles King of England," which is followed by "An Elegy upon the Right Honorable, the Lord CAPELL, Baron of Hadham; Who was beheaded at Westminster, for maintaining the ancient and fundamentall Lawes of the Kingdom of England, March the 9. 1648." At the close of this is an acrostic epitaph upon the same; then "A Curse against the Enemies of Peace," and "The Author's Farewell to England." A list of errata and a sable leaf conclude the volume. It would seem that there was another impression of this second edition, as the title of the copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 591, conclude thus: "Whereunto is added Englands Sonets. By John Quarles. The Second Edition. Printed in the Yeare 1649," which differs in the latter part from the present title. See a notice of this edition, with an extract from the elegy, in the *Restituta*, vol. i, p. 106.

John Quarles, the author of these poems, was the son of Francis, the poet, who wrote the *Emblems*, and other works, and was one of eighteen children by his wife Ursula. He received his education at Exeter College, Oxford, and, when only eighteen years of age, embarked in the cause of Charles I. at the siege of Oxford, and had, it is said, a captain's commission in the royal army during the period of the Civil Wars; but, on the decline of the king's fortunes, he retired to London in a necessitous condition, and maintained himself by writing and publishing books, inheriting his father's taste for poetry. Here he continued in a state of great poverty and destitution till he was carried away, along with many others, in the great plague in London in the year 1665. See an account of this writer, with a list of his works, in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii, p. 697, ed. Bliss. Compare also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 591, where a copy was marked at 3*l.* 3*s.* Southgate's copy, bound in Russia, gilt leaves, sold at Saunders's, in March 1818, for 2*l.* 2*s.*, and was bought by Lepard, probably for Mr. Strettell, whose copy,

No. 1175, bound in Russia, sold in 1820 for 1*l.* 5*s.* The present copy was Boucher's, and was afterwards in the *Bibl. Heber.* It has since been rebound.

Quippes for Vpstart Newfangled Gentlewomen. — or, a Glasse to view the Pride of vain-glorious Women. Containing, a pleasant Inuectiue against the Fantastical Forreigne Toyes, daylie used in Womens apparell.

Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, neere to S. Andrewes Church in Holburne. 1595. 4to, pp. 14.

The first leaf of this very curious and rare poem, or Sig. A 1, contains a woodcut frontispiece of a female figure habited in the costume of the time, with long-pointed stomacher, large ruff, full sleeves, and embroidered robe, holding a fan of feathers in her hand, and a little dog running before her, and above it the first portion of the title, "Quippes for Vpstart Newfangled Gentlewomen." The remainder of the title, together with the imprint, date, and the printer's device of a sweet-william with the motto "Heb Ddieu, Heb Ddim," are given on the next leaf. The poem is a severe and coarse invective against the absurd and ridiculous fashions which prevailed during the reign of Elizabeth, and in which, if we may judge from some of the portraits of her still in existence, she herself set a very striking example. These "newfangled" fashions are lashed by the author with much severity, whose satire against those of the fair sex who wear periwigs, starched ruffs, masks, fans, busks, hoops, aprons and corked heels, is indignant and highly sarcastic.

The poem is without any prefix, and consists of forty-nine stanzas of six-lines each, written with great coarseness and indelicacy, but with much satirical humour. Another edition of this work was published in 1596, and Mr. Collier has ascertained the author's name from a presentation copy of this second impression with the words *Authore Stephen Gosson*, in his own handwriting, written on the first leaf. This fact gives additional interest to the tract; Gosson, it is scarcely necessary to observe, being a distinguished writer in connexion with the morality, or rather immorality, of the

Elizabethan stage. Mr. Collier prepared a reprint of this poem for the Percy Society, but as it has been suppressed, our readers will probably not object to see an extract from it of some of the stanzas.

Those worsted stockes of brauest die,
and silken garters fring'd with gold:
These corked shooes to beare them hie,
makes them to trip it on the molde.
They mince it then with pace so strange
Like vntam'd heifers, when they range.

To carrie all this pelfe and trash,
because their bodies are vnfit,
Our wantons now in coaches dash,
from house to house, from street to street,
Were they of state, or were they lame,
To ride in coach they need not shame.

But being base, and sound in health,
they teach for what they coaches make:
Some think perhaps to shew their wealth,
nay, nay, in them they pennance take,
As poorer truls, must ride in cartes,
So coaches are for prouder heartes.

You sillie men, of simple sence,
what ioy haue you, olde-Cookes to be:
Your owne deare flesh, thus to dispence
to please the glance of lusting eie.
That you should couch your meat in dish,
And others feele, it is no fish.

Of verie loue you them array
in siluer, golde, and iewels braue:
For silke and veluet still you pay,
so they be trimme, no cost you saue.
But thinke you such as ioy in these,
Will couet none, but you to please.

When they for gawdes, and toyes do wrangle,
pretending state and neighbours guise,
Then are they bent, to trap and tangle,
vnskilful braines, and heades vnwise:
I neuer yet saw, bayted hooke,
But fisher then for game did looke.

There is a notice of this poetical tract by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. iii,

p, 255. See also *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 597, and Dibdin's *Liter. Reminisc.*, p. 931, who is, however, wrong in stating there are only *five* leaves, the total number being *seven*. It sold at the Roxburge sale, No. 3335, for 6*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 597, for 25*l.*; Midgley's in 1818, No. 711, 11*l.* 11*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's, pt. iii, No. 257, 12*l.*; Sir F. Freeling's, No. 1966, 9*l.* 18*s.*

The present copy is from the Roxburghe and Sykes collections, and is
Bound in Orange Morocco, gilt leaves,
With the Roxburghe Crest on the sides.

Raleigh, (George.) — Christ on his Cross, or the Holy Lambes Funerall. By George Ralcigh Esquire.

Mors Christi
Vita Mihi
O utinam nostros vidisti flentis ocellos!

At London Printed by George Purslow for Edward Black: and are to bee sold at his Shop at the Great South Doore of S. Pauls 1624. Sm. 8vo, pp. 56.

Dr. Watt, in his *Bibliotheca Britanica*, does not take any notice of this very rare poem, and Lowndes is also unable to cite any copy as having occurred for public sale. The rich collection of old English poetry in the Bodleian library, also numbers this amongst its desiderata. It is written in six-line stanzas, and has a short dedication in prose prefixed, addressed "To the Vertuous and Worthy Gentlewoman Mrs. Anne Monson, Daughter to that truely Noble Knight Sir William Monson of Kenersley in Surrey." The subject of the poem is the Scripture account of the last days of the Saviour, from the time of his betrayal by Judas Iscariot to the taking down of his body from the cross. It is written in a style rather above mediocrity, and without aspiring to any high flight of fancy, which the painful nature of the subject would not admit of, and without much force or originality; the language is flowing and easy, although we hardly know whether the following stanzas, selected at random, will be thought to bear out this opinion:

O heavenly goodnesse sweet alluring grace,
Diuinest comfort to repentant eares:

Good God, what honor's hence to *Adam's* race?
O pleasant Fountaine of Soule-cleansing teares:
Might still my mind be rauisht vp on high
To heare the tones of this deare Harmonie.

But woe alas my Muse recants her song,
And 'gins to mutter in a humming base:
What heauy chances cloud themselues among
The fair beginning of a comely race;
From Peace to War to broiles from quiet rest,
Thus she conuerts the Tenor of her breast.

The Barke which sometimes smoothly sailed on,
Led by a gale of the calme breathing wind;
Now lost with mounting waues the Rocks vpon
In narrow limits cannot be confin'd,
When surging billowes (take what helpe she can)
Make her a wracke of the great Ocean.

The glorious Sunne in his late shining carre,
Which seem'd so much in brightnesse to excell,
Hauing lost its course, wanders now neere, now far,
Nor can the cloudy Sea-borne mists expell;
Which durst oppose his counter-checking raies,
And stop the passage of their streaming waies.

Where earst within the compasse of a wood,
On shadie boughes the chirping birds did sing,
And warbled diuers notes in prettie moode,
So that the vallies with their noise did ring;
Now rauens with their ecchoes harsh rebound,
And hellish iarring take up all the sound.

Yea, all things which before laught at the state
Which they receiued from a pleasant spring,
Whiles frosty winter makes a new debate,
Now spend their growth in helplesse vanishing:
When God himselfe, now God and Man become,
Must needs be subiect to a mortall doome.

Him now I waile, of whom so late I sung
In the light Meeter of a ioyfull brest,
And that sweet Peale which I so gladly rung,
Must in a sound of much confusion rest;
Whiles that those helpes, to which our hopes did bend
(The Iewe I meane) gaue to the same an end,

These councell take, and all combin'd in one,
To worke his death, do meetings often make,
Plodding together, and sometimes alone,
How they the Iust may in their nettings take.
He must be caught, and had in any wise,
Nought but his bloud their hunger satisfies.

From the last verse but one here quoted, it seems not altogether improbable that the author had previously written some other poem on the same sacred person, although we are not aware of the existence of any other work from his pen. In the sale of Mr. Nassau's library, pt. ii, No. 923, occurred a work, *Albania*; or Certain Concernments of Great Britany, with an explication of the present state thereof, truely represented under the faigned person of Albania. By George Raleigh. London 1641, 4to. Dedicated to Charles I. It is a political pamphlet in prose, and consists of sixty pages. We cannot find any allusion in it which exhibits him as the writer of *Christ on his Cross.*

Whether they were both written by the same person we are unable to state, nor have we been able to discover anything more relating to this writer, or of his connection (if any) with his namesake, the great circumnavigator and poet.

The present copy of this rare poem, which unfortunately is not in good state, being close-cropped in the fore edges and water stained, was obtained at the sale of Mr. B. H. Bright's library in 1845, and is bound up with *The Levites Revenge*, by R. Gomersall. London 1628, 8vo.

Rhodes, (Hugh.)—The Boke of Nurtur for men seruauntes, and children, with Stans puer ad mensam, newelye corrected, verye utyle and necessarye unto all youth.

[Colophon.] Imprinted by me Thomas Colwell: Dwellynge in the House of Robert Wyer beside Charing Crosse. No date [but *circâ* 1560]. 4to, pp. 26, blk. lett.

The first part of this work, which is in black letter, is written in prose but the greater portion, viz., the last twenty pages, is in verse. It is divided into parts or chapters as follows:

1. The Boke of Nurtur for men seruauntes and children, with Stans puer ad mensam, newelye corrected, very⁹ utyle and necessarye unto all youth.
2. The maner of seruing a knight, squire, or gentleman.
3. Howe to ordre your maisters chamber, at night to be bedwarde.
4. Here foloweth the booke of nurture of good maners for man and childe. The first in verse.
5. For the waytyng seruaunt.

At the end are four sets of proverbs or apothegms consisting of four lines each, after which is the colophon, "Thus endeth the booke of Nurture, or gouernaunce of youth, with Stant puer ad mensam. Compyled by Hughe Rodes of the Kynges Chappell. Imprinted by me Thomas Colwell; Dwellynge in the House of Robert Wyer beside Charing Crosse." With some rude ornaments, and a fleur-de-lys on the last page and one of the former ones.

Warton says of this work, "In the preceding reign of King Edward the sixth, Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman or musician of the royal chapel," meaning probably that of King Henry the eighth, published an English poem, with the title, "The Boke of Nurtur for men servants and children, or of the gouernaunce of youth, with Stans puer ad mensam," 4to, black letter; and says further, "In the following reign of Mary, the same poet printed a poem consisting of thirty-six octavo stanzas, entitled, "The Song of the Chyld Byshop, as it was songe before the queenes maiestie in her privie chamber at her manour of saynt James in the ffeeldes on saynt Nicholas day and Innocents day this yeare nowe present, by the chylde bysshope of Poules churche with his compony, 4to, black letter, Londini in œdibus Johannis Cawood, typographi regiæ 1555." Of this latter work no copy seems to be known, and Dibdin has inserted it in his *Typog. Antig.*, vol. iv, p. 394, solely on the authority of Warton. Ritson also seems to think that its existence "requires some further authority." See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 146, 8vo edition; and Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 314.

The present work is full of wise sayings and rules for the cultivation of good manners; and from the following passage, with which the portion in verse commences, it appears that the author was a native of Devonshire:

> Al ye that wolde learne, and wolde be called wise
> Obedience learne in youth, in age it wil avoid vice
> I am blind in Poets art, therof I can no skyl
> Al eloquence I put a part, folowe mine owne wyl

Corrupt in speche my breues and longes to know
Borne and bred in Deuonshyre, my termes wil wel show,
Take the best, leaue the worst, of truth I meane no yll
The matter not curious, but thentent good, marke it well
Pardon I aske; if I offend, thus boldly to wryte
To maister, seruaunt, yong, or olde, I do me submit
Reforming both youth and age, if any do amis
To you I shew my mynde, amende where nede is
Set your yonge people good maners for to learne.
To your elders be gentell, do nor say no harme
Yf youth do euyll, theyr parents are reported sone
They shuld teach other good, by lyke themselues can none
A good father makes good childrē, grace being thē within
For as they be used in youth, in age they wyll begin.

There was an earlier edition of this work in 4to, without date, printed by Thomas Petyt, which is described in Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iii, p. 515, of which a copy, wanting the title, was in the library of the late Mr. Douce, and is now, by his bequest, in the Bodleian Library. It was also again reprinted in sm. 8vo, black letter, by H. Jackson, 1577, which last edition is described by Mr. Park in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. v, p. 350; and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 620, where a copy is priced at 15*l.*; and another of this edition sold in Steeven's sale, No. 1060, for 2*l.* 2*s.* There is also a copy in Malone's collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

There is no doubt that there were other editions of this work, though unknown to bibliographers, and that it was, from its popular nature, frequently reprinted. It would seem from Mr. Collier's first volume of *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, printed for the Shakespeare Society, that John Walley or Waley, and John Kyng, had both licence to print impressions, though no copies from their press are known to be in existence; and another very rare edition by Abraham Veale will be noticed in the next article.

The present edition appears to be entirely unknown to bibliographers, and is not mentioned by Ritson, Herbert, Dibdin, or, in later days, by Lowndes or Watt. The book has no regular title-page, but commences after the heading as given above. It appears, however, to have been so printed, from the circumstance of having the author's name at the end, and also from beginning on sig. A.1.; and in this opinion several competent judges coincide. It was probably printed soon after 1560, though Colwell continued to print as late as 1575. The present copy has the last leaf but one misplaced.

Bound by Murton. Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

RHODES, (HUGH.)—The Book of Nurture for men seruants and Children (with Stans puer ad mensam) newly corrected, very utile and necessary unto all youth. [Colophon.] Imprinted at London in Paules Church Yarde at the Signe of the Lamb by Abraham Veale. *n.d.* 4to, pp. 24, blk. lett.

Another extremely rare edition of this popular tract, not noticed by bibliographers, probably printed not much later than the preceding. It varies considerably from that impression, as will be perceived from a comparison of the commencement of the poetical portion, the orthography of which is more modern than that of the former.

Al ye that would learn and then would be called wise
Obedience learn in youth, in age it wil auoid vice
I am blind in Poet's art, thereof I haue no skil.
All eloquence I put apart, and follow mine owne wil
Corrupt in speech my breeues and longs to know
Borne and bredd in Deuonshire my termes wil wel show
Take the best and leue the worst, of truth I meane noe ill
If the matter be not curious thinteute is good mark it well
Pardon I aske if I offend thus boldely for to write
To master or seruant (yung and olde) I do my selfe submit
I would reforme both youth and age, if any thing be amis
To yow wil I shew my minde, reforme ye where need is
All that haue young people good maners set them to learne
To their elders w^t^ gentle conditiōs, let do nor say no harm
If they do il, wise men may report their Parents sone
How should they teach other good, belike thē salues cānone
A good father maketh good childrē, if wisdō be thē within
Such as of custome use it in youth, in age they will begin.

We may here also mention another still more rare and valuable edition of this curious volume, quite unknown, printed by Thomas East, in oblong 4to, black letter, 1568, with several woodcuts, a copy of which, in the collection of the late Mr. Bright, No. 4718, sold for 16*l.* 16*s.* This production from the press of East is much earlier than any other registered work by him, and a great curiosity. The present edition begins like the last, on the first page sig. A.1., but has only twelve leaves, whereas the former has thirteen. It is somewhat soiled on the first and last leaf, but is otherwise quite perfect.

It should be observed that the "Stans puer ad mensam" is an imitation

of one version of a poem under the same title, and printed several times in the sixteenth century. Compare it with a copy in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 156, which commences:

My dere childe first thiself enable
With all thine harte to vertuous discipline
Afor thi souerayne standing at the table
Dispose thi youth aftir my doctrine.

Half bound in Russia.

RICHARD I.— Kynge Rycharde cuer du lyon.

Colophon. Thus endeth the story of ye noble kȳge Rycharde cure de lyon. Imprynted at London in the Fletestrete at ye sygne of ye sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. The yere of our lorde M.cccc. and xxviii (1528). 4to, blk. lett.

Of the valuable and interesting English metrical romance of "Kynge Rycharde cuer du lyon," three early editions are known to us — two printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 4to, blk. lett., 1509 and 1528, and one by William Copland, 4to, blk. lett., without date. They are each of them of the most extreme rarity. The present edition of this curious poem is of more importance than most of the ancient impressions of the metrical romances by our early printers, inasmuch as no perfect manuscript of it has yet been discovered; and it is almost unnecessary to observe that the text, being printed from *MSS.*, or rather, perhaps, reprinted from one which was taken from a manuscript, is of great authenticity. The warlike exploits and chivalric virtues of the King of the Lion Heart were long great favourites of the English public, and the legend of the Lyon was a common article of the popular historical creed in the time of Shakespeare, who mentions, in the play of *King John*,

Richard that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine.

And again:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose
Subjected tribute to commanding love.
Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's.

The romance was originally composed in the Anglo-Norman language, and has been ascribed by Hearne, though probably without much reason, to the pen of Robert de Brunne; but it was translated into English verse at a very early period, an imperfect copy of the fourteenth century being preserved in the Auchinlech *MS.* in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh. A later copy, also imperfect, is contained in a valuable *MS.* preserved in the library of Caius College, Cambridge, and was used by Weber in his edition of the work printed in his *Metrical Romances*, 1810, vol. ii, 8vo, the deficiencies having been supplied from an early printed edition, and a fragment belonging to the late Mr. Douce, now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, No. ccxxviii. There is also a fourth manuscript, but imperfect like the others, being a mere fragment only, in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, No. 4690.

The title is printed in black letter, within a riband, over a woodcut frontispiece of King Richard in armour on horseback attended by his squire. On the reverse of the title is "The prologue," as follows:

Lorde kynge of glorye
Suche grace and suche vyctory
Thou sendest to kynge Rycharde
That neuer was founde cowarde
It is good to here jestes
Of his prowesse and his conquestes
Many romayns men make newe
Of good knyghtes and of trewe
Of theyr dedes men rede romauns
Bothe in Englonde and in Fraunce
Of Rowlande and of Olyuere
And of every desepere
Of Alysaunder and of Charlemayne
Of kynge Arthur and of Gawayne
How they were knyghtes good and curtoys
Of Turpyn and of Oger the danoys
Of troye men rede in ryme
What was by olde tyme
Of Hector and of Achylles
What folke they slewe in prees

In fraunce these rymes were wrought
Euery englysshe ne knewe it nought
Lewde man can frensshe none
Of an hondred unneth one
Neuertheles with gladde chere
Yf that ye wyll now here
Newe jestes I understonde
Of doughty knyghtes of Englonde
Therefore now I wyll you rede
Of a kynge doughty of dede
Kynge Rycharde was the beste
That is founde in ony Jeste
Now all that here this talkynge
God gyue them good endynge.

It is more than probable that, as Warton observes, the leisure of monastic life may have contributed to the production of this metrical romance; and that though originally derived from a French or Norman prototype, as nearly all our romances were, it was probably translated by a monk in some religious house. It is well known that the libraries of our monasteries abounded with tales and romances, and in the published contents of more than one of them we read of the *Gesta Ricardi Regis*, &c. We see from the prologue just quoted, the subjects named of some of those tales and "romances" which "men rede in ryme" in those days; but, above all, the Crusades introduced a new era and a new spirit and interest in our early heroic poetry. Many were the legends written about the Lion-hearted King so celebrated for his ardent love of chivalry; and his warlike achievements in the Holy Land were a favourite theme of the minstrels, whom he so munificently patronized and encouraged with his favour, and loaded with honours and rewards.

The work is divided into sixteen chapters, most of which are headed with a curious woodcut illustrative of the chief event therein described. The subjects of the chapters are here given:

"Here begynneth the hystorye of kynge Rycharde cure du lyon, and fyrst of his byrth.

"How kynge Rycharde made a Justynge.

"How knyge Rycharde toke shyppynge.

"Of the loue bytwene y^e^ kynges doughter and kynge Rycharde, and after how y^e^ kynge Rycharde slewe a lyon, and how he ete y^e^ herte of the lyon all rawe, wherfore he had y^e^ name, stronge Rycharde cure de lyon.

"How kynge Rycharde sent for his rañsome.
"How the kynge of fraunce betrayed kynge Rycharde.
"How thre of kynge Rychardes shyppes were perysshed in the see, and how the emperour put his men in pryson.
"How kynge Rycharde gaue batayll to the emperour and how y^e^ emperour fledde awaye for fere that he had, and there was slayne many of the emperours folke, and after that he wente streyght to Acrys.
"How kynge Rycharde cutte a two a grete chayne, and how an Archebysshop tolde hym the sorowe that they had suffre[d] afore.
"How kynge Rycharde wan y^e^ cyte of Acrys.
"Yet of an other batayll, and how kynge Rycharde wan it, and also wan the cyte of Arsour.
"How kynge Rycharde asseyged the cyte of babyloyne, and how he wan it, and of two deuylles, that one in lykenes of [a] mare, and that other in lykenes of a colte, wherof y^e^ sowdan sente y^e^ colte to kynge Rycharde.
"How kynge Rycharde and the kynge of fraunce were wrothe togyder, and how y^e^ kynge of fraunce wente home to his londe.
"How kynge Rycharde and his men made the walles of a cyte whiche hyght chalens, and how the duke of astryche departed from him, bycause of y^e^ rebuke he gaue hym bycause he wolde not do as he dyde, and how kynge Rycharde wan the castell of daron.
"How kynge Rycharde smote downe an ymage of marble, and how he slewe fyue sarasynes that were within y^e^ sayd image, and of many other maters.
"How kynge Rycharde was slayne before the castell gaylande, and how the castell was wonne, and all were slayne that were therin."

The peculiar circumstance from which the romance is designated, and to which Shakespeare was indebted for the allusion above quoted, is related in the fourth chapter of the poem. This achievement, which gave to Richard his distinguishing appellation, is related at large by Bishop Percy in his Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances, in the third volume of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, p. 17, edition 1812, and as it is one of the most striking events ascribed to King Richard, and will afford a favourable example of this interesting romance, it will probably not be unacceptable to the Reader.

King Richard, with two other knights, Foulke Doyley and Thomas of Multon, on their return from the Holy Land, travelling in disguise as

palmers through Almayne, are discovered by a minstrel, who, informing the king thereof, they are seized by him, and cast into prison. Whilst there, the king's son, Wardrewe by name, having heard of Richard's great strength, begs the porter to shew him his prisoners, and on seeing Richard, asks him,

> Dar'st thou stonde a buffet of my honde
> And to morrow I gyue the the leue
> Suche another me to gyue.

Richard consents, and receives a blow that makes the fire spring from his eyes, and nearly overthrows him.

> On the morrowe whan it was daye
> Rycharde rose as I you saye
> Waxe he toke clere and bryght
> And sone a fyre he hym dyght
> And wexed his hondes by the fyre
> Ouerthwarde and endlonge be you sure
> A strawes brede thicke and more
> For he thought to smyte sore.

Thus prepared, he awaits the arrival of the king's son, who came "forwarde as a trewe man," and stood before him, when Richard dealt him such a blow under his cheek, as "to brake his cheeke bone, that he fell downe dead as ony stone." This being told to the king and queen, they are overwhelmed with sorrow and rage at the death of Wardrewe, and send for the Jayler to learn in what manner this event had occurred; and threaten vengeance against Richard for the loss of their son. In this distress he is comforted by the love of the king's daughter, Margery, who visits him in prison, and provides him with food and drink. The king then holds a council of his lords and great men, when a certain knight, Sir Eldrede, advises that a lion, kept without food for three days, should be turned loose upon Richard in his chamber. The king's daughter, hearing of this, warns him of his danger, and urges him to fly with her from the country. Richard refuses his consent to this as against the law of the land, but requests her to procure for him

> kerchers of sylke
> Fourty elles as whyte as mylke,

and to bring them into the prison. The result of his combat with the lion is then thus graphically described:

> The keuercheſes he toke on honde
> And aboute his arme he wonde

And thought in that ylke whyle
To slee the lyon with some gyle.
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,
With that came the Jaylere
And other men that with him were,
And the lyon them amonge
His pawes were styffe and stronge.
The chambre dore they undone
And the lyon to hym is gone.
Rycharde sayd, helpe lorde Jesu!
The Lyon made to him venu,
And wolde hym haue all to rente;
Kynge Rycharde besyde hym glente
The lyon on the breste hym spurned
That aboute he tourned.
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tayle to be egre,
He loked about as he were madde
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
He cried lowde and yaned wyde
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was best and to hym sterte,
In at the throat his honde he grete
And hente out the herte with his honde,
Lounge and all that he there fonde.
The lyon fell deed to the grounde:
Rycharde felt no wem ne wounde.
He fell on his knees in that place
And thanked Jesu of his grace
That him kept from shame and harme.

But this was not the whole of the feat, for to the great astonishment of the king and his assembled court, Richard not only tore out the heart of the lion, but dipping it in the salt which stood on the table, he devoured it raw before their wondering eyes, an act which gave him, afterwards, his peculiar designation of *Cœur de Lyon*.

He toke the herte also warme
And brought it forth in the hall
Before the kynge and his lordes all:
The kynge at mete sate at the dese,
The erles barons proude in prese
The salte on the table stode
Kyng Rycharde thryste out all the blode

And wette the herte in the salt;
The kynge and his men hym behalte,
Without brede he it gan ete,
The kynge wondred and began to speake,
I wys as I understonde can
This is the deuyll and no man,
He hath my stronge lyon slawe
The herte out of the body drawe
And hath it eten with good wyll
He may be called with good skyll
Crysten kynge moost of renowne
Stronge Rycharde cure du lyowne.

It is well known that Shakespeare had a great love for these early tales and romances, the taste for which had very largely increased among all classes during the reign of Elizabeth; and that several of his plots, and many allusions in his plays, were derived from these attractive sources. Among other tales of romantic fiction with which he was familiar, there is little doubt, from the notice he has taken of this exploit of the lion-hearted Richard in his play of *King John*, that this early metrical romance occupied a place, along with many other similar legends and ballads, in his well-stored library. But there is another incident related of King Richard in this work, of a still more remarkable character than that we have just given of his combat with the lion. It appears that, during the siege of Acre, Richard fell sick, and while in that condition longed for some pork, which was not to be procured. The substitute which was prepared in its stead we can only relate in the singular and exact words of the poem:

Sory was the folke Englysshe
For theyr lorde laye in grete anguysshe
For kynge Rycharde laye syke
All about they gan seke
On knees prayed the crysten hoost
To the fader and sone and holy goost
Nyght and daye with good entent
That Rychard myght haue amendement
Thorugh the byddynge of our lady dere
Her blessed sone hearde her prayere
Thorugh his grace and vertue
He tourned out of his ague.
To mete had he no fauour
To wyn ne water, ne to no lycour,

But after pork he was a longed
Though all his men sholde be honged
They ne might in that countree
Neyther for golde nor for fee
No porke finde, take, ne gete
That kynge Ryeharde myght ete.

"A noble knyght" hearing of his desire, goes to the steward privily and tells him to say nothing to any one, but to

Take a sarasyne young and fat
And in haste that did he slawe
And his heed of hym he fawe
And soden full hastely
With good pouder and spycery
And with good saffron of good colour:
Whan kynge Ryeharde feeleth the sauour
Out of the ague yf he be wente
He shall haue therto good talente
Whan he hath thereof a taste
And eaten a good repast,
And supped of the brothe a sope
And slept therafter and swete a drope
Thorugh goddes helpe and my counsayle
Soone he shall be whole without fayle.

Accordingly the Saracen is taken and slain, and his head, dressed with the powder, spicery, and saffron, is served before the king as pork, who, having eaten heartily thereof, faster than the carver could supply him, and drank of the broth, goes to sleep, and awakes the next morning whole and sound, and perfectly cured. Richard then makes another assault on the city, after which the denouement of the story is thus related;

Whan Ryeharde had rested a whyle
A knyght his harness gan unlace
Hym to comfort and to solace
Hym was brought a soppe in wyne.
"The heed of the wylde swyne"
He sayd, "fayne I wolde I had
For I am feble feynt and mad.
Of myne euylle I am fere
Therewyth serue me at my soupere"
Quod the coke, "the heed I ne haue."
Than sayd Ryeharde "So god me saue

But I see the heed of the swyne
Forsoth thou shalte soone lese thyne."
The coke sawe none other myght be
He fet the heed and let hym se,
He fell on knees and made a crye
"Lo the heed here Rycharde mercy."
The blacke vysage whan Rycharde sawe,
His blacke berde his teeth whyte as snawe,
He began to laugh as he were wood:
"What is sarasynes flesshe so good
And neuer before I it wyste,
By goddes deth and his upryste
Shall we neuer dye for defaute
Whyle we may in assawte
Slee sarasynes and the flesshe take,
Wesshe, sethe them and bake,
Gnawe the flesshe fro the bones,
Now I haue assayed them ones
For honger or we be to woo
I and my folke shall ete moo.

But even this was surpassed by another horrible feat of a similar kind, which took place soon afterwards. For an embassy having been dispatched by the Soldan to Richard after the siege of Acre, in behalf of the noble Saracens who lay in prison there, Richard invited the ambassadors to a banquet with him, which having been accepted, he gave secret orders to his marshall to strike off the heads of a number of the most distinguished prisoners, and having stripped off the hair, and boiled the heads in a cauldron, to serve them on platters to each guest, with a label of parchment fastened to the forehead of each, containing the name and kindred of the victim.

Serue them in this maner
To lye euery heed in a platter
And brynge them forth in your honde
The vysage upwarde the teethe grenounde
And loke they be nothynge rawe
His name fastened aboute the brawe
What he myght and of what kyn he bore
And an hote heed bringe me before
As I were well apayde withall
Taste thereof ete I shall
As it were of tender chyke
For to see how the Sarasynes it lyke.

This was done, and the first course being announced with trumpets, pipes, and tabours, the ambassadors beheld with horror the heads of their unhappy countrymen with the fatal scroll affixed on each. The tears ran down their eyes for the loss of their friends, and filled with dismay, they rued the time that they ventured into the hero's presence.

Kynge Ryeharde behelde them well
How that they ete no morcell
The knyght that sholde Ryeharde serue
With a knyfe he gan the heed carue
Kynge Ryeharde ete with herte good
The Sarasynes wende that he were wood
Euery che sate styll and plucked other
And sayd "this is the deuylles brother
That sleeth our men and thus eteth."
But kynge Ryeharde not forgeteth
Aboute hym he loked yerne
With wrothe semblaunt and with sterne
The messengers tho he badde
"For my loue be you gladde
And loke ye be well at ease set
Why kerue ye not of your mete
And ete faste as I do
Tell me why ye loure so?"
The messengers for quoke
They ne durst speke ne loke
Into the erthe they wolde haue cropen
For to haue ben slayne they hopen
They answered hym neuer a worde.

The first course was then removed, and

Men brought brede without boost
Venyson, cranes, and roost
Pyment, clare, and drynke of the best
Kynge Ryeharde bad be mery his gest
There was none of them that ete lyste
Kynge Ryeharde theyr thought well wyste
And sayd "frendes be not squemous
This is the maner of my hous
To be serued fyrst God it wote
With a sarasynes heed all hote:
But your maner not I knewe
As I am a kynge crysten and trewe
But ye shall be in certayne
All safe to wende home agayne

For I ne wolde for no thynge
That worde of me sholdbe sprynge
That I were so vylayne of maners
For to mysdo messengers.

The king, having thus apologized for what had happened, which he attributed to his ignorance of their taste, and having promised to grant them a safe return to the Soldan, then addressed one of their number thus:

Kynge Rycharde spake to an olde man
Wende home, and tell thy Sowdan
His malyncholy that he abbate
And also saye ye come to late
To slowly was the message gessed
Or that ye came, the flesshe was dressed
That men sholde therwith serue me
Thus at none, and all my meyne
And saye hym it shall not auayle
Agenst us to gyue batayle
Brede, wyne, flesshe, fysshe and kunger,
We will neuer dye for hunger
Whyle that we may wende to fyght
And slee the sarasynes downe ryght
Wasshe the flesshe, sethe and brethyn
With one sarasyne I may well fedyn
Well on nyne or on ten
Of my good Englysshe men.
Kynge Rycharde sayd I you wraunt
There is no flesshe so nouryssant
To none Englysshe crysten man
Partryche, heron, fesaunt, ne swan,
Cowe, ne oxe, shepe, ne swyne,
Than is the flesshe of a sarasyne
For they ben both fat and tender
And my men lene and sclender
But whyle that ony sarasynes be
Alyue in this countree
For mete wyll we not care
Aboute shall we faste fare
And euery daye we wyll ete
As many as we may gete,
In to Englonde wyll we not gone
Tyll they be eten euery chone.

The remainder of the romance is occupied with the relation of many

other wonderful and strange adventures of King Richard in the siege of Babylon* and other places; that of Jaffa being the last, the description of which is introduced with the ensuing prologue, enumerating various other romances, at that time current on the heroes of antiquity, for the sole object of shewing the manifest superiority of King Richard.

Herken now how my tale goth
Though I swere to you no othe
I wyll you rede romaynes none
Of Pertonape ne of Yponydone
Ne of Alysaunder ne of Charlemayne
Ne of Arthur ne of Gawayne
Ne of Launcelot de lake
Ne of Beuys ne Guy of Sydrake
Ne of Ury ne of Octauyan
Ne of Hector the stronge man
Ne of Jason, neyther of Achylles.
They ne wanne neuer parmafaye
In theyr tyme by theyr daye
And anone of them so doughty dede
Ne so stronge batayll ne of felowrede
As dyde kynge Rycharde without fayle
At Jaffa at that stronge batayle
With his axe and his swerde
Assoyle his soule, Jesu lorde.

The volume concludes in the last chapter with an account "How Kynge Rycharde was slayne before the castell gaylarde, and how the castell was wonne, and all were slayne that were therin." At the end is the colophon as given before, and on the last page the large device of Wynken de Worde.

Mr. Weber, who reprinted this poem in his *Metrical Romances*, 8vo, 1810, vol. ii, from the text of the present edition, collated with the ancient *MSS.*, remarks, that "the savage meal which Richard made upon the heads of the Saracens, and the feast he prepared for the messengers of Soliman, are omitted in the present edition." But in this he is strangely in error, as

* Babylon here, said to be besieged by King Richard, and so frequently mentioned by the romance writers and the chroniclers of the Crusades, is Cairo or Bagdat. These cities of recent foundation were perpetually confounded with Babylon, which had been destroyed many centuries before. Geography was not much understood or cultivated at that time.—Warton.

the reader will already have seen from our copious quotations from it, the whole of these events being related in this edition equally with the other. Mr. Ellis has given an interesting abstract of this poem in his *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, vol. ii, p. 171, which he has chiefly taken from the *MS.* in the library of Caius College, Cambridge. It varies in the phraseology and events very much from the present edition, and the conclusion is altogether different. Both he and Mr. Weber are of opinion that, could a copy of the original French *MS.* be recovered, it would be found to have corresponded more with the genuine history of king Richard, and that the fabulous and strange stories with which it is now filled were introduced afterwards, and most probably added by some Norman minstrel at a later period. Mr. Ellis calls the English version a translation, and says, that "if merely considered as a poem, it possesses considerable merit. The verse, it is true, is generally rough and inharmonious, but the expression is often forcible, and unusually free from the drawling expletives which so frequently annoy the reader in the compositions of the minstrels. As recording many particulars of the dress, food, and manners of our ancestors, it possesses rather more claims on our curiosity than other romances of the same period, because it was compiled within a very few years of the events which it professes to describe; indeed there are strong reasons for believing that the first French original, and even the earliest English version, contained an authentic history of Richard's reign, compiled from contemporary documents, although that history was afterwards enlarged and disfigured by numerous and most absurd interpolations."

Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to the *Talisman*, has alluded to this romance, and to the extraordinary relation of cannibalism here attributed to king Richard, which he has transcribed at length from Mr. George Ellis's account of it in his edition of the *Early Eng. Metr. Romances*, vol. ii, p. 226, and further remarks of this poem, "The most curious register of the history of King Richard is an ancient romance, translated originally from the Norman, and at first certainly having a pretence to be termed a work of chivalry, but latterly becoming stuffed with the most astonishing and monstrous fables. There is perhaps no metrical romance upon record, where, along with curious and genuine history, are mingled more absurd and exaggerated incidents."

Warton, in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. i, sect. iv, pp. 162–180, and vol. iii, p. 425, 8vo edit., has given a long and interesting account of this work, with very copious extracts from it, and the reader will find much further

valuable information on the subject on consulting Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 273; *Œdes Althorp*, vol. i, p. 193; Hearne's *Robert of Gloucester*, vol. i, p. lvii; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 61; Drake's *Hist. Shakesp.*, vol. i, p. 566; Park's *Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. i, p. 13, and vol. i, p. 1, edit. 1758; Percy's *Reliques*, vol. iii, p. 17, edit. 1812; Ritson's *Anc. Eng. Metr. Romances*, vol. i, p. lxxxvi; Ellis's *Do.*, vol. ii, p. 171; and Weber's *Do.*, vol. i, p. xlv, and vol. ii, pp. 1–278.

We have already noticed the four manuscript versions of this romance known to exist, all of them unfortunately imperfect, and now preserved in public libraries; and of the printed copies of the present edition, Mr. Heber's, which was formerly in the Lansdowne collection, sold for 25*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*, pt. iv, No. 2443; Mr. Hibbert's do., No. 7115, for 35*l.* 14*s.*, and was purchased by Mr. Wilkes, and at the sale of the latter gentleman's library, in April 1847, No. 2062, brought 47*l.* These are the only two copies which appear to have occurred for public sale. A copy of this edition, wanting the title-page, is in the Bodleian library, and another, quite perfect, was in the Harleian collection. There is a copy of the first edition by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1509, 4to, in the collection of Earl Spencer, at Althorpe, another in the British Museum, and a third in the Bodleian library. We have not been enabled to ascertain with certainty whether the usual statement of bibliographers that an edition of this romance was printed by Copland be correct, but as far as our researches have at present been made, we are greatly inclined to think that the assertion is entirely an error, arising from Warton having mistaken the Wynkyn de Worde colophon of W. C., implying that it was originally Caxton's, for the name of William Copland. Warton gives the signatures as the same which are in the edition of 1528, and the collation is repeated by Lowndes without any further information. Purfoote owned the copyright in 1568–9, and, according to Mr. Collier (*Ext. Reg. Stat. Comp.*, p. 199), the work was reprinted as lately as 1615.

The present is a remarkably fine large clean copy, bound in Calf extra, gilt leaves, with the original very curious stamped leather sides.

Ripley, (George.)—The Compound of Alchymy. Or, the ancient hidden Art of Archemie: Conteining the right and perfectest meanes to make the Philosophers Stone, *Aurum potabile*,

with other excellent Experiments. Divided into twelve Gates. First written by the learned and rare Philosopher of our Nation George Ripley, sometime Chanon of Bridlington in Yorkeshire: and Dedicated to K. Edward the 4. Whereunto is adioyned his Epistle to the King, his Vision, his Wheele, and other his Workes, neuer before published: with certaine briefe Additions of other notable Writers concerning the same. Set foorth by Raph Rabbards Gentleman, studious and expert in Archemicall Artes.

Pulchrum pro Patria pati.

London Imprinted by Thomas Orwin. 1591. 4to.

The Compound of Alchymy has been already noticed in our account of Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, 1652, 4to, where it is inserted among the poetical tracts printed on the Science of Alchemy. It was written in 1471, and is dedicated by Ripley to Edward IV. It is composed in seven-line stanzas, and not, according to Warton, in the octave metre. The title is in a compartment with termini at the sides, the Stationers' arms at the top, and the date on a tablet at the bottom. After which is an "Epistle Dedicatorie" by Rabbards "To the most High and Mightie Princesse Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," &c.; the capital E at the commencement being what is termed a blooming letter, with Queen Elizabeth in the centre seated on the throne. Rabbard, in this epistle, is highly complimentary to the Queen, "whose piercing rays," says he, "hath since, like the Sunne beames, both dispersed all grosse mists and fogges of ignorance, error, and blinde superstition, and withall so comforted and nourished the plant of infallible truth of the Gospel (first taking roote in this Land in the short Raigne of the peerelesse Prince Edward the sixt your Maiesties Brother, of most rare expectation and famous memorie) as the same being now sprung up to a perfect tree of such full groath, that the branches thereof haue spread themselves long and wide manie waies ouer other Empires, Kingdomes and States, mauger the Diuell, the Pope, and King of Spaine, with all their fraternitie, consorts, leaguers, and adherents, or other their ministers, spreaders, and maintainers of lies; under the shelter and couert of which flourishing Palme, all true Christians have

been, are, and (I hope) long shall be (by the continuance of your Maiesties most bountifull and gracious especiall favour) protected and shrowded, from the burning heate of the sharpe persecutions of all malicious Enemies thereof: the which, God of his great mercie graunt." Rabbards also speaks "of the imprisonment, torments, and other hard usage he had met with for many years, and of the losse of many yeares spent unprofitably in a labyrinth of law suites and private contention with men of verie great abilitie, and better friended than myselfe, wherein now utterly wearyed, and worne out of heart, through the greatnes of my adversaries purse and friendes, I am now forced for want of abilitie, after ten yeares chargeable suite, to relinquish the same, and to returne to those my delectable studies and serviceable exercises again." This is followed by a Preface "To the Right Honourable, Worshipfull, and worthy Gentlemen of England, and other learned and industrious Students in the secrets of Philosophie," by commendatory verses in Latin by "Thomas Newtonus Cestreshyrius," and the divine poet Palingenius, and in English by J. D., gent., P. Bales, gent., and Sir E. K. (Edward Kelly), concerning the "Philosophers Stone," eight six-line stanzas; by "The Vision of Sir George Ripley, Chanon of Bridlington," twenty-four lines of verse; "Titulus Operis," sixteen lines; and by "A briefe note to the Readers," signed R. Rabbardes.

The poem is preceded by "The Prologue," thirteen stanzas, and "The Preface," twenty-nine stanzas. The twelve gates are: (1.) Of Calcination; (2.) Of Dissolution; (3.) Of Seperation; (4.) Of Coniunction; (5.) Of Putrifaction; (6.) Of Congelation; (7.) Of Cibation; (8.) Of Sublimation; (9.) Of Firmentation; (10.) Of Exaltation; (11.) Of Multiplication; (12.) Of Proiection. Then "A Recapitulation of the whole work," eleven stanzas; "An Admonition, wherein the author declareth his erronious experiments," fifteen stanzas; "The Epistle to King Edward 4," thirty octave stanzas; a woodcut of "George Ripley's Wheele mentioned in his Worke," with verses; and a short prose address "To the indifferent Reader," closes the volume.

We fear the poetry in this work will not interest our readers. It is harsh and rugged, and in parts hardly now intelligible, being written in the mysterious jargon of these enthusiastic seekers after the *aurum potabile*, with what success the few stanzas here given as a sample of the verse very amusingly declare. They are taken from the fifth Gate, "Of Putrifaction."

> And be thou wise in choosing of the matter,
> Meddle with no salts, sulphurs, nor meane mineralls:

For whatsoeuer any worker to thee doth clatter,
Our Sulphur and our Mercury been onely in metalls,
Which oyles and waters some men them calls,
Foules and birds, with other names many one,
Because that fooles should neuer know our stone.

For of this world our stone is called the sement
Which moued by craft as nature doth require
In his encrease shall be full opulent,
And multiply his kinde after thine owne desire.
Therefore if God vouchsafe thee to inspire,
To know the truth, and fansies to eschew
Like vnto thee in riches shall be but few.

But many men be moou'd to worke after their fantasie,
In many subiects in which be tinctures gay:
Both white and red diuided manually
To sight, but in the fire they flye away:
Such breake pottes and glasses day by day.
Empoysoning themselues, and loosing their sights,
With odours, smoakes, and watching vp by nights.

Their clothes be baudy, and worne thread bere,
Men may them smell for multipliers where they goe,
To file their fingers with corosiues they doo not spare
Their eyes be blear'd, their cheekes leane and blowe,
And thus, for had I wist, they suffer losse and woe:
And such when they haue lost that was in their purse,
Then doo they chide, and Philosophers sore doo curse.

To see their houses, it is a noble sport,
What furnaces, what glasses there be of diuers shapes,
What salts, what powders, what oyles, waters fort,
How eloquently *de Materia prima* their tungs do clap,
And yet to find the truth they haue no hap:
Of our Mercurie they meddle, and of our Sulphure viue,
Wherein they dote, and more and more vnthriue.

For all the while they haue Philosophers bene,
Yet could they neuer know what was our Stone,
Some sought it in dung, in vrine, some in wine,
Some in starre slyme (for thing it is but one)
In blood, in egges: some till their thrift was gone,
Diuiding Elements and breaking manie a pot,
Sheards multiplying, but yet they hit it not.

* * * * *

Where is my money become, saith one?
And where is mine, saith he and he?
But will you heare how subtill they be anone
In answering, that they excused be?
Saying, of our Elixers robbed we be,
Erse might we haue paid you all your golde,
Though it had been more by tenne folde.

And then their Creditors they flatter so,
Promising to worke for them againe
In right short space the Elixers two,
Doting the Merchants that they be faine
To let them goe, but euer in vaine;
They worke so long, till at the last,
They be againe in prison cast.

If any them aske, why they be not ritch?
They say, they can make fine golde of tinne,
But he (say they) may surely swimme the ditch,
Which is vpholden by the chinne;
We haue no stock, therefore may we not winne,
Which if we had, we would soone werck
Inough to finish vp *Westminster* Kerck.

Westminster Abbey, the rebuilding of which had been commenced by Henry III., and had been carried on slowly by succeeding princes, was still unfinished in Edward the Fourth's time. The great tower and other parts were not completed till after the Reformation; and it is to the slow progress of the work that Ripley here, and a few stanzas before, alludes.

In *Cens. Liter.*, vol x, p. 157, an "Induction" is printed in fifteen seven-line stanzas from an old *MS.* of much earlier orthography than that contained in Ashmole's work, or in the present volume, which has only thirteen stanzas, the first two being separated from the others as the title of the work, and as these relate to the personal history of the author, we here quote them:

Heare beginneth the compounde of Alchemye,
Made by a chanon of Bridlington after his lerning in Italy,
At Yxĩng for the tyme he did ther wonne:
In the which he declareth plainelie
The secrets both of the sone and the mone:
How they ther kinde to multiplye
In one bodye both must woonne.

The which chanon Sr George Rypley hight,
Exempt from claustriall obseruaun
For whom we pray both daie and night
Sith he labored vs to aduaunce:
He torned darknes into light,
Intending to help vs vnto happie chaunce:
Giuing councle, that we lyue right,
Doing vnto God no displeasaunce.

Ripley, who was a person of considerable learning, was a Canon Regular of the monastery of Saint Augustine at Bridlington, in Yorkshire, and had travelled much abroad in France and Italy. He afterwards became a Carmelite at Boston, in Lincolnshire, and died there in 1490.

See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 448; Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 1246; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. x, p. 157; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 94; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 608. Nassau's copy, pt. ii, No. 965, sold for 1*l.* 13*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's, pt. iii, No. 1134, 1*l.* 16*s.*; *Bibl. Selecta* (Midgley's) No. 715, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Bright's, No. 4741, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Skegg's, No. 1492, 1*l.* 17*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 608, 10*l.*

Collation: Sig. A 4, *4, B. to M 4 in fours.

The present copy has the engraved frontispiece by Vaughan, to *Ripley Reviv'd*, inserted.

Bound in Russia, marbled leaves.

Ripley, (George.) — Ripley Reviv'd: or, an Exposition upon Sir George Ripley's Hermetico-Poetical Works. Containing the plainest and most excellent Discoveries of the most hidden Secrets of the Ancient Philosophers, that were ever yet published. Written by Eirenœus Philalethes an Englishman, stiling himself Citizen of the World.

London, Printed by Tho: Ratclif and Nat. Thompson, for William Cooper at the Pelican in Little Britain. 1678. 8vo.

The name of the author of this exposition, under the assumed title of *Eirenœus Philalethes*, has not transpired. Cooper, the publisher, speaking of him in an advertisement, remarks that he was "an Englishman, supposed to be yet living, and travelling, and about the age of fifty-five years, but his name is not certainly known; that he was the author of several other works, some of which he afterwards burned; that among other things he

wrote *The Marrow of Alchymy* in two parts or poems in English verse, London, 1654, 8vo; that he gave his consent to Mr. Starkey for the printing of his works, who had separated his commentary upon Sir Geo. Ripley's twelve gates, and cut out the last six, saying that the world was unworthy of them, and that they were afterwards lost." Cooper, at the end of this advertisement, gives a list of the author's works, of which fifteen were printed, and thirteen others were not known to be in existence. The work commences with "The Author's Preface," in which he gives an account of his own labours.

I have wrote several Treatises, some in English, but especially in Latine; one Englishe Treatise, touching the Stone, very plainly written, but not perfected, unfortunately slipt out of my hand, and perhaps may come abroad into the world; if it do, I should be sorry.. Two Latine Tractates, one intituled *Brevis Manuductio ad Rubinum Cœlestem*, another *Fons Chymicæ Philosophiæ*, I wrote, which for especial reasons to me known I resolved to suppress. Two other Latine Treatises, the one intituled, *Ars Metallorum Metamorphoseos*, the other *Introitus apertus ad occlusum Regis Palatium*, lately I wrote (declaring the whole Secret), which perhaps thou may'st enjoy. Two English poems I wrote, declaring the whole Secret, which are lost. Also an *Enchiridion* of Experiments, together with a Diurnal of Meditations, in which were many Philosophical Receipts declaring the whole Secret, with an *œnigma* annexed; which also fell into such hands who I conceive will never restore it. This last was written in English, with many others which I wrote for mine own recreation, and afterwards burned. But now at length studying how to profit the Sons of Art to my utmost, I have rather resolved to unfold *Ripley's* Knots, and so thou may'st have two witnesses in one; for by the unfolding of him thou shalt both see the depth of man, and discern that both hee and I were truly, and not Sophistically, intrusted with this Divine Science and Art; in which it is not notional, as many men conceive the Art to be, but real Experiments of Nature, taught me by the only God and Master of Nature, that was my Guide; having seen and made the Secret Water of the Philosophers, and known the use of it by ocular experience, to the effecting of the admirable *Elixir*. These writings peruse, for they are not Fancies, and so with the help of the Most High, thou shalt attain thy wish.

The Preface is followed by an "An Advertisement" from the publisher, and a Table of Contents. From the former it appears that Ashmole had intended to publish a second volume of his *Theatrum Chymicum Britannicum*, "which he had almost finished near twenty years since (as I had it from his own mouth) but hath lain asleep ever since, and likely so to lie; for to the perfecting thereof he is now unwilling to be brought, unless some worthy friend of his can be wrought upon to prevail with him, before the sleep of death seizes him, and leaves those rare pieces of Antiquity to be

inevitably lost, to the prejudice of all Philosophers, and great dishonour of the English Nation." We know that the work was never completed, but this might probably be owing to the fire which took place in his chambers in the temple, and destroyed his library, which he had been more than thirty years in collecting, together with other antiquities.

The work contains only an exposition upon the first six gates, and each portion of the exposition has a separate title-page, with the date of 1677, and an engraved frontispiece, by Vaughan, before the general title of *Domus Naturæ*, with medallions emblematical of the twelve gates. At the end of the book is a short note by the publisher, explaining that Mart. Birrius, having printed a treatise of the author's, entitled *Fons Chymicæ Philosopiæ*, had left out one whole chapter, called *Porta Prima de Calcinatione Philosophica*, which, having a spare page or two, he here reprints, to prevent it being lost. A catalogue of books printed by Cooper, chiefly on magic and alchymy, closes the volume.

The present is a duplicate copy from the British Museum.

In the original Calf binding.

ROWLAND, (SAMUEL.) — The Betraying of Christ. Iudas in despaire. The Seuen Words of our Sauior on the Crosse. With other Poems on the Passion.

London. Printed by Adam Islip. 1598. 4to.

Neither Lowndes nor any other of our bibliographers have noticed the fact, that there were two editions of this work printed in the same year — the present one being the first. The copy of the same date, described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 598, differs very materially from the one now under notice (which we believe to be the first edition of this very rare sacred poem), in having a dedication "To his deare affected Friend Maister H. W. Gentleman," and some stanzas addressed "To the Gentlemen Readers," and also a poem, in four-line verses, entitled "The high Way to Mount Calvarie," which are not in this edition. The title is ornamented with curious woodcut representations, or emblematic allusions to the betrayal of Christ and his crucifixion, the crown of thorns, the reed, the scourge, the cock, the lanthorn and sword, the nails, the cross, and other implements of tōrture and of death. On the reverse of the title is a woodcut representation of the arms and crest of Sir Nicholas Walsh, knight, "Chiefe Justice of her

Maiesties Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, and of her Highnesse counsaile there," to whom the work is dedicated. This was Rowland's earliest publication, and, with the exception of one other piece, is the only one on a subject of a sacred nature. As one of the minor poets of his day, Rowland was not without merit, and on some grounds it is to be regretted that he was afterwards induced to turn his talents to pamphleteering and works of a more humorous and satirical, but less reputable, nature, probably from finding them more popular and more easily saleable; but the latter are so extremely curious for the numerous allusions to the manners and customs of the times, that their literary merit and moral tendency need scarcely enter into consideration. The reader may compare the following list of the series of subjects of the poems comprised in this edition, with the one given by Mr. Park in his account of the volume in the *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 355, from which he will at once see how greatly the two impressions vary from each other. 1. The betraying of Jesus. 2. Judas in despaire. 3. Peters teares at the Cockes crowing. 4. The Jewes mocking of Christ. 5. The seuen words of Christ vpon the Crosse, Pater ignosce illis, quia nesciunt quid faciunt. 6. Amen dico tibi, hodie mecum eris in Paradiso. 7. Mulier ecce Filius tuus. 8. Deus meus, Deus meus ut quid me dereliquisti? 9. Sitio. 10. Consummatum est. 11. Pater in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum. 12. The death of Death, sinnes Pardon, and soules Ransome. 13. The wonders at Christs death. 14. The Funerals of Jesus.

The whole of the volume, with the exception of one of the subjects, is written in six-line stanzas, that one being on "The wonders at Christs death," six stanzas of seven lines each; from which, as an example of the author's serious style, we take the following extract:

> That instant hower the worlds Redeemer di'de,
> And breathed out his soule vpon the crosse,
> Heav'ns glorious lampe, abating all his pride,
> Bewail'd in blacke his murdred makers losse
> Turning his splendant beames of gold, to drosse;
> The Moone like suted in a sable weed,
> Mourned for sinnes outragious bloody deed.
>
> When Josua (Israels valiant captaine) praid
> And in his praier coniuring did command
> The firmaments bright eie stand still, it staid
> Till he was victor of the wieked band
> Waighting vpon Gods battaile then in hand
> Yeelding the riehest treasure of his light
> Lengthning the want of day with day-made night.

But here, reflecting light to darkesome change
Shaming to see what shamelesse sinne had done,
Was more admir'd to alter kind so strange,
Than when he ceas'd his posting course to run,
Loue to Gods forces, his bright staying wonne,
  But now beholding Sathans power preuailing,
  He turn'd the day to night, in darknesse wailing.

At death of Christ, appear'd foure signes of wonder
To evidence diuine, and God-like might,
The first: The temples vaile did rent in sunder,
Next, Sunne and Moone extinguisht both their light,
Affoording darknesse to blind Iewish sight:
  Then flintie stones deuiding, part in twaine:
  And Saints from graues reuiv'd to life againe.

What faithlesse Iew or gracelesse Atheist can
With impious tongue, sound out blasphemous breath
Affirming Christ to be but only man,
Whose deitie wrought wonders after death,
Wonders in heauen, strange miracles on earth?
  Of each beholders heart, feare tooke possession
  And taught the Pagan captain Truths confession.

Thou canst not say those works were Magickes art
From slaunders charge, Christs power diuine is free
His soule was fled, and did before depart
His liuelesse bodie euery eie did see
No charming words by dead tongues vttred be
  Thou must of force confesse true God-head by it,
  Or say that Mallice wilfull doth denie it.

The ensuing alphabetic enumeration of the evil qualities of the Betrayer of Christ, taken from the poem of "Judas in despaire," is curious, and deserving of quotation:

A postle once, increasing Christs eleuen
B agbearer, to the charge of purse assign'd,
C alled to preach saluations path to heauen,
D estructions heire, the worst of wicked mind:
  E nuying at good worke by others done,
  F aithlesse to God, false hearted to his Sonne.

G reedy to gaine on earth, with heauens losse,
H opelesse of merey, in sin's most distresse,
I udas whose kisse presag'd Christs dying crosse,
K nowledge contemner, errours foule successe.
  L oiterer in holy haruest, place abuser,
  M urdrer of life, mine owne damnation chuser.

N aked of grace, the foulest ere defiled,
O ffences actor, in the highest degree,
P rouoking wrath, from mercies throne exiled
Q uenching the sprite, that erst gaue light in me,
R enouncing glories race to gaine the crowne,
S eruant to sinne, whose hire pale death laies downe.

T raitor to God, that breathing earth deluded,
U nholy thoughted, full of bitter gall,
W oes querrister, from Angels quires excluded,
X pian the outward, inward not at all,
Y oaked by sinne, perpetuall, Sathans slaue,
Z eale in his seruice lost, that none can saue.

This register records the race I run,
By caracters spelling my future woe,
A tragedy by me must be begun,
On hels blacke stage, for there to act I goe,
Since eies of God, and all in heauen abhorre me,
I will descend, the pit hath consorts for me.

It is possible that the religious poems of Robert Southwell, Breton and others, which had just then appeared, may have suggested to Rowland the style and subject of these sacred themes, which he afterwards abandoned for lighter and more profane subjects; and which, as far as we know, were not again reprinted by him. See Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 303; *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 353; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 598. Priced in the latter at 21*l.*

Fine copy. Bound by Bedford.
Blue Morocco, gilt edges.

ROWLAND, (SAMUEL.) — The Famous History of Guy Earle of Warwick. Written by Samuel Rowland.
London. Printed for Edward Brewster. 1667. 4to.

The romance of Guy Earl of Warwick, one of the most celebrated and popular of the series of this class, appeared along with Sir Bevys of Southampton, Rychard Cuer du Lyon and others, about the close of the thirteenth century. They are still extant in manuscripts, according to Ritson, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and were all of them originally derived from French or Norman poets, through our intercourse with those countries under the influence of our early Norman monarchs, and the consequent

fashionable cultivation of the French language. We may mention that a beautiful early Anglo-Norman *MS.* of Guy of Warwick is preserved in the Arundel collection in the College of Arms. It is certain, according to Dugdale, that the story of the famous Guy Earl of Warwick was existing in tapestry on the walls of Warwick castle in the year 1398, when it is mentioned in a special grant, made by Richard II., to Thomas Holland, earl of Kent. Mr. Warton is of opinion, however, that the language of these metrical romances underwent considerable changes, at a later period, in their transcription from the more ancient and simple narratives. The romance of Sir Guy, the authorship of which has been attributed, by Bale and others, to Walter of Exeter, a Franciscan friar, but without any certainty, was first printed in French at Paris by Anthoine Couteau for Francois Regnault. 7. March 1525, small folio, in Gothic letter, of which a copy sold at the Roxburghe sale, No. 6143, for 33*l.* 12*s.*, and at the White Knight's do., No. 1968, for 27*l.* 6*s.* Of this rare edition, which is ornamented with several wood engravings, the editor possesses a beautiful copy, bound by Bauzonnet, from the collection of the Prince of Esseling. An English edition of it in verse appeared about three years later, from the press of William Copland, 4to, black letter, without date. A perfect copy of this edition was purchased by Mr. Heber at the Roxburghe sale, No. 3228, for 43*l.* 1*s.*, and at the sale of the library of the latter in 1834, pt. iv, No. 961, was resold for 25*l.* A later edition was printed by John Cawood in 4to, no date, in verse, and numerous abridgments of this romance, both in prose and verse, published in the common chap book form, have appeared at various times since.

Of the present version by Rowland, which varies in some degree from the older copies, the first edition was printed in 1607, 4to, and was followed by others, viz., by Edw. Allde, 4to, without date, in 1654, 1667, 1679 and 1682, and probably more frequently still; all of them, from the great popularity of the work, are now of considerable rarity, and generally bring high prices. The title-page is chiefly filled with a large woodcut, representing the hero Sir Guy on horseback, in full armour, with a large plume of feathers on his helmet, and another on his horse's head, holding a boar's head on his spear, and a lion walking tamely by his side. There are also six other woodcuts in the volume, of coarse design and execution, illustrative of the principal events of the narrative. It has a prose dedication to Philip, Earl of Montgomery, Lord Herbert of Shurland, followed by a poetical address "To the Noble English Nation," another of three stanzas, "To the Honourable Ladies of England," and "The Argument" of the poem. The first of these

thus alludes to the style of literature which then prevailed of epigrams and satires and verses addressed to patrons for hire.

Renowned English! whom our Lines invite
To view the Acts of *Warwick's* worthy Knight
Whose deed of old, writ with an antient Pen
Have now out-worn the memories of men
Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age,
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage:
Where Paper is imployed every day
To carry Verse about the Town for pay:
That Stories should intomb'd with Worthies lye,
And Fame, through age exstinct, obscurely dye.
Deign to accept what Recreations hours
Have spent upon this Countrey-man of ours:
It seems too far unkind, that in these dayes
We toyl so much in other Nations praise,
That we neglect the famousing of our own
Which over-matchfull unto them were known.
ENGLAND hath bred such men of Valour try'd,
Could match all Kingdoms in the world beside.

The poem is composed in six-line stanzas, and is divided into twelve cantos, each of them preceded by a heading of four lines. Like most of the other works of the same author, it betrays strong marks of haste and carelessness, which is apparent in many parts, and especially in the second encounter of Guy with Colbrond the giant in the twelfth canto, whom he had already slain in the sixth, and had sent his head to the emperor. But although betokening evident signs of haste, some of the descriptions are written with considerable force and skill, as witness the spirited account of Guy's rencontre with the dragon.

Canto 7.

Passing the Desart now, where shady trees
Embrac'd each other in their green-leav'd arms
Where Lady Eccho's dwelling best agrees
And little birds sing fearless of their harms:
They chanc'd to find a silver-streaming spring,
Which water to them was a pleasant thing.

There with the crystal streams they cool their heat,
And slake their thirst they had endured long;
There did they make the herbs and roots their meat,
To satisfie for Nature's hungry wrong:
But on a sudden at a noise they wonder,
A Lyon roar'd as if great *Jove* did thunder.

Heraud (quoth *Guy*) to horse, let's be prepar'd,
And leave our dinner till another day:
Here is a sound, I never was so scar'd,
I'le seek it out, it comes from yonder way:
Some Monster, or some Devil makes a noise,
For on my life, it is no humane voice.

So forth he rides, and underneath a hill
He finds a Dragon with a Lyon met:
Brave sport (said he) I pray fight on your fill,
And then upon the strongest I will set:
Which of the twain that first aside doth start,
I am a friend that will maintain his part.

The Dragon winds his crooked knotted tail
About the Lyons legs, to cast him so:
The Lyon fastens on his rugged scale,
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow:
Then tooth and nail, they cruelly tear and bite,
Maintaining long a fierce and bloody fight.

At last the Lyon faintly turns aside,
And looks about, as if he would be gone;
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon, have at your hide,
Defend thy Devils face, Ile lay it on.
With that couragiously to work he goes,
And deals the Dragon very manly blows.

The ugly beast, with slaggy wings displai'd,
Comes at him mainly, with most dreadful paws,
Whose very looks might make a man afraid
So terrible seem'd his devouring jaws:
Wide gaping, grisly, like the mouth of Hell,
More horrible then pen or tongue can tell.

His blazing eyes did burn like living fire,
And forth his smoaking gorge came sulphur smoke
Aloft his speckled breast he lifted higher
Then *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke:
Thus in most ireful mood himself he bore,
And gave a cry as Seas are wont to rore.

With that his mortal sting he stretched out,
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steel;
Then turns and winds his scaly tail about
The Horses legs, more nimble than an Eele:
With that *Guy* hews upon him with his blade,
And three mens strength to every stroke he laid.

One fatal blow he gave him in the side,
From thence did issue streams of swarthy blood;
The Sword had made a passage broad and wide,
That deep into the Monster's gore *Guy* stood:
Then with a second blow he overtook him
Which made the Dragon turn to have forsook him.

Nay then, quoth he, thou hast not long to live,
I see thou faintest at the point to fall;
Then such a stroak of death he did him give
That down comes Dragon, crying out withall
So horrible, the sound did more affright
The Conqueror, then all the dreadful fight.

The eleventh canto, commencing with a description of Guy's "painful pilgrim life," contains some fine thoughts expressed in adequate language, and will afford us a favourable specimen of the poem.

Canto 11.

Behold the man that sought contentions out,
Whose recreation was in angry arms;
And for his *Venus* rang'd the world about,
To find out dreadful combats, fierce alarms.
From former disposition alienate,
Shuns all occasion may procure debate.

In his own wrongs by vow he will not strike,
Let injury impose what strife can do,
Abuses shall not force him to dislike
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereunto:
And taken patience by the hand for's guide,
To lead his thoughts where meekness doth abide.

No worldly joy can giue his mind content,
Delights are gone, as they had never been:
His only care is how he may repent
His spending Youth about the serving sin:
And fashion Age to look like contrite sorrow,
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

His looks were sad, complexion pale and wan,
His diet of the meanest, hard and spare:
His life he led like a religious man,
His Habit, poor and homely, thin and bare;
His dignities and honors were forgot,
His *Warwicks* Earldom he regarded not.

Sometimes he would go search into a grave,
And there he finds a rotten dead man's skull;
And with the same a conference would have,
Examining each vanity at full:
And then himself would answer for the head,
His own objection in the dead mans stead.

If thou hast bin some Monarch, where's the Queen?
Or who in fear of thy stern look's do stand?
Death hath made Conquest of my great renown;
My golden Scepter, in a fleshly hand
Is taken from me by another King,
And I in dust am made a rotten thing.

Hast thou been some great Counsellor of State,
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm?
Where is the Policy thou hadst of late?
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle dream.
I have not so much wit as will suffice
To kill the worms that in my coffin lies.

Perhaps thou wast some beauteous Ladies face,
For whom right strange adventures haue bin wrought
Even such as (when it was my loving case)
For my dear kindest *Phœlice* I have fought.
Perhaps about this skull there was a skin
Fairer then *Hellens* was enclosed in.

And on this scalp, so wormy eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)
Where Nature's ornaments, such locks of hair,
As might induce the eye to deem them gold;
And chrystal Eyne to those two hollow caves;
And here such lips, as love, for kissing craves.

But where's the substance of this beauty sent,
So lovely, precious in the sight of men?
With powerful death, unto the dust it went;
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.
And what a picture of it doth remain
To tell the wise, *All beauty is but vain.*

Such memories he often would prefer,
Of mortal frailty, and the force of death:
To teach the flesh how apt it is to err,
And poste repentance off, till latest breath.
Thus would he in the worlds contempt reprove,
All that seduce the soul from heavenly love.

In this curious episode the reader will scarcely fail to have brought to his remembrance the famous speeches in *Hamlet*, in which the melancholy Prince of Denmark apostrophizes a skull in a manner, and even in words to which some of the present lines bear a striking similarity. That Shakespeare was indebted in any respect to Rowland for the slightest hint of the speeches referred to is highly improbable, even although we were to suppose that the poem of the "History of Guy of Warwick" was written and circulated in manuscript for some years previous to its publication in 1607; nor is it necessary to presume that Rowland derived his ideas from the work of the more distinguished poet. Reflections of this kind are common to all languages and to all literatures; and there is much in the above stanzas which may have been derived from the longer versions of the old and well-known English translation of the Dialogue between the Body and the Soul, or from some other sources of a like character.

In the twelfth canto, Sir Guy returning from the Holy Land to "let his body rest in English ground," kills Colbrond the giant a second time at Hidemead, near Winchester; and the romance concludes with the death of Guy in a cave in the arms of his wife Phelice.

Rowland was not the only writer of the seventeenth century who treated of the story of Guy of Warwick. In the Harleian collection in the British Museum, No. 5243, is preserved an elaborate poem on the subject, in twenty-six cantos, by John Lane, entitled, "The corrected historie of Sir Gwy Earle of Warwick, surnamed the hermite." This translation was completed in the year 1621, and is, to a small extent, borrowed from Lydgate.

An edition of the present work, printed in 1654, 4to, is noticed by Mr. Collier in the *Bridgewater Catalogue*, p. 270; and copies of this edition of 1667 sold at the White Knight's sale, No. 3742, for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Lloyd's do., No. 1058, for 5*l.*; and Sir Francis Freeling's do., No. 1987 (the present copy), for 4*l.* 2*s.*; edition 1679, 4to, Nassau's do., pt. ii, No. 9811, 3*l.* 4*s.*; Bibl. Heber. do., pt. iv, No. 2437, imperfect, 2*l.* 19*s.*; edition 1682, Bibl. Heber. do., pt. iv, No. 2436, 4*l.*; edition 1703, Roxburghe do., No. 3229, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

Bound in Russia, tooled inside,
with joints — gilt leaves.

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